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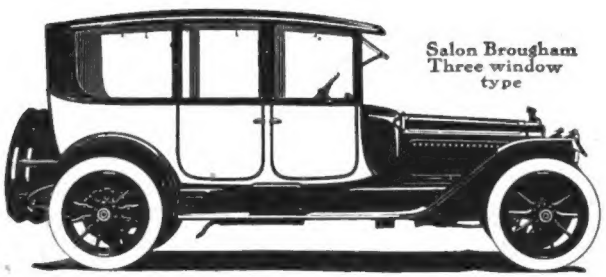

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PYGMALION

A Romance in Five Acts

by

BERNARD SHAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY WILSON PRESTON

"OH, DO BUY A FLOWER OFF ME, CAPTAIN."

ACT I

COVENT GARDEN at 11:15 P. M. *Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily. The church clock strikes the first quarter.*

THE DAUGHTER (*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*): I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER (*on her daughter's right*): Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER (*on lady's right*): He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER: But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER: Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

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THE DAUGHTER: If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER: What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER: Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

(FREDDY *rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet around the ankles.*)

THE DAUGHTER: Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY: There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER: Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER: It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY: I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER: Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY: There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER: Did you try?

FREDDY: I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER: You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER: You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY: I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER: And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draft, with next to nothing on? You selfish pig——

FREDDY: Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. (*He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandward, but comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates the incident.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL: Nah, then, Freddy: look wh'y' gowin', deah.

FREDDY: Sorry. (*He rushes off.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL (*picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket*): There's menners f'yer! Te-oo banches o' voylets trod into the mad. (*She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly; its mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist.*)

THE MOTHER: How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? (*Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.*)

THE DAUGHTER: Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER: Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?

THE DAUGHTER: No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*hopefully*): I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

THE MOTHER (*to* CLARA): Give it to me. (CLARA *parts reluctantly.*) Now. (*To the girl.*) This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER: Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.

THE MOTHER: Do hold your tongue, Clara. (*To the girl.*) You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER: Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL: I didn't.

THE MOTHER: I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*protesting*): Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. (*She sits down beside her basket.*)

THE DAUGHTER: Sixpence thrown away! Really, mama, you might have spared Freddy *that.* (*She retreats in disgust behind the pillar.*)

(*An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same plight as* FREDDY, *very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter's retirement.*

THE GENTLEMAN: Whew!

THE MOTHER (*to the* GENTLEMAN): Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN: I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever two minutes ago. (*He goes*

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to the plinth beside the FLOWER GIRL, *puts up his foot on it, and stoops to turn down his trouser ends.*)

THE MOTHER: Oh, dear! (*She retires sadly and joins her daughter.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL (*taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him*): If it's worse, it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN: I'm sorry. I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL: I can give you change, Captain.

THE GENTLEMAN: For a sovereign? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Garn! Oh, do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN: Now don't be troublesome, there's a good girl. (*Trying his pockets.*) I really haven't any change— Stop: here's three ha'pence, if that's any use to you. (*He retreats to the other pillar.*)

THE BYSTANDER (*to the girl*): You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. (*All turn to the man who is taking notes.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL (*springing up terrified*): I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the curb. (*Hysterically.*) I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. (*General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the* FLOWER GIRL, *but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of:* Don't start hollerin'! Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you. What's the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy, easy, *etc., come from the elderly staid spectators, who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer:* What's the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! Him? Yes: him over there. Took money off the gentleman, *etc. The* FLOWER GIRL, *distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the* GENTLEMAN, *crying wildly:*) Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They——

THE NOTE-TAKER (*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*): There, there, there, there! Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER: It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. (*Explaining to the* NOTE-TAKER.) She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.

THE NOTE-TAKER (*with quick interest*): What's a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER (*inapt at definition*): It's a —well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still hysterical*): I take my Bible oath I never said a word——

THE NOTE-TAKER (*overbearing but good-humored*): Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*far from reassured*): Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you've wrote about me. (*The* NOTE-TAKER *opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man.*) What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

THE NOTE-TAKER: I can. (*Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly:*) "Cheer ap, Keptin; 'n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

THE FLOWER GIRL (*much distressed*): It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. (*To the* GENTLEMAN.) Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You——

THE GENTLEMAN: Charge! I make no charge. (*To the* NOTE-TAKER.) Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY (*demonstrating against police espionage*): Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being insulted, *etc., etc., etc.* (*She is conducted by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion.*)

THE BYSTANDER: He ain't a tec. He's a blooming busybody: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his boots.

THE NOTE-TAKER (*turning on him genially*): And how are all your people down at Selsey?

THE BYSTANDER (*suspiciously*): Who told you my people come from Selsey?

THE NOTE-TAKER: Never you mind. They did. (*To the girl.*) How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*appalled*): Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. (*In tears.*) Oh, boo-hoo-oo——

THE NOTE-TAKER: Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN (*to the girl*): Come, come!

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"WHY, SIR, IN THREE MONTHS I COULD PASS THAT GIRL OFF AS A DUCHESS AT AN AMBASSADOR'S GARDEN-PARTY."

he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*thrusting himself between the* NOTE-TAKER *and the* GENTLEMAN): Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low-spiritedly to herself*): I'm a good girl, I am.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*not attending to her*): Do you know where *I* come from?

THE NOTE-TAKER (*promptly*): Hoxton.

(*Titterings. Popular interest in the* NOTE-TAKER'S *performance increases.*)

THE SARCASTIC ONE (*amazed*): Well, who said I didn't? Bly me! You know everything, you do.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still nursing her sense of injury*): Ain't no call to meddle with me, he ain't.

THE BYSTANDER (*to her*): Of course he ain't. Don't you stand it from him. (*To the* NOTE-TAKER.) See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you? Where's your warrant?

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS (*encouraged by this seeming point of law*): Yes: where's your warrant?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Let him say what he likes. I don't want to have no truck with him.

THE BYSTANDER: You take us for dirt under your feet, don't you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: Yes: tell *him* where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.

THE NOTE-TAKER: Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

THE GENTLEMAN: Quite right. (*Great laughter. Reaction in the* NOTE-TAKER'S *favor. Exclamations of:* He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? *etc.*) May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music-hall?

THE NOTE-TAKER: I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

(*The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL (*resenting the reaction*):

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He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE DAUGHTER (*out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the* GENTLEMAN, *who politely retires to the other side of the pillar*): What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this draft any longer.

THE NOTE-TAKER (*to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"*): Earl's Court.

THE DAUGHTER (*violently*): Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself?

THE NOTE-TAKER: Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakably.

THE MOTHER (*advancing between her daughter and the* NOTE-TAKER): How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE-TAKER (*uproariously amused*): Ha! Ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. (*To the* DAUGHTER.) You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER: Don't dare speak to me.

THE MOTHER: Oh, please, please, Clara. (*Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily.*) We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. (*The* NOTE-TAKER *produces a whistle.*) Oh, thank you. (*She joins her daughter.*)

(*The* NOTE-TAKER *blows a piercing blast.*)

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: There! I knowed he was a plain-clothes copper.

THE BYSTANDER: That ain't a police whistle: that's a sporting whistle.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*still preoccupied with her wounded feelings*): He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE-TAKER: I don't know whether you've noticed it, but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

THE BYSTANDER: . So it has. Why didn't you say so before? And us losing our time listening to your silliness! (*He walks off toward the Strand.*)

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER: I can tell where *you* come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.

THE NOTE-TAKER (*helpfully*): *H*anwell.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER (*affecting great distinction of speech*): Thenk you, teacher. Haw, haw! So long. (*He touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL: Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself?

THE MOTHER: It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor-bus. Come. (*She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off toward the Strand.*)

THE DAUGHTER: But the cab— (*Her mother is out of hearing.*) Oh, how tiresome! (*She follows angrily.*)

(*All the rest have gone except the* NOTE-TAKER, *the* GENTLEMAN, *and the* FLOWER GIRL, *who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL: Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worrited and chivied.

THE GENTLEMAN (*returning to his former place on the* NOTE-TAKER'S *left*): How do you do it, if I may ask?

THE NOTE-TAKER: Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession: also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue. *I* can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN: But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE-TAKER: Oh, yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with eight pounds a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them——

THE FLOWER GIRL: Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl——

THE NOTE-TAKER (*explosively*): Woman: cease this detestable boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*with feeble defiance*): I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE-TAKER: A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere—no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech; that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*quite overwhelmed, looking up at him in mingled wonder and depression without daring to raise her head*): Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE NOTE-TAKER (*whipping out his book*): Heavens! what a sound! (*He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly.*) Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL (*tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself*): Garn!

THE NOTE-TAKER: You see this creature with her curbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days? Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden-party. I could even get her a place as lady's-maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits

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of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics and a little as a poet on Miltonic lines.

THE GENTLEMAN: I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and——

THE NOTE-TAKER (*eagerly*): Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of "Spoken Sanskrit"?

THE GENTLEMAN: I *am* Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE-TAKER: Henry Higgins, author of "Higgins's Universal Alphabet."

PICKERING (*with enthusiasm*): I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS: I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING: Where do you live?

HIGGINS: 27-A Wimpole Street. Come and see me to-morrow.

PICKERING: I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some supper.

HIGGINS: Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*to* PICKERING, *as he passes her*): Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging.

PICKERING: I really haven't any change. I'm sorry. (*He goes away.*)

HIGGINS (*shocked at the girl's mendacity*): Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL (*rising in desperation*): You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. (*Flinging the basket at his feet.*) Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.

(*The church clock strikes the second quarter.*)

HIGGINS (*hearing in it the voice of God rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl*): A reminder. (*He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows* PICKERING.)

THE FLOWER GIRL (*picking up a half-crown*): Ah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up a couple of florins.*) Aaah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up several coins.*) Aaaaaah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up a half-sovereign.*) Aaaaaaaaaaah-ow-ooh!!!

FREDDY (*springing out of a taxicab*): Got one at last. Hallo! (*To the girl.*) Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL: They walked to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY: And left me with a cab on my hands! Damnation!

THE FLOWER GIRL (*with grandeur*): Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. (*She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shows him her handful of money.*) Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. (*He grins and opens the door.*) Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's oil shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop it. (*She gets in and pulls the door to with a slam as the taxicab starts.*)

FREDDY: Well, I'm dashed.

ACT II

Next day at 11 A. M. *Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. It is a room on the first floor, looking on the street, and was meant for the drawing-room. The double doors are in the middle of the back wall; and persons entering find in the corner to their right two tall file cabinets at right angles to one another against the walls. The corner is cut off by a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ-pipes with a bellows, a set of lamp chimneys for singing flames with burners attached to a gas plug in the wall by an india-rubber tube, several tuning-forks of different sizes, a life-size image of half a human head, showing in section the vocal organs, and a box containing a supply of wax cylinders for the phonograph.*

Farther down the room, on the same side, is a fireplace, with a comfortable leather-covered easy-chair at the side of the hearth nearest the door, and a coal-scuttle. There is a clock on the mantelpiece. Between the fireplace and the phonograph table is a stand for newspapers.

On the other side of the central door, to the left of the visitor, is a cabinet of shallow drawers. On it is a telephone and the telephone directory. The corner beyond, and most of the side wall, is occupied by a grand piano, with the keyboard at the end farthest from the door, and a bench for the player extending the full length of the keyboard. On the piano is a dessert-dish heaped with fruit and sweets, mostly chocolates.

The middle of the room is clear. Besides the easy-chair, the piano bench, and two chairs at the phonograph table, there is one stray chair. It stands near the fireplace. On the walls, engravings, mostly Piranesi's, and mezzotint portraits. No paintings.

PICKERING *is seated at the table, putting down some cards and a tuning-fork which he has been using.* HIGGINS *is standing up near him, closing two or three file drawers which are hanging out. He appears in the morning light as a robust, vital, appetizing sort of man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in a professional-looking black frock-coat with a white linen collar and black silk tie. He is of the energetic, scientific type, heartily, even violently interested in everything that can be studied as a scientific subject, and careless about himself and other people, including their feelings. He is, in fact, but for his years and size, rather like a very impetuous baby "taking notice" eagerly and loudly, and requiring almost as much*

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watching to keep him out of unintended mischief. His manner varies from genial bullying when he is in a good humor to stormy petulance when anything goes wrong; but he is so entirely frank and void of malice that he remains likable even in his least reasonable moments.

HIGGINS (*as he shuts the last drawer*): Well, I think that's the whole show.

PICKERING: It's really amazing. I haven't taken half of it in, you know.

HIGGINS: Would you like to go over any of it again?

PICKERING (*rising and coming to the fireplace, where he plants himself with his back to the fire*): No, thank you; not now. I'm quite done up for this morning.

HIGGINS (*following him, and standing beside him on his left*): Tired listening to sounds?

PICKERING: Yes, it's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty beat me. I can't hear a bit of difference between most of them.

HIGGINS (*chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets*): Oh, that comes with practise. You hear no difference at first; but you keep on listening, and presently you find they're all as different as A from B. (MRS. PEARCE *looks in: she is* HIGGINS'S *housekeeper.*) What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE (*hesitating, evidently perplexed*): A young woman wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS: A young woman! What does she want?

MRS PEARCE: Well, sir, she says you'll be glad to see her when you know what she's come about. She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines. I hope I've not done wrong; but really you see such queer people sometimes—you'll excuse me, I'm sure, sir——

HIGGINS: Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE: Oh, something dreadful, sir, really. I don't know how you can take an interest in it.

HIGGINS (*to* PICKERING): Let's have her up. Show her up, Mrs. Pearce. (*He rushes across to his working-table and picks out a cylinder to use on the phonograph.*)

MRS. PEARCE (*only half resigned to it*): Very well, sir. It's for you to say. (*She goes downstairs.*)

HIGGINS: This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and I'll take it down first in Bell's visible speech; then in broad Romic; and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on as often as you like with the written transcript before you.

MRS. PEARCE (*returning*): This is the young woman, sir.

(*The* FLOWER GIRL *enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron, and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches* PICKERING, *who has already straightened himself in the presence of* MRS. PEARCE. *But as to* HIGGINS, *the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.*)

HIGGINS (*bruskly, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, babylike, making an intolerable grievance of it*): Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. (*To the girl.*) Be off with you: I don't want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. (*To* MRS. PEARCE, *who is waiting at the door for instructions.*) Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS. PEARCE: Nonsense, girl! What do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Oh, we *are* proud! He ain't above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS: Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Good enough for ye-oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for 'em too: make no mistake.

HIGGINS (*stupent*): Well!!! (*Recovering his breath with a gasp.*) What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS: Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay*): Ah-ah-oh-ow-ow-ow-oo! (*Wounded and whimpering.*) I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

(*Motionless, they stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.*)

PICKERING (*gently*): What is it you want, my girl?

THE FLOWER GIRL: I want to be a lady in a flower-shop 'stead of selling at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay

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him—not asking any favor—and he treats me as if I was dirt.

MRS. PEARCE: How can you be such a foolish, ignorant girl as to think you could afford to pay Mr. Higgins?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Why shouldn't I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS: How much?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*coming back to him, triumphant*): Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. (*Confidentially.*) You'd had a drop in, hadn't you?

HIGGINS (*peremptorily*): Sit down.

THE FLOWER GIRL: Oh, if you're going to make a compliment of it——

HIGGINS (*thundering at her*): Sit down.

MRS. PEARCE (*severely*): Sit down, girl. Do as you're told. (*She places the stray chair near the hearthrug between* HIGGINS *and* PICKERING, *and stands behind it waiting for the girl to sit down.*)

THE FLOWER GIRL: Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo! (*She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered.*)

PICKERING (*very courteous*): Won't you sit down?

THE FLOWER GIRL (*coyly*): Don't mind if I do. (*She sits down.* PICKERING *returns to the hearthrug.*)

HIGGINS: What's your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL: Liza Doolittle.

HIGGINS: (*declaiming gravely*):

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess,
They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

PICKERING: They found a nest with four eggs in it:

HIGGINS: They took one apiece, and left three in it.

(*They laugh heartily at their own wit.*)

LIZA (*coyly*): Oh, don't be silly.

MRS. PEARCE: You mustn't speak to the gentleman like that.

LIZA: Well, why won't he speak sensible to me?

HIGGINS: Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

LIZA: Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I won't give more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS (*walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets*): You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy guineas from a millionaire.

PICKERING: How so?

HIGGINS: Figure it out. A millionaire has about a hundred and fifty pounds a day. She earns about half-a-crown.

LIZA (*haughtily*): Who told you I only——

HIGGINS (*continuing*): She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. Two-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about sixty pounds. It's handsome. By George, it's enormous: it's the biggest offer I ever had.

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"NICE THING A GIRL CAN'T SHELTER FROM THE RAIN WITHOUT BEING INSULTED!"

LIZA (*rising, terrified*): Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I get——

HIGGINS: Hold your tongue.

LIZA (*weeping*): But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh——

MRS. PEARCE: Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

HIGGINS: Somebody is going to touch *you* with a broomstick, if you don't stop sniveling. Sit down.

LIZA (*obeying slowly*): Ah-ah-ah-ow-oo-o. One would think you was my father.

HIGGINS: If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here! (*He offers her his silk handkerchief.*)

LIZA: What's this for?

HIGGINS: To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

(LIZA, *utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him.*)

MRS. PEARCE: It's no use talking to her like that, Mr. Higgins: she doesn't understand you. Besides, you're quite wrong. She doesn't do it that way at all. (*She takes the handkerchief.*)

LIZA (*snatching it*): Here! You give me that handkerchief. He give it to me, not to you.

PICKERING (*laughing*): He did. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE (*resigning herself*): Serve you right, Mr. Higgins.

PICKERING: Higgins: I'm interested. What about the ambassador's garden-party? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll pay for the lessons.

LIZA: Oh, you are real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS (*tempted, looking at her*): It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low—so horribly dirty——

LIZA (*protesting extremely*): Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo-oo!!! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

PICKERING (*laughing again*): You're certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

MRS. PEARCE (*uneasy*): Oh, don't say that, sir: there's more ways than one of turning a girl's head; and nobody can do it better than Mr. Higgins, though he may not always mean it. I do hope, sir, you won't encourage him to do anything foolish.

HIGGINS (*becoming excited as the idea grows on him*): What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. Never lose a chance: it doesn't come every day. I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed guttersnipe.

LIZA (*strongly deprecating this view of her*): Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!

HIGGINS (*carried away*): Yes: in six months —in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue—I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start to-day—now! This moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs. Pearce. Monkey Brand, if it won't come off

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any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS. PEARCE (*protesting*): Yes, but——

HIGGINS (*storming on*): Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Whiteley or somebody for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper till they come.

LIZA: You're no gentleman, you're not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the like of you are, I do.

HIGGINS: We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. You've got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

LIZA (*springing up and running between* PICKERING *and* MRS. PEARCE *for protection*): No! I'll call the police, I will.

MRS. PEARCE: But I've no place to put her.

HIGGINS: Put her in the dustbin.

LIZA: Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!

PICKERING: Oh, come, Higgins: be reasonable.

MRS. PEARCE (*resolutely*): You *must* be reasonable, Mr. Higgins: Really you must. You can't walk over everybody like this.

(HIGGINS, *thus scolded, subsides. The hurricane is succeeded by a zephyr of amiable surprise.*)

HIGGINS (*with professional exquisiteness of modulation*): *I* walk over everybody! My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over any one. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

(LIZA, *reassured, steals back to her chair.*)

MRS. PEARCE (*to* PICKERING): Well, did you ever hear anything like that, sir?

PICKERING (*laughing heartily*): Never, Mrs. Pearce, never.

HIGGINS (*patiently*): What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE: Well, the matter is, sir, that you can't take a girl up like that, as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

HIGGINS: Why not?

MRS. PEARCE: Why not! But you don't know anything about her. What about her parents? She may be married.

LIZA: Garn!

HIGGINS: There! As the girl very properly says, Garn! Married indeed! Don't you know that a woman of that class looks a worn-out drudge of fifty a year after she's married?

LIZA: Whood marry me?

HIGGINS (*suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly beautiful low tones in his best elocutionary style*): By George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before I've done with you.

MRS. PEARCE: Nonsense, sir. You mustn't talk like that to her.

LIZA (*rising and squaring herself determinedly*): I'm going away. He's off his chump, he is. I don't want no balmies teachin' me.

HIGGINS (*wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his elocution*): Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs. Pearce, you needn't order the new clothes for her. Throw her out.

LIZA (*whimpering*): Nah-ow. You got no right to touch me.

MRS. PEARCE: You see now what comes of being saucy. (*Indicating the door.*) This way, please.

LIZA (*almost in tears*): I didn't want no clothes. I wouldn't have taken them. (*She throws away the handkerchief.*) I can buy my own clothes.

HIGGINS (*deftly retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on her reluctant way to the door*): You're an ungrateful, wicked girl. This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you.

MRS. PEARCE: Stop, Mr. Higgins. I won't allow it. It's you that are wicked. Go home to your parents, girl; and tell them to take better care of you.

LIZA: I ain't got no parents. They told me I was big enough to earn my own living and turned me out.

MRS. PEARCE: Where's your mother?

LIZA: I ain't got no mother. Her that turned me out was my sixth stepmother. But I done without them. And I'm a good girl, I am.

HIGGINS: Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss about? The girl doesn't belong to anybody—is no use to anybody but me. (*He goes to* MRS. PEARCE *and begins coaxing.*) You can adopt her, Mrs. Pearce: I'm sure a daughter would be a great amusement to you. Now don't make any more fuss. Take her downstairs; and——

MRS. PEARCE: But what's to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS: Oh, pay her whatever is necessary; put it down in the housekeeping book. (*Impatiently.*) What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

LIZA (*turning on him*): Oh, you *are* a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me. (*She goes back to her chair and plants herself there defiantly.*)

PICKERING (*in good-humored remonstrance*): Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

HIGGINS (*looking critically at her*): Oh, no, I don't think so. Not any feelings that we need bother about. (*Cheerily.*) Have you, Eliza?

LIZA: I got my feelings same as any one else.

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HIGGINS (*to* PICKERING, *reflectively*): You see the difficulty?

PICKERING: Eh? What difficulty?

HIGGINS: To get her to talk grammar. The mere pronunciation is easy enough.

LIZA: I don't want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady.

MRS. PEARCE: Will you please keep to the point, Mr. Higgins? I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here. Is she to have any wages? And what is to become of her when you've finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little.

HIGGINS (*impatiently*): What's to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Tell me that, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE: That's her own business, not yours, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS: Well, when I've done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; so that's all right.

LIZA: Oh, you've no feeling heart in you: you don't care for nothing but yourself. (*She rises and takes the floor resolutely.*) Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going. (*Making for the door.*) You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

HIGGINS (*snatching a chocolate cream from the piano, his eyes suddenly beginning to twinkle with mischief*): Have some chocolates, Eliza.

LIZA (*halting, tempted*): How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

(HIGGINS *whips out his penknife; cuts a chocolate in two; puts one half into his mouth and bolts it and offers her the other half.*)

HIGGINS: Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half: you eat the other. (ELIZA *opens her mouth to retort; he pops the half chocolate into it.*) You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You shall live on them. Eh?

LIZA (*who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it*): I wouldn't have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth.

HIGGINS: Listen, Eliza. I think you said you came in a taxi.

LIZA: What if I did? I've as good a right to take a taxi as any one else.

HIGGINS: You have, Eliza; and in future you shall have as many taxis as you want. You shall go up and down and round the town in a taxi every day. Think of that, Eliza.

MRS. PEARCE: Mr. Higgins: you're tempting the girl. It's not right. She should think of the future.

HIGGINS: At her age! Nonsense! Time enough to think of the future when you haven't any future to think of. No, Eliza: do as this lady does: think of other people's futures; but never think of your own. Think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold and diamonds.

LIZA: No: I don't want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl, I am. (*She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity.*)

HIGGINS: You shall remain so, Eliza, under the care of Mrs. Pearce. And you shall marry an officer in the Guards, with a beautiful mustache: the son of a marquis, who will disinherit him for marrying you, but will relent when he sees your beauty and goodness——

PICKERING: Excuse me, Higgins; but I really must interfere. Mrs. Pearce is quite right. If this girl is to put herself in your hands for six months for an experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what she's doing.

HIGGINS: How can she? She's incapable of understanding anything. Besides, do any of us understand what we are doing? If we did, would we ever do it?

PICKERING: Very clever, Higgins; but not sound sense. (*To* ELIZA.) Miss Doolittle——

ELIZA (*overwhelmed*): Ah-ah-ow-oo!

HIGGINS: There! That's all you'll get out of Eliza. Ah-ah-ow-oo! No use explaining. As a military man you ought to know that. Give her her orders: that's what she wants. Eliza: You are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of the six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful and wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. (*To* PICKERING.) Now are you satisfied, Pickering? (*To* MRS. PEARCE.) Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE (*patiently*): I think you'd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. I don't know that I can take charge of her or consent to the arrangement at all. Of course I know you don't mean her any harm; but when you get what you call interested in people's accents, you never think or care what may happen to them or you. Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS: That's all right. Thank you, Mrs. Pearce. Bundle her off to the bathroom.

ELIZA (*rising reluctantly and suspiciously*): You're a great bully, you are. I won't let nobody wallop me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace, I didn't. I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl——

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MRS. PEARCE: Don't answer back, girl. You don't understand the gentleman. Come with me. (*She leads the way to the door and holds it open for* ELIZA.)

LIZA (*as she goes out*): Well, what I say is right. I won't go near the king, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldn't have come here. I always been a good girl; and I never offered to say a word to him; and I don't owe him nothing; and I don't care; and I won't be put upon; and I have my feelings the same as any one else——

(MRS. PEARCE *shuts the door, and* ELIZA'S *plaints are no longer audible.* PICKERING *comes from the hearth to the chair and sits astride it with his arms on the back.*)

PICKERING: Excuse the straight question, Higgins. Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIGGINS (*moodily*): Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING: Yes: very frequently.

HIGGINS (*dogmatically, lifting himself on his hands to the level of the piano, and sitting on it with a bounce*): Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a dashed nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and you're driving at another.

PICKERING: At what, for example?

HIGGINS (*coming off the piano restlessly*): Oh, Lord knows! I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his; and each tries to drag the other on to the wrong track. One wants to go north and the other south; and the result is that both have to go east, though they both hate the east wind. (*He sits down on the bench at the keyboard.*) So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

PICKERING (*rising and standing over him gravely*): Come, Higgins! You know what I mean. If I'm to be in this business I shall feel responsible for that girl. I hope it's understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

HIGGINS: What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. (*Rising to explain.*) You see, she'll be a pupil; and teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred. I've taught scores of American millionairesses how to speak English: the best-looking women in the world. I'm seasoned. They might as well be blocks of wood. *I* might as well be a block of wood. It's——

(MRS. PEARCE *opens the door. She has* ELIZA'S *hat in her hand.* PICKERING *retires to the easy-chair at the hearth and sits down.*)

HIGGINS (*eagerly*): Well, Mrs. Pearce: is it all right?

MRS. PEARCE (*at the door*): I just wish to trouble you with a word, if I may, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS: Yes, certainly. Come in. (*She comes forward.*) Don't burn that, Mrs. Pearce. I'll keep it as a curiosity. (*He takes the hat.*)

MRS. PEARCE: Handle it carefully, sir, *please*. I had to promise her not to burn it; but I had better put it in the oven for a while.

HIGGINS (*putting it down hastily on the piano*): Oh! thank you. Well, what have you to say to me?

PICKERING: Am I in the way?

MRS. PEARCE: Not at all, sir. Mr. Higgins: will you please be very particular what you say before the girl?

HIGGINS (*sternly*): Of course. I'm always particular about what I say. Why do you say this to me?

MRS. PEARCE (*unmoved*): No, sir: you're not at all particular when you've mislaid anything or when you get a little impatient. Now it doesn't matter before me. I'm used to it. But you really must not swear before the girl.

HIGGINS (*indignantly*): *I* swear! (*Most emphatically.*) I never swear. I detest the habit. What the devil do you mean?

MRS. PEARCE (*stolidly*): That's what I mean, sir. You swear a great deal too much. I don't mind your damning and blasting, and *what* the devil and *where* the devil and *who* the devil——

HIGGINS: Mrs. Pearce: this language from your lips! Really!

MRS. PEARCE (*not to be put off*): —but there is a certain word I must ask you not to use. The girl has just used it herself because the bath was too hot. It begins with the same letter as bath. *She* knows no better: she learned it at her mother's knee. But she must not hear it from *your* lips.

HIGGINS (*loftily*): I can not charge myself with having ever uttered it, Mrs. Pearce. (*She looks at him steadfastly. He adds, hiding an uneasy conscience with a judicial air.*) Except perhaps in a moment of extreme and justifiable excitement.

MRS. PEARCE: Only this morning, sir, you applied it to your boots, to the butter, and to the brown bread.

HIGGINS: Oh, that! Mere alliteration, Mrs. Pearce, natural to a poet.

MRS. PEARCE: Well, sir, whatever you choose to call it, I beg you not to let the girl hear you repeat it.

HIGGINS: Oh, very well, very well. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE: No, sir. We shall have to be very particular with this girl as to personal cleanliness.

HIGGINS: Certainly. Quite right. Most important.

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"S'vollin' voylets."

"I never thought she'd clean up as good-looking as that, Governor."

"It's making a gentleman of me that I object to."

"There are your slippers."

"You can't take a girl up like that, as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach."

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MRS. PEARCE: I mean not to be slovenly about her dress or untidy in leaving things about.

HIGGINS (*going to her solemnly*): Just so. I intended to call your attention to that. (*He passes on to* PICKERING, *who is enjoying the conversation immensely.*) It is these little things that matter, Pickering. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves is as true of personal habits as money. (*He comes to anchor on the hearthrug, with the air of a man in an unassailable position.*)

MRS. PEARCE: Yes, sir. Then might I ask you not to come down to breakfast in your dressing-gown, or at any rate not to use it as a napkin to the extent you do, sir? And if you would be so good as not to eat everything off the same plate, and to remember not to put the porridge saucepan out of your hand on the clean table-cloth, it would be a better example to the girl. You know you nearly choked yourself with a fishbone in the jam only last week.

HIGGINS (*routed from the hearthrug and drifting back to the piano*): I may do these things sometimes in absence of mind; but surely I don't do them habitually. (*Angrily.*) By the way: my dressing-gown smells most damnably of benzine.

MRS. PEARCE: No doubt it does, Mr. Higgins. But if you *will* wipe your fingers——

HIGGINS (*yelling*): Oh, very well, very well: I'll wipe them in my hair in future.

MRS. PEARCE: I hope you're not offended, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS (*shocked at finding himself thought capable of an unamiable sentiment*): Not at all, not at all. You're quite right, Mrs. Pearce: I shall be particularly careful before the girl. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE: No, sir. Might she use some of those Japanese dresses you brought from abroad? I really can't put her back into her old things.

HIGGINS: Certainly. Anything you like. Is *that* all?

MRS. PEARCE: Thank you, sir. That's all. (*She goes out.*)

HIGGINS: You know, Pickering, that woman has the most extraordinary ideas about me. Here I am, a shy, diffident sort of man. I've never been able to feel really grown-up and tremendous, like other chaps. And yet she's firmly persuaded that I'm an arbitrary, overbearing, bossing kind of person. I can't account for it.

(MRS. PEARCE *returns.*)

MRS. PEARCE: If you please, sir, the trouble's beginning already. There's a dustman down-stairs, Alfred Doolittle, wants to see you. He says you have his daughter here.

PICKERING (*rising*): Phew! I say! (*He retreats to the hearthrug.*)

HIGGINS (*promptly*): Send the blackguard up.

MRS. PEARCE: Oh, very well, sir. (*She goes out.*)

PICKERING: He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

HIGGINS: Nonsense. Of course he's a blackguard.

PICKERING: Whether he is or not, I'm afraid we shall have some trouble with him.

HIGGINS (*confidently*): Oh no: I think not. If there's any trouble he shall have it with me, not I with him. And we are sure to get something interesting out of him.

PICKERING: About the girl?

HIGGINS: No. I mean his dialect.

PICKERING: Oh!

MRS. PEARCE (*at the door*): Doolittle, sir. (*She admits* DOOLITTLE *and retires.*)

(ALFRED DOOLITTLE *is an elderly but vigorous dustman, clad in the costume of his profession, including a hat with a back brim covering his neck and shoulders. He has well-marked and rather interesting features, and seems equally free from fear and conscience. He has a remarkably expressive voice, the result of a habit of giving vent to his feelings without reserve. His present pose is that of wounded honor and stern resolution.*)

DOOLITTLE (*at the door, uncertain which of the two gentlemen is his man*): Professor Higgins?

HIGGINS: Here. Good morning. Sit down.

DOOLITTLE: Morning, Governor. (*He sits down magisterially.*) I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

HIGGINS (*to* PICKERING): Brought up in Hounslow. Mother Welsh, I should think. (DOOLITTLE *opens his mouth, amazed.* HIGGINS *continues.*) What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE (*menacingly*): I want my daughter: that's what I want. See?

HIGGINS: Of course you do. You're her father, aren't you? You don't suppose any one else wants her, do you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's up-stairs. Take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE (*rising, fearfully taken aback*): What!

HIGGINS: Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

DOOLITTLE (*remonstrating*): Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fairity to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. Where do I come in? (*He sits down again.*)

HIGGINS: Your daughter had the audacity to come to my house and ask me to teach her how to speak properly so that she could get a place in a flower-shop. This gentleman and my housekeeper have been here all the time. (*Bullying him.*) How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

DOOLITTLE (*protesting*): No, Governor.

HIGGINS: You must have. How else could you possibly know that she is here?

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DOOLITTLE: Don't take a man up like that, Governor.

HIGGINS: The police shall take you up. This is a plant—a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone for the police. (*He goes resolutely to the telephone and opens the directory.*)

DOOLITTLE: Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to the gentleman here: Have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS (*throwing the book aside and marching down on* DOOLITTLE *with a poser*): What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE (*sweetly*): Well, what *would* a man come for? Be human, Governor.

HIGGINS (*disarmed*): Alfred: did you put her up to it?

DOOLITTLE: So help me, Governor, I never did. I take my Bible oath I ain't seen the girl these two months past.

HIGGINS: Then how did you know she was here?

DOOLITTLE ("*most musical, most melancholy*"): I'll tell you, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

HIGGINS: Pickering: this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. "I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you." Sentimental rhetoric! That's the Welsh strain in him. It also accounts for his mendacity and dishonesty.

PICKERING: Oh, *please*, Higgins: I'm west country myself. (*To* DOOLITTLE.) How did you know the girl was here if you didn't send her?

DOOLITTLE: It was like this, Governor. The girl took a boy in the taxi to give him a jaunt. Son of her landlady, he is. He hung about on the chance of her giving him another ride home. Well, she sent him back for her luggage when she heard you was willing for her to stop here. I met the boy at the corner of Long Acre and Endell Street.

HIGGINS: Public house. Yes?

DOOLITTLE: The poor man's club, Governor: why shouldn't I?

PICKERING: Do let him tell his story, Higgins.

DOOLITTLE: He told me what was up. And I ask you, what was my feelings and my duty as a father? I says to the boy, "You bring me the luggage," I says——

PICKERING: Why didn't you go for it yourself?

DOOLITTLE: Landlady wouldn't have trusted me with it, Governor. She's that kind of woman: *you* know. I had to give the boy a penny before he trusted me with it, the little swine. I brought it to her just to oblige you like and make myself agreeable. That's all.

HIGGINS: How much luggage?

DOOLITTLE: Musical instrument, Governor. A few pictures, a trifle of jewelry, and a birdcage. She said she didn't want no clothes. What was I to think from that, Governor? I ask you as a parent, what was I to think?

HIGGINS: So you came to rescue her from worse than death, eh?

DOOLITTLE (*appreciatively: relieved at being so well understood*): Just so, Governor. That's right.

PICKERING: But why did you bring her luggage if you intended to take her away?

DOOLITTLE: Have I said a word about taking her away? Have I now?

HIGGINS (*determinedly*): You're going to take her away, double quick. (*He crosses to the hearth and rings the bell.*)

DOOLITTLE (*rising*): No, Governor. Don't say that. I'm not the man to stand in my girl's light. Here's a career opening for her, as you might say; and——

(MRS. PEARCE *opens the door and awaits orders.*)

HIGGINS: Mrs. Pearce: this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him. (*He goes to the piano, with an air of washing his hands of the whole affair.*)

DOOLITTLE: No. This is a misunderstanding. Listen here——

MRS. PEARCE: He can't take her away, Mr. Higgins: how can he? You told me to burn her clothes.

DOOLITTLE: That's right. I can't carry the girl through the streets like a blooming monkey, can I? I put it to you.

HIGGINS: You have put it to me that you want your daughter. Take your daughter. If she has no clothes, go out and buy her some.

DOOLITTLE (*desperate*): Where's the clothes she come in? Did I burn them or did your missus here?

MRS. PEARCE: I am the housekeeper, if you please. I have sent for some clothes for your girl. When they come you can take her away. You can wait in the kitchen. This way, please.

(DOOLITTLE, *much troubled, accompanies her to the door; then hesitates; finally turns confidentially to* HIGGINS.)

DOOLITTLE: Listen here, Governor. You and me is men of the world, ain't we?

HIGGINS: Oh! men of the world, are we? You'd better go, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE: I think so, indeed, sir. (*She goes out with dignity.*)

PICKERING: The floor is yours, Mr. Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE (*to* PICKERING): I thank you, Governor. (*To* HIGGINS, *who takes refuge on the piano bench, a little overwhelmed by the proximity of his visitor: for* DOOLITTLE *has a professional flavor of dust about him.*) Well, the truth is, I've taken a sort of fancy to you, Governor; and if you want the girl, I'm not so set on having

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her back home again but what I might be open to an arrangement. Regarded in the light of a young woman—she's a fine, handsome girl. As a daughter she's not worth her keep; and so I tell you straight. All I ask is my rights as a father; and you're the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see you're one of the straight sort, Governor. Well, what's a five-pound note to you? And what's Eliza to me? (*He returns to his chair and sits down judicially.*)

PICKERING: I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr. Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable.

DOOLITTLE: Course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS (*revolted*): Do you mean to say, you callous rascal, that you would sell your daughter for fifty pounds?

DOOLITTLE: Not in a general way I wouldn't; but to oblige a gentleman like you I'd do a great deal, I do assure you.

PICKERING: Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE (*unabashed*): Can't afford them, Governor. Neither would you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, you know. But if Liza is going to have a hit out of this, why not me, too?

HIGGINS (*troubled*): I don't know what to do, Pickering. There can be no question that as a matter of morals it's a positive crime to give this chap a farthing. And yet I feel a sort of rough justice in his claim.

DOOLITTLE: That's it, Governor. That's all I say. A father's heart, as it were.

PICKERING: Well, I know the feeling; but really it seems hardly right——

DOOLITTLE: Don't say that, Governor. Don't look at it that way. What am I, Governors both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: that's what I am. Think of what that means to a man. It means that he's up agen middle-class morality all the time. If there's anything going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "You're undeserving; so you can't have it." But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I don't need less than a deserving man: I need more. I don't eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. I want a bit of amusement, 'cause I'm a thinking man. I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low. Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving. What is middle-class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and that's the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

HIGGINS (*rising, and going over to* PICKERING): Pickering: if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

PICKERING: What do you say to that, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE: Not me, Governor, thank you kindly. I've heard all the preachers and all the prime ministers—for I'm a thinking man and game for politics or religion or social reform same as all the other amusements—and I tell you it's a dog's life anyway you look at it. Undeserving poverty is my line. Taking one station in society with another, it's—it's—well, it's the only one that has any ginger in it, to my taste.

HIGGINS: I suppose we must give him a fiver.

PICKERING: He'll make a bad use of it, I'm afraid.

DOOLITTLE: Not me, Governor, so help me I won't. Don't you be afraid that I'll save it and spare it and live idle on it. There won't be a penny of it left by Monday: I'll have to go to work same as if I'd never had it. It won't pauperize me, you bet. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, giving pleasure to ourselves and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to think it's not been throwed away. You couldn't spend it better.

HIGGINS (*taking out his pocketbook and coming between* DOOLITTLE *and the piano*): This is irresistible. Let's give him ten. (*He offers two notes to the dustman.*)

DOOLITTLE: No, Governor. She wouldn't have the heart to spend ten; and perhaps I shouldn't neither. Ten pounds is a lot of money: it makes a man feel prudent like; and then good-by to happiness. You give me what I ask you, Governor: not a penny more and not a penny less.

PICKERING: Why don't you marry that missus of yours? I rather draw the line at encouraging that sort of immorality.

DOOLITTLE: Tell her so, Governor: tell her so. *I'm* willing. It's me that suffers by it. I've no hold on her. I got to be agreeable to her. I got to give her presents. I got to buy her clothes something sinful. I'm a slave to that woman, Governor, just because I'm not her lawful husband. And she knows it, too. Catch her marrying me! Take my advice, Governor: marry Eliza while she is young and don't know no better. If you don't you'll be sorry for it after. If you do, *she'll* be sorry for it after; but better you than her, because you're a man,

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and she's only a woman and don't know how to be happy anyhow.

HIGGINS: Pickering: if we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no convictions left. (*To* DOOLITTLE.) Five pounds, I think you said.

DOOLITTLE: Thank you kindly, Governor.

HIGGINS: You're sure you won't take ten?

DOOLITTLE: Not now. Another time, Governor.

HIGGINS (*handing him a five-pound note*): Here you are.

DOOLITTLE: Thank you, Governor. Good morning. (*He hurries to the door, anxious to get away with his booty. When he opens it he is confronted with a dainty and exquisitely clean young Japanese lady in a simple blue cotton kimono printed cunningly with small white jasmine blossoms.* MRS. PEARCE *is with her. He gets out of her way deferentially and apologizes.*) Beg pardon, miss.

THE JAPANESE LADY: Garn! Don't you know your own daughter?

DOOLITTLE, HIGGINS, PICKERING (*simultaneously exclaiming*): Bly me! It's Eliza! What's that! This! By Jove!

LIZA: Don't I look silly?

HIGGINS: Silly?

MRS. PEARCE (*at the door*): Now, Mr. Higgins, please don't say anything to make the girl conceited about herself.

HIGGINS (*conscientiously*): Oh! Quite right, Mrs. Pearce. (*To* ELIZA.) Yes: damned silly.

MRS. PEARCE: Please, sir.

HIGGINS (*correcting himself*): I mean extremely silly.

LIZA: I should look all right with my hat on. (*She takes up her hat, puts it on, and walks across the room to the fireplace with a fashionable air.*)

HIGGINS: A new fashion, by George! And it ought to look horrible!

DOOLITTLE (*with fatherly pride*): Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good-looking as that, Governor. She's a credit to me, ain't she?

LIZA: I tell you, it's easy to clean up here. Hot and cold water on tap, just as much as you like, there is. Woolly towels, there is; and a towel horse so hot it burns your fingers. Soft brushes to scrub yourself, and a wooden bowl of soap smelling like primroses. Now I know why ladies is so clean. Washing's a treat for them. Wish they saw what it is for the like of me!

HIGGINS: I'm glad the bathroom met with your approval.

LIZA: It didn't: not all of it; and I don't care who hears me say it. Mrs. Pearce knows.

HIGGINS: What was wrong, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE (*blandly*): Oh, nothing, sir. It doesn't matter.

LIZA: I had a good mind to break it. I didn't know which way to look. But I hung a towel over it, I did.

HIGGINS: Over what?

MRS. PEARCE: Over the looking-glass, sir.

HIGGINS: Doolittle: you have brought your daughter up too strictly.

DOOLITTLE: Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her a lick of a strap now and again. Don't put it on me, Governor. She ain't accustomed to it, you see: that's all. But she'll soon pick up your free-and-easy ways.

LIZA: I'm a good girl, I am; and I won't pick up no free and easy ways.

HIGGINS: Eliza: if you say again that you're a good girl, your father shall take you home.

LIZA: Not him. You don't know my father. All he come here for was to touch you for some money to get drunk on.

DOOLITTLE: Well, what else would I want money for? To put into the plate in church, I suppose. (*She puts out her tongue at him. He is so incensed by this that* PICKERING *presently finds it necessary to step between them.*) Don't you give me none of your lip, and don't let me hear you giving this gentleman any of it neither, or you'll hear from me about it. See?

HIGGINS: Have you any further advice to give her before you go, Doolittle? Your blessing, for instance.

DOOLITTLE: No, Governor: I ain't such a mug as to put up my children to all I know myself. Hard enough to hold them in without that. If you want Eliza's mind improved, Governor, you do it yourself with a strap. So long, gentlemen. (*He turns to go.*)

HIGGINS (*impressively*): Stop. You'll come regularly to see your daughter. It's your duty, you know. My brother is a clergyman; and he could help you in your talks with her.

DOOLITTLE (*evasively*): Certainly. I'll come, Governor. Not just this week, because I have a job at a distance. But later on you may depend on me. Afternoon, gentlemen; afternoon, ma'am. (*He takes off his hat to* MRS. PEARCE, *who disdains the salutation and goes out. He winks at* HIGGINS, *thinking him probably a fellow sufferer from* MRS. PEARCE'S *difficult disposition, and follows her.*)

LIZA: Don't you believe the old liar. He'd as soon you'd set a bulldog on him as a clergyman. You won't see him again in a hurry.

HIGGINS: I don't want to, Eliza. Do you?

LIZA: Not me. I don't want never to see him again, I don't. He's a disgrace to me, he is, collecting dust, instead of working at his trade.

PICKERING: What is his trade, Eliza?

LIZA: Taking money out of other people's pockets into his own. His proper trade's a navvy; and he works at it sometimes too—for exercise—and earns good money at it. Ain't you going to call me Miss Doolittle any more?

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"I DON'T WANT NEVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN, I DON'T. HE'S A DISGRACE TO ME, HE IS, COLLECTING DUST, INSTEAD OF WORKING AT HIS TRADE!"

PICKERING: I beg your pardon, Miss Doolittle. It was a slip of the tongue.

LIZA: Oh, I don't mind; only it sounded so genteel. I *should* like to take a taxi to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and get out there and tell it to wait for me, just to put the girls in their place a bit. I wouldn't speak to them, you know.

PICKERING: Better wait till we get you something really fashionable.

HIGGINS: Besides, you shouldn't cut your friends now that you have risen in the world. That's what we call snobbery.

LIZA: You don't call the like of them my friends now, I should hope. They've took it out of me often enough with their ridicule when they had the chance; and now I mean to get a bit of my own back. But if I'm to have fashionable clothes, I'll wait. I should like to have some. Mrs. Pearce says you're going to give me some to wear in bed at night different to what I wear in the daytime; but it do seem a waste of money when you could get something to show. Besides, I never could fancy changing into cold things on a winter night.

MRS. PEARCE (*coming back*): Now, Eliza. The new things have come for you to try on.

LIZA: Ah-ow-oo-ooh! (*She rushes out.*)

MRS. PEARCE (*following her*): Oh, don't rush about like that, girl. (*She shuts the door behind her.*)

HIGGINS: Pickering: we have taken on a stiff job.

PICKERING (*with conviction*): Higgins: we have.

ACT III

It is MRS. HIGGINS'S *at-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsea Embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows.*

MRS. HIGGINS *was brought up on Morris*

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and Burne-Jones; and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and knickknacks. In the middle of the room, there is a big ottoman, and this, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window-curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and its cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne-Jones, not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens. There is a portrait of MRS. HIGGINS *as she was when she defied fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not understand, led to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighteen-seventies.*

In the corner diagonally opposite the door MRS. HIGGINS, *now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand. There is a Chippendale chair farther back in the room between her and the window nearest her side. At the other side of the room, further forward, is an Elizabethan chair roughly carved in the taste of Inigo Jones. On the same side a piano in a decorated case. The corner between the fireplace and the window is occupied by a divan cushioned in Morris chintz.*

It is between four and five in the afternoon.

The door is opened violently, and HIGGINS *enters with his hat on.*

MRS. HIGGINS (*dismayed*): Henry. (*Scolding him*) What are you doing here to-day? It is my at-home day: you promised not to come. (*As he bends to kiss her, she takes his hat off, and presents it to him.*)

HIGNINS: Oh, bother! (*He throws the hat down on the table.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Go home at once.

HIGGINS (*kissing her*): I know, mother. I came on purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS: But you mustn't. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS: Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people don't mind. (*He sits on the settee.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh! don't they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustn't stay.

HIGGINS: I must. I've a job for you. A phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS: No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I can't get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty post-cards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS: Well, this isn't a phonetic job.

MRS. HIGGINS: You said it was.

HIGGINS: Not your part of it. I've picked up a girl.

MRS. HIGGINS: Does that mean that some girl has picked *you* up?

HIGGINS: Not at all. I don't mean a love affair.

MRS. HIGGINS: What a pity!

HIGGINS: Why?

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, you never fall in love with any one under forty-five. When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS: Oh, I can't be bothered with young women. My idea of a lovable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women: some habits lie too deep to be changed. (*Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling the money and his keys in his trousers pockets.*) Besides, they are all idiots.

MRS. HIGGINS: Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS: Oh, bother! What? Marry, I suppose?

MRS. HIGGINS: No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets. (*With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again.*) That's a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS: She's coming to see you.

MRS. HIGGINS: I don't remember asking her.

HIGGINS: You didn't. *I* asked her. If you'd known her you wouldn't have asked her.

MRS. HIGGINS: Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS: Well, it's like this. She's a common flower girl. I picked her off the curbstone.

MRS. HIGGINS: And invited her to my at-home!

HIGGINS (*rising and coming to her to coax her*): Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health—Fine day and How do you do, you know—and not to let herself go on things in general. That will be safe.

MRS. HIGGINS: Safe! To talk about our health! About our insides! Perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS (*impatiently*): Well, she must talk about something. (*He controls himself and sits down again.*) Oh, she'll be all right: don't you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's

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been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils; because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS. HIGGINS: That's satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS: Well, it is and it isn't.

MRS. HIGGINS: What does that mean?

HIGGINS: You see, I've got her pronunciation all right; but you have to consider not only *how* a girl pronounces, but *what* she pronounces; and that's where——

(*They are interrupted by the* PARLOR-MAID, *announcing guests.*)

THE PARLOR-MAID: Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill. (*She withdraws.*)

HIGGINS: Oh, Lord! (*He rises; snatches his hat from the table and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him.*)

(MRS. *and* MISS EYNSFORD HILL *are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means. The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society: the bravado of genteel poverty.*)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*to* MRS. HIGGINS): How do you do? (*They shake hands.*)

MISS EYNSFORD HILL: How d'you do? (*She shakes.*)

MRS. HIGGINS (*introducing*): My son Henry.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS (*glumly, making no movement in her direction*): Delighted. (*He backs against the piano and bows bruskly.*)

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*going to him with confident familiarity*): How do you do?

HIGGINS (*staring at her*): I've seen you before somewhere. I haven't the ghost of a notion where; but I've heard your voice. (*Drearily.*) It doesn't matter. You'd better sit down.

MRS. HIGGINS: I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You mustn't mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*gaily*): I don't. (*She sits in the Elizabethan chair.*)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*a little bewildered*): Not at all. (*She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and* MRS. HIGGINS, *who has turned her chair away from the writing-table.*)

HIGGINS: Oh, have I been rude? I didn't mean to be.

(*He goes to the central window, through which, with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen desert.*)

(*The* PARLOR-MAID *returns, ushering in* PICKERING.)

THE PARLOR-MAID: Colonel Pickering. (*She withdraws.*)

PICKERING: How do you do, Mrs. Higgins?

MRS. HIGGINS: So glad you've come. Do you know Mrs. Eynsford Hill—Miss Eynsford Hill? (*Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between* MRS. HILL *and* MRS. HIGGINS, *and sits down.*)

PICKERING: Has Henry told you what we've come for?

HIGGINS (*over his shoulder*): We were interrupted: damn it!

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh, Henry, Henry, really!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*half rising*): Are we in the way?

MRS. HIGGINS (*rising and making her sit down again*): No, no. You couldn't have come more fortunately. We want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS (*turning hopefully*): Yes, by George! We want two or three people. You'll do as well as anybody else.

(*The* PARLOR-MAID *returns, ushering* FREDDY.)

THE PARLOR-MAID: Mr. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS (*almost audibly, past endurance*): God of Heaven! another of them.

FREDDY (*shaking hands with* MRS. HIGGINS): Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS: Very good of you to come. (*Introducing.*) Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY (*bowing*): Ahdedo?

MRS. HIGGINS: I don't think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY (*going to* HIGGINS): Ahdedo?

HIGGINS (*looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket*): I'll take my oath I've met *you* before, somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY: I don't think so.

HIGGINS (*resignedly*): It don't matter, anyhow. Sit down.

(*He shakes* FREDDY'S *hand, and almost slings him on to the ottoman with his face to the windows; then comes round to the other side of it.*)

HIGGINS: Well, here we are, anyhow! (*He sits down on the ottoman next* MRS. EYNSFORD HILL, *on her left.*) And now what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry: you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirées; and really you're rather trying on more commonplace occasions.

HIGGINS: Am I? Very sorry. (*Beaming suddenly.*) I suppose I am, you know. (*Uproariously.*) Ha, ha!

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*who considers* HIGGINS *quite eligible matrimonially*): I sympathize. *I* haven't any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS (*relapsing into gloom*): Lord forbid!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*taking her daughter's cue*): But why?

HIGGINS: What they think they ought to think is bad enough, Lord knows; but what they really think would really break up the

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whole show. Do you suppose it would be really agreeable if I were to come out now with what *I* really think?

MISS EYNSFORD HILL (*gaily*): Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS: Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldn't be decent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*seriously*): Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS: You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured—to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? (*To* MISS HILL.) What do *you* know of poetry? (*To* MRS. HILL.) What do *you* know of science? (*Indicating* FREDDY.) What does *he* know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS. HIGGINS (*warningly*): Or of manners, Henry?

THE PARLOR-MAID (*opening the door*). Miss Doolittle. (*She withdraws.*)

HIGGINS (*rising hastily and running to* MRS. HIGGINS): Here she is, mother. (*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to* ELIZA *to indicate to her which lady is her hostess.*)

(ELIZA, *who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite fluttered. Guided by* HIGGINS'S *signals, she comes to* MRS. HIGGINS *with studied grace.*)

LIZA (*speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*): How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? (*She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful.*) Mr. Higgins told me I might come.

MRS. HIGGINS (*cordially*): Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

PICKERING: How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA (*shaking hands with him*): Colonel Pickering, is it not?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA: How do you do? (*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by* HIGGINS.)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*introducing*): My daughter Clara.

LIZA: How do you do?

CLARA (*impulsively*): How do you do? (*She sits down on the ottoman beside* ELIZA, *devouring her with her eyes.*)

FREDDY (*coming to their side of the ottoman*): I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*introducing*): My son Freddy.

LIZA: How do you do?

(FREDDY *bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.*)

HIGGINS (*suddenly*): By George, yes: it all comes back to me! (*They stare at him.*) Covent Garden! (*Lamentably.*) What a damned thing!

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry, please! (*He is about to sit on the edge of the table.*) Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS (*sulkily*): Sorry.

(*He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way, extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it.* MRS. HIGGINS *looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.*

(*A long and painful pause ensues.*)

MRS. HIGGINS (*at last, conversationally*): Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA: The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.

FREDDY: Ha! ha! How awfully funny!

LIZA: What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY: Killing!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: I'm sure I hope it won't turn cold. There's so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.

LIZA (*darkly*): My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*clicks her tongue sympathetically*): !!!

LIZA (*in the same tragic tone*): But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS. HIGGINS (*puzzled*): Done her in?

LIZA: Y - e - e - e - es, Lord love you! Why should *she* die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat till she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*startled*): Dear me!

LIZA (*piling up the indictment*): What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: What does "doing her in" mean?

HIGGINS (*hastily*): Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*to* ELIZA, *horrified*): You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA: Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed for a hatpin, let alone a hat.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

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LIZA: Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA: Drank! My word! Something chronic.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: How dreadful for you!

LIZA: Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. (*Cheerfully.*) On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. (*Now quite at her ease.*) You see, it's like this: If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. (*To* FREDDY, *who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter.*) Here! What are you sniggering at?

FREDDY: The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA: If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? (*To* HIGGINS.) Have I said anything I oughtn't?

MRS. HIGGINS (*interposing*): Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA: Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. (*Expansively.*) What I always say is——

HIGGINS (*rising and looking at his watch*): Ahem!

LIZA (*looking round at him, taking the hint, and rising*): Well: I must go. (*They all rise.* FREDDY *goes to the door.*) So pleased to have met you. Good-by. (*She shakes hands with* MRS. HIGGINS.)

MRS. HIGGINS: Good-by.

LIZA: Good-by, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING: Good-by, Miss Doolittle. (*They shake hands.*)

LIZA (*nodding to the others*): Good-by, all.

FREDDY (*opening the door for her*): Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so——

LIZA: Walk! Not bloody likely! (*Sensation.*) I am going in a taxi. (*She goes out.*)

(PICKERING *gasps and sits down.* FREDDY *goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of* ELIZA.)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*suffering from shock*): Well, I really can't get used to the new ways.

CLARA (*throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair*): Oh, it's all right, mama, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: I daresay I am very old-fashioned; but I do hope you won't begin using that expression, Clara. I have got accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Don't you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING: Don't ask me. I've been away in India for several years; and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's forecastle.

CLARA: It's all a matter of habit. There's no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*rising*): Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go.

(PICKERING *and* HIGGINS *rise.*)

CLARA (*rising*): Oh, yes: we have three at-homes to go to still. Good-by, Mrs. Higgins. Good-by, Colonel Pickering. Good-by, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS (*coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door*): Good-by. Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Don't be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA (*all smiles*): I will. Good-by. Such nonsense, all this Early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS (*tempting her*): Such damned nonsense!

CLARA: Such bloody nonsense!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*convulsively*): Clara!

CLARA: Ha! ha! (*She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter.*)

FREDDY (*to the heavens at large*): Well, I ask you— (*He gives it up, and comes to* MRS. HIGGINS.) Good-by.

MRS. HIGGINS (*shaking hands*): Good-by. Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

FREDDY (*eagerly*): Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, you know my days.

FREDDY: Yes. Thanks awfully. Good-by. (*He goes out.*)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Good-by, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS: Good-by. Good-by.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*to* PICKERING): It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING: Don't. It's not compulsory, you know. You'll get on quite well without it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Only Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang. Good-by.

PICKERING: Good-by. (*They shake hands.*)

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL (*to* MRS. HIGGINS):

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You mustn't mind Clara. (PICKERING, *catching from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins* HIGGINS *at the window.*) We're so poor! and she gets so few parties, poor child. She doesn't quite know. (MRS. HIGGINS, *seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door.*) But the boy is nice. Don't you think so?

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh, quite nice. I shall always be delighted to see him.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Thank you, dear. Good-by. (*She goes out.*)

HIGGINS (*eagerly*): Well? Is Eliza presentable? (*He swoops down on his mother and drags her to the ottoman, where she sits down in* ELIZA'S *place with her son on her left.*)

(PICKERING *returns to his chair on her right.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: You silly boy, of course she's not presentable. She's a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but if you suppose for a moment that she doesn't give herself away in every sentence she utters, you must be perfectly cracked about her.

PICKERING: But don't you think something might be done? I mean something to eliminate the sanguinary element from her conversation.

MRS. HIGGINS: Not as long as she is in Henry's hands.

HIGGINS (*aggrieved*): Do you mean that my language is improper?

MRS. HIGGINS: No, dearest: it would be quite proper—say on a canal barge; but it would not be proper for her at a garden-party.

HIGGINS (*deeply injured*): Well, I must say——

PICKERING (*interrupting him*): Come, Higgins: you must learn to know yourself. I haven't heard such language as yours since we used to review the volunteers in Hyde Park twenty years ago.

HIGGINS (*sulkily*): Oh, well, if *you* say so, I suppose I don't always talk like a bishop.

MRS. HIGGINS (*quieting* HENRY *with a touch*): Colonel Pickering: will you tell me what is the exact state of things in Wimpole Street?

PICKERING (*cheerfully: as if this completely changed the subject*): Well, I have come to live there with Henry. We work together at my Indian dialects; and we think it more convenient——

MRS. HIGGINS: Quite so. I know all about that; it's an excellent arrangement. But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS: With us, of course. Where *would* she live?

MRS. HIGGINS: But on what terms? Is she a servant? If not, what is she?

PICKERING (*slowly*): I think I know what you mean, Mrs. Higgins.

HIGGINS: Well, dash me, if *I* do! I've had to work at the girl every day for months to get her to her present pitch. (*Shuffling untidily.*) Besides, she's useful. She knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments and so forth.

MRS. HIGGINS: How does your housekeeper get on with her?

HIGGINS: Mrs. Pearce? Oh, she's jolly glad to get so much taken off her hands; for before Eliza came, *she* used to have to find things and remind me of my appointments. But she's got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza. She keeps saying "You don't *think*, sir;" doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING: Yes: that's the formula. "You don't *think*, sir." That's the end of every conversation about Eliza.

HIGGINS: As if I ever stop thinking about the girl and her confounded vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is the quaintest of the lot.

MRS. HIGGINS: You certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

HIGGINS: Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled: make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human being by creating a new speech for her. It's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class, and soul from soul.

PICKERING (*drawing his chair closer to* MRS. HIGGINS *and bending over to her eagerly*): Yes: it's enormously interesting. I assure you, Mrs. Higgins, we take Eliza very seriously. Every week—every day almost—there is some new change. (*Closer again.*) We keep records of every stage—dozens of gramophone disks and photographs——

HIGGINS (*assailing her at the other ear*): Yes, by George: it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled. She regularly fills our lives up; doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING: We're always talking Eliza.

HIGGINS: Teaching Eliza.

PICKERING: Dressing Eliza.

MRS. HIGGINS: What!

HIGGINS: Inventing new Elizas.

HIGGINS: (*speaking together*) You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear:

PICKERING: I assure you, my dear Mrs. Higgins, that girl just like a parrot. I've tried her with every

HIGGINS: is a genius. She can

PICKERING: play the piano quite beautifully.

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HIGGINS: possible sort of sound that a human being can make——
PICKERING: We have taken her to classical concerts and music

HIGGINS: Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot
PICKERING: halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything

HIGGINS: clicks, things it took me years to get hold of; and
PICKERING: she hears right off when she comes home, whether it's

HIGGINS: she picks them up like a shot, right away, as if she had
PICKERING: Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Monckton;

HIGGINS: been at it all her life.
PICKERING: though six months ago, she'd never as much as touched a piano——

MRS. HIGGINS (*putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise*): Sh-sh-sh—sh! (*They stop.*)

PICKERING: I beg your pardon. (*He draws his chair back to the writing-table.*)

HIGGINS: Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting, nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS. HIGGINS: Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering, don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING: Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him.

MRS. HIGGINS: It would have been more to the point if her mother had. But as her mother didn't, something else did.

PICKERING: But what?

MRS. HIGGINS (*unconsciously dating herself by the word*): A problem.

PICKERING: Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

HIGGINS: I'll solve that problem. I've half solved it already.

MRS. HIGGINS: No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards.

HIGGINS: I don't see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

MRS. HIGGINS: The advantages of that poor woman who was here just now! The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income. Is that what you mean?

PICKERING (*indulgently, being rather bored*): Oh, that will be all right, Mrs. Higgins. (*He rises to go.*)

HIGGINS (*rising also*): We'll find her some light employment.

PICKERING: She's happy enough. Don't you worry about her. Good-by. (*He shakes hands as if he were consoling a frightened child and makes for the door.*)

HIGGINS: Anyhow, there's no good bothering now. The thing's done. Good-by, mother. (*He kisses her, and follows* PICKERING.)

PICKERING (*turning for a final consolation*): There are plenty of openings. We'll do what's right. Good-by.

HIGGINS (*to* PICKERING *as they go out together*): Let's take her to the Shakespeare exhibition at Earl's Court.

PICKERING: Yes: let's. Her remarks will be delicious.

HIGGINS: She'll mimic all the people for us when we get home.

PICKERING: Ripping. (*Both are heard laughing as they go down-stairs.*)

MRS. HIGGINS (*Rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at her writing-table. She sweeps a litter of disarranged papers out of her way, snatches a sheet of paper from her stationery case, and tries resolutely to write. At the third line she gives it up, flings down her pen, grips the table angrily, and exclaims*): Oh, men! men!! men!!!

ACT IV

The Wimpole Street laboratory. Midnight. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not alight: it is a summer night.

Presently HIGGINS *and* PICKERING *are heard on the stairs.*

HIGGINS (*calling down to Pickering*): I say, Pick: lock up, will you. I sha'n't be going out again.

PICKERING: Right. Can Mrs. Pearce go to bed? We don't want anything more, do we?

HIGGINS: Lord, no!

(ELIZA *opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in opera cloak, brilliant evening dress, and diamonds, with fan, flowers, and all accessories. She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired; her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak, puts her fan and flowers on the piano, and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent.*

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"THERE ARE NO INDICATIONS OF ANY GREAT CHANGE IN THE BAROMETRICAL SITUATION."

HIGGINS, *in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a smoking-jacket which he has picked up down-stairs. He takes off the hat and overcoat, throws them carelessly on the newspaper-stand; disposes of his coat in the same way, puts on the smoking-jacket, and throws himself carelessly into the easy-chair at the hearth.* PICKERING, *similarly attired, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on* HIGGINS'S *when he hesitates.*)

PICKERING: I say: Mrs. Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing-room.

HIGGINS: Oh, chuck them over the banisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING: We are, slightly. Are there any letters?

HIGGINS: I didn't look. (PICKERING *takes the overcoats and hats and goes down-stairs.* HIGGINS *begins half-singing, half-yawning, an air from "La Fanciulla del Golden West." Suddenly he stops and exclaims:*) I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

(ELIZA *looks at him darkly; then rises suddenly and leaves the room.*)

(HIGGINS *yawns again, and resumes his song.*)

(PICKERING *returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand.*)

PICKERING: Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you. (*He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearth-rug, with his back to the grate.*)

HIGGINS (*glancing at the billet-doux*): Money-lender. (*He throws the letter after the circulars.*)

(ELIZA *returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers. She places them on the carpet before* HIGGINS, *and sits as before without a word.*)

HIGGINS (*yawning again*): Oh, Lord! What an evening! What a crew! What a silly tomfoolery! (*He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord.*) Oh! they're there, are they?

PICKERING (*stretching himself*): Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden-party, a dinner-party, and the opera! Rather too much of a good thing. But you've won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS: Thank God it's over!

(ELIZA *flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.*)

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PICKERING: Were you nervous at the garden-party? *I* was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS: Oh, *she* wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No: it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING: Oh, come! The garden-party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS: Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING: You've never been broken in properly to the social routine. (*Strolling over to the piano.*) I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all: they're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS: Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. (*Rising.*) However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading to-morrow.

(ELIZA'S *beauty becomes murderous.*)

PICKERING: I think I shall turn in, too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Good night. (*He goes.*)

HIGGINS (*following him*): Good night. (*Over his shoulder, at the door.*) Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. (*He goes out.*)

(ELIZA *tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there, she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in* HIGGINS'S *chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.*)

HIGGINS (*in despair and wrath outside*): What the devil have I done with my slippers? (*He appears at the door.*)

LIZA (*snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him one after the other with all her force*): There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS (*astounded*): What on earth—! (*He comes to her.*) What's the matter? Get up. (*He pulls her up.*) Anything wrong?

LIZA (*breathless*): Nothing wrong—with *you*. I've won your bet for you, haven't I? That's enough for you. *I* don't matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS: *You* won my bet! You! Presumptuous insect! *I* won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?

LIZA: Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didn't you leave me where you picked me out of—in the gutter? You thank God it's all over, and now you can throw me back again there, do you? (*She crisps her fingers frantically.*)

HIGGINS (*looking at her in cool wonder*): The creature is nervous, after all.

LIZA (*gives a suffocated scream of fury, and instinctively darts her nails at his face*): !!

HIGGINS (*catching her wrists*): Ah! Would you? Claws in, you cat. How dare you show your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet. (*He throws her roughly into the easy-chair.*)

LIZA (*crushed by superior strength and weight*): What's to become of me? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS: How the devil do I know what's to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA: You don't care. I know you don't care. You wouldn't care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you—not so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS (*thundering*): *Those* slippers.

LIZA (*with bitter submission*): Those slippers. I didn't think it made any difference now.

(*A pause.* ELIZA *hopeless and crushed.* HIGGINS *a little uneasy.*)

HIGGINS (*in his loftiest manner*): Why have you begun going on like this? May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA: No.

HIGGINS: Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs. Pearce? Any of the servants?

LIZA: No.

HIGGINS: I presume you don't pretend that *I* have treated you badly.

LIZA: No.

HIGGINS: I am glad to hear it. (*He moderates his tone.*) Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of champagne? (*He moves toward the door.*)

LIZA: No. (*Recollecting her manners.*) Thank you.

HIGGINS (*good-humored again*): This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden-party. But that's all over now. (*He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes.*) There's nothing to worry about.

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LIZA: No! Nothing more for *you* to worry about. (*She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano bench, where she sits and hides her face.*) Oh, God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS (*staring after her in sincere surprise*): Why? In Heaven's name, why? (*Reasonably, going to her.*) Listen to me, Eliza. All this irritation is purely subjective.

LIZA: I don't understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS: It's only imagination. Low spirits and nothing else. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers: that will make you comfortable.

LIZA: I heard *your* prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS (*impatiently*): Well, *don't* you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

LIZA (*pulling herself together in desperation*): What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS (*enlightened, but not at all impressed*): Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? (*He thrusts his hands into his pockets and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness.*) I shouldn't bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away. (*She looks quickly at him; he does not look at her, but examines the dessert-stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple.*) You might marry, you know. (*He bites a large piece out of the apple and munches it noisily.*) You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!) and you're not bad-looking: it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes—not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the very devil—but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

(ELIZA *again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.*

(*The look is quite lost on him: he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one.*)

HIGGINS (*a genial afterthought occurring to him*): I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

LIZA: We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS (*waking up*): What do you mean?

LIZA: I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS (*slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*): Tosh, Eliza. Don't you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You needn't marry the fellow if you don't like him.

LIZA: What else am I to do?

HIGGINS: Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one: he's lots of money. (*Chuckling.*) He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing to-day; and that, with the hire of the jewelry, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower-shop of your own. Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA: Your slippers.

HIGGINS: Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me. (*He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him.*)

LIZA: Before you go, sir——

HIGGINS (*dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him "sir"*): Eh?

LIZA: Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS (*coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason*): What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA: He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

HIGGINS (*shocked and hurt*): Is *that* the way you feel toward us?

LIZA: I don't want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.

HIGGINS: But what does it matter? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

LIZA: I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of stealing.

HIGGINS (*now deeply wounded*): Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shows a want of feeling.

LIZA: I'm sorry. I'm only a common, ignorant girl; and in my station I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't.

HIGGINS (*very sulky*): You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you? (*He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon.*)

LIZA (*drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply*): Stop, please. (*She takes off her jewels.*) Will you

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take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of their being missing.

HIGGINS (*furious*): Hand them over. (*She puts them into his hands.*) If these belonged to me instead of to the jeweler, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. (*He perfunctorily thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends of the chains.*)

LIZA (*taking a ring off*): This ring isn't the jeweler's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now. (HIGGINS *dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims*): Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS: Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA (*thrilling with hidden joy*): I'm glad. I've got a little of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS (*with dignity, in his finest professional style*): You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly happened to me before. I prefer to say nothing more to-night. I am going to bed.

LIZA (*pertly*): You'd better leave a note for Mrs. Pearce about the coffee; for she won't be told by me.

HIGGINS (*formally*): Damn Mrs. Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and damn my own folly in having lavished hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe. (*He goes out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely.*)

(ELIZA *smiles for the first time; expresses her feelings by a wild pantomime in which an imitation of* HIGGINS'S *exit is confused with her own triumph; and finally goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring.*)

ACT V

MRS. HIGGINS'S *drawing-room. She is at her writing-table as before. The* PARLOR-MAID *comes in.*

THE PARLOR-MAID (*at the door*): Mr. Henry, mam, is down-stairs with Colonel Pickering.

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, show them up.

THE PARLOR-MAID: They're using the telephone, mam. Telephoning to the police, I think.

MRS. HIGGINS: What!

THE PARLOR-MAID (*coming farther in and lowering her voice*): Mr. Henry is in a state, mam. I thought I'd better tell you.

MRS. HIGGINS: If you had told me that Mr. Henry was not in a state it would have been more surprising. Tell them to come up when they've finished with the police. I suppose he's lost something.

THE PARLOR-MAID: Yes, mam. (*Going.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Go up-stairs and tell Miss Doolittle that Mr. Henry and the Colonel are here. Ask her not to come down till I send for her.

THE PARLOR-MAID: Yes, mam.

(HIGGINS *bursts in. He is, as the* PARLOR-MAID *has said, in a state.*)

HIGGINS: Look here, mother: here's a confounded thing!

MRS. HIGGINS: Yes, dear. Good morning. (*He checks his impatience and kisses her, while the* PARLOR-MAID *goes out.*) What is it?

HIGGINS: Eliza's bolted.

MRS. HIGGINS (*calmly continuing her writing*): You must have frightened her.

HIGGINS: Frightened her! Nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that; and instead of going to bed, she changed her clothes and went right off: her bed wasn't slept in. She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs. Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it. What am I to do?

MRS. HIGGINS: Do without, I'm afraid, Henry. The girl has a perfect right to leave if she chooses.

HIGGINS (*wandering distractedly across the room*): But I can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got. I'm— (PICKERING *comes in.* MRS. HIGGINS *puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table.*)

PICKERING (*shaking hands*): Good morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry told you? (*He sits down on the ottoman.*)

HIGGINS: What does that ass of an inspector say? Have you offered a reward?

MRS. HIGGINS (*rising in indignant amazement*): You don't mean to say you have set the police after Eliza!

HIGGINS: Of course. What are the police for? What else could we do? (*He sits in the Elizabethan chair.*)

PICKERING: The inspector made a lot of difficulties. I really think he suspected us of some improper purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, of course he did. What right have you to go to the police and give the girl's name as if she were a thief, or a lost umbrella, or something? Really! (*She sits down again, deeply vexed.*)

HIGGINS: But we want to find her.

PICKERING: We can't let her go like this, you know, Mrs. Higgins. What were we to do?

MRS. HIGGINS: You have no more sense, either of you, than two children. Why——

(*The* PARLOR-MAID *comes in and breaks off the conversation.*)

THE PARLOR-MAID: Mr. Henry: a gentleman

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wants to see you very particular. He's been sent on from Wimpole Street.

HIGGINS: Oh, bother! I can't see any one now. Who is it?

THE PARLOR-MAID: A Mr. Doolittle, sir.

PICKERING: Doolittle! Do you mean the dustman?

THE PARLOR-MAID: Dustman! Oh, no, sir: a gentleman.

HIGGINS (*springing up excitedly*): By George, Pick, it's some relative of hers that she's gone to. Somebody we know nothing about. (*To the* PARLOR-MAID.) Send him up, quick.

THE PARLOR-MAID: Yes, sir. (*She goes.*)

HIGGINS (*eagerly, going to his mother*): Genteel relatives! Now we shall hear something. (*He sits down in the Chippendale chair.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Do you know any of her people?

PICKERING: Only her father: the fellow we told you about.

THE PARLOR-MAID (*announcing*): Mr. Doolittle. (*She withdraws.*)

(DOOLITTLE *enters. He is brilliantly dressed in a new fashionable frock-coat, with white waistcoat and gray trousers. A flower in his buttonhole, a dazzling silk hat, and patent-leather shoes complete the effect. He is too concerned with the business he has come on to notice* MRS. HIGGINS. *He walks straight to* HIGGINS, *and accosts him with vehement reproach.*)

DOOLITTLE (*indicating his own person*): See here! Do you see this? *You* done this.

HIGGINS: Done what, man?

DOOLITTLE: This, I tell you. Look at it. Look at this hat. Look at this coat.

PICKERING: Has Eliza been buying you clothes?

DOOLITTLE: Eliza! Not she. Not half. Why would she buy me clothes?

MRS. HIGGINS: Good morning, Mr. Doolittle. Won't you sit down?

DOOLITTLE (*taken aback as he becomes conscious that he has forgotten his hostess*): Asking your pardon, ma'am. (*He approaches her and shakes her proffered hand.*) Thank you. (*He sits down on the ottoman, on* PICKERING'S *right.*) I am that full of what has happened to me that I can't think of anything else.

HIGGINS: What the dickens *has* happened to you?

DOOLITTLE: I shouldn't mind if it had only *happened* to me: anything might happen to anybody and nobody to blame but Providence, as you might say. But this is something that *you* have done to me: yes, *you*, Henry Higgins.

HIGGINS: Have you found Eliza? That's the point.

DOOLITTLE: Have you lost her?

HIGGINS: Yes.

DOOLITTLE: You have all the luck, you have. I ain't found her; but she'll find me quick enough now after what you done to me.

MRS. HIGGINS: But what has my son done to you, Mr. Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE: Done to me! Ruined me. Destroyed my happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle-class morality.

HIGGINS (*rising intolerantly and standing over* DOOLITTLE): You're raving. You're drunk. You're mad. I gave you five pounds. After that I had two conversations with you, at half-a-crown an hour. I've never seen you since.

DOOLITTLE: Oh! Drunk! am I? Mad! am I? Tell me this: Did you or did you not write a letter to an old blighter in America that was giving five millions to found Moral Reform Societies all over the world, and that wanted you to invent a universal language for him?

HIGGINS: What! Ezra D. Wannafeller? He's dead. (*He sits down again carelessly.*)

DOOLITTLE: Yes: he's dead; and I'm done for. Now did you or did you not write a letter to him to say that the most original moralist at present in England, to the best of your knowledge, was Alfred Doolittle, a common dustman?

HIGGINS: Oh, after your last visit I remember making some silly joke of the kind.

DOOLITTLE: Ah! You may well call it a silly joke. It put the lid on me right enough. Just give him the chance he wanted to show that Americans is not like us: that they recognize and respect merit in every class of life, however humble. Them words is in his blooming will, in which, Henry Higgins, thanks to your silly joking, he leaves me a share in his Pre-digested Cheese Trust worth three thousand a year on condition that I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League as often as they ask me up to six times a year.

HIGGINS: The devil he does! Whew! (*Brightening suddenly.*) What a lark!

PICKERING: A safe thing for you, Doolittle. They won't ask you twice.

DOOLITTLE: It ain't the lecturing I mind. I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair. It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched you, Henry Higgins. Now I am worrited; tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me for money. It's a fine thing for you, says my solicitor. Is it? says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says. When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust-cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could. Same with the doctors: used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out that I'm not a healthy man and can't live unless they looks after me twice a day. In the house I'm not let to do a hand's turn for

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myself: somebody else must do it and touch me for it. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself: that's middle-class morality. *You* talk of losing Eliza. Don't you be anxious: I bet she's on my door-step by this—she that could support herself easy by selling flowers if I wasn't respectable. And the next one to touch me will be you, Henry Higgins. I'll have to learn to speak middle-class language from you, instead of speaking proper English. That's where *you'll* come in; and I daresay that's what you done it for.

MRS. HIGGINS: But, my dear Mr. Doolittle, you need not suffer all this if you are really in earnest. Nobody can force you to accept this bequest. You can repudiate it. Isn't that so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING: I believe so.

DOOLITTLE (*softening his manner in deference to her sex*): That's the tragedy of it, ma'am. It's easy to say chuck it; but I haven't the nerve. Which of us has? We're all intimidated. Intimidated, ma'am: that's what we are. What is there for me if I chuck it but the workhouse in my old age? I have to dye my hair already to keep my job as a dustman. If I was one of the deserving poor, and had put by a bit, I could chuck it; but then why should I, acause the deserving poor might as well be millionaires for all the happiness they ever has. They don't know what happiness is. But I, as one of the undeserving poor, have nothing between me and the pauper's uniform but this here blasted three thousand a year that shoves me into the middle class. (Excuse the expression, ma'am: you'd use it yourself if you had my provocation.) They've got you every way you turn: it's a choice between the Skilly of the workhouse and the Char Bydis of the middle class; and I haven't the nerve for the workhouse. Intimidated: that's what I am. Broke. Bought up. Happier men than me will call for my dust, and touch me for their tip; and I'll look on helpless, and envy them. And that's what your son has brought me to. (*He is overcome by emotion.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, I'm very glad you're not going to do anything foolish, Mr. Doolittle. For this solves the problem of Eliza's future. You can provide for her now.

DOOLITTLE (*with melancholy resignation*): Yes, ma'am: I'm expected to provide for every one now, out of three thousand a year.

HIGGINS (*jumping up*): Nonsense! He can't provide for her. He sha'n't provide for her. She doesn't belong to him. I paid him five pounds for her. Doolittle: either you're an honest man or a rogue.

DOOLITTLE (*tolerantly*): A little of both, Henry; like the rest of us, a little of both.

HIGGINS: Well, you took that money for the girl: and you have no right to take her as well.

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry: don't be absurd. If you want to know where Eliza is, she is up-stairs.

HIGGINS (*amazed*): Up-stairs!!! Then I shall jolly soon fetch her down-stairs. (*He makes resolutely for the door.*)

MRS. HIGGINS (*rising and following him*): Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

HIGGINS: I——

MRS. HIGGINS: Sit down, dear; and listen to me.

HIGGINS: Oh, very well, very well, very well. (*He throws himself ungraciously on the ottoman, with his face toward the windows.*) But I think you might have told us this half an hour ago.

MRS. HIGGINS: Eliza came to me this morning. She passed the night partly walking about in a rage, partly trying to throw herself into the river and being afraid to, and partly in the Carlton Hotel. She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

HIGGINS (*bounding up again*): What!

PICKERING (*rising also*): My dear Mrs. Higgins, she's been telling you stories. We didn't treat her brutally. We hardly said a word to her; and we parted on particularly good terms. (*Turning on* HIGGINS.) Higgins: did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS: Just the other way about. She threw my slippers in my face. She behaved in the most outrageous way. I never gave her the slightest provocation. The slippers came bang into my face the moment I entered the room—before I had uttered a word. And she used perfectly awful language.

PICKERING (*astonished*): But why? What did we do to her?

MRS. HIGGINS: I think I know pretty well what you did. The girl is naturally rather affectionate, I think. Is she not, Mr. Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE: Very tender-hearted, ma'am.

MRS. HIGGINS: Just so. She had become attached to you both. She worked very hard for you, Henry! I don't think you quite realize what anything in the nature of brain-work means to a girl like that. Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing. And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! *I* should have thrown the fire-irons at you.

HIGGINS: We said nothing except that we were tired and wanted to go to bed. Did we, Pick?

PICKERING (*shrugging his shoulders*): That was all.

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MRS. HIGGINS (*ironically*): Quite sure?

PICKERING: Absolutely. Really, that was all.

MRS. HIGGINS: You didn't thank her, or pet her, or admire her, or tell her how splendid she'd been.

HIGGINS (*impatiently*): But she knew all about that. We didn't make speeches to her, if that's what you mean.

PICKERING (*conscience-stricken*): Perhaps we were a little inconsiderate. Is she very angry?

MRS. HIGGINS (*returning to her place at the writing-table*): Well, I'm afraid she won't go back to Wimpole Street, especially now that Mr. Doolittle is able to keep up the position you have thrust on her; but she says she is quite willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let bygones be bygones.

HIGGINS (*furious*): Is she, by George? Ho!

MRS. HIGGINS: If you promise to behave yourself, Henry, I'll ask her to come down. If not, go home, for you have taken up quite enough of my time.

HIGGINS: Oh, all right. Very well, Pick: you behave yourself. Let us put on our best Sunday manners for this creature that we picked out of the mud. (*He flings himself sulkily into the Elizabethan chair.*)

DOOLITTLE (*remonstrating*): Now, now, Henry Higgins! Have some consideration for my feelings as a middle-class man.

MRS. HIGGINS: Remember your promise, Henry. (*She presses the bell-button on the writing-table.*) Mr. Doolittle: will you be so good as to step out on the balcony for a moment? I don't want Eliza to have the shock of your news until she has made it up with these two gentlemen. Would you mind?

DOOLITTLE: As you wish, lady. Anything to help Henry to keep her off my hands. (*He disappears through the window.*)

(*The* PARLOR-MAID *answers the bell.* PICKERING *sits down in* DOOLITTLE'S *place.*

MRS. HIGGINS: Ask Miss Doolittle to come down, please.

THE PARLOR-MAID: Yes, mam. (*She goes out.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Now, Henry: be good.

HIGGINS: I am behaving myself perfectly.

PICKERING: He is doing his best, Mrs. Higgins.

(*A pause.* HIGGINS *throws back his head; stretches out his legs; and begins to whistle.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry, dearest, you don't look at all nice in that attitude.

HIGGINS (*pulling himself together*): I was not trying to look nice, mother.

MRS. HIGGINS: It doesn't matter, dear. I only wanted to make you speak.

HIGGINS: Why?

"WALK! NOT BLOODY LIKELY! I AM GOING IN A TAXI."

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MRS. HIGGINS: Because you can't speak and whistle at the same time.

(HIGGINS *groans. Another very trying pause.*)

HIGGINS (*springing up, out of patience*): Where the devil is that girl? Are we to wait here all day?

(ELIZA *enters, sunny, self-possessed, and giving a staggeringly convincing exhibition of ease of manner. She carries a little work-basket and is very much at home.* PICKERING *is too much taken aback to rise.*)

LIZA: How do you do, Professor Higgins? Are you quite well?

HIGGINS (*choking*): Am I— (*He can say no more.*)

LIZA: But of course you are: you are never ill. So glad to see you again, Colonel Pickering. (*He rises hastily; and they shake hands.*) Quite chilly this morning, isn't it? (*She sits down at his left. He sits beside her.*)

HIGGINS: Don't you dare try this game on me. I taught it to you; and it doesn't take me in. Get up and come home; and don't be a fool.

(ELIZA *takes a piece of needlework from her basket, and begins to stitch at it, without taking the least notice of this outburst.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: Very nicely put, indeed, Henry. No woman could resist such an invitation.

HIGGINS: You let her alone, mother. Let her speak for herself. You will jolly soon see whether she has an idea that I haven't put into her head or a word that I haven't put into her mouth. I tell you I have created this thing out of the squashed cabbage-leaves of Covent Garden; and now she pretends to play the fine lady with me.

MRS. HIGGINS (*placidly*): Yes, dear; but you'll sit down, won't you?

(HIGGINS *sits down again, savagely.*)

LIZA (*to* PICKERING, *taking no apparent notice of* HIGGINS, *and working away deftly*): Will you drop me altogether now that the experiment is over, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING: Oh, don't. You mustn't think of it as an experiment. It shocks me, somehow.

LIZA: Oh, I'm only a squashed cabbage-leaf——

PICKERING (*impulsively*): No.

LIZA (*continuing quietly*): —but I owe so much to you that I should be very unhappy if you forgot me.

PICKERING: It's very kind of you to say so, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA: It's not because you paid for my dresses. I know you are generous to everybody with money. But it was from you that I really learned nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? You see it was so very difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language on the slightest provocation. And I should never have known that ladies and gentlemen didn't behave like that if you hadn't been there.

HIGGINS: Well!!

PICKERING: Oh, that's only his way, you know. He doesn't mean it.

LIZA: Oh, *I* didn't mean it either, when I was a flower girl. It was only my way. But you see I did it; and that's what makes the difference after all.

PICKERING: No doubt. Still, he taught you to speak; and I couldn't have done that, you know.

LIZA (*trivially*): Of course: that is his profession.

HIGGINS: Damnation!

LIZA (*continuing*): It was just like learning to dance in the fashionable way: there was nothing more than that in it. But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING: What?

LIZA (*stopping her work for a moment*): Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. (*She resumes her stitching.*) And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you. Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors——

PICKERING: Oh, that was nothing.

LIZA: Yes: things that showed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullery-maid; though of course I know you would have been just the same to a scullery-maid if she had been let into the drawing-room. *You* never took off your boots in the dining-room when I was there.

PICKERING: You mustn't mind that. Higgins takes off his boots all over the place.

LIZA: I know. I am not blaming him. It is his way, isn't it? But it made *such* a difference to me that you didn't do it. You see, really and truly, apart from the things any one can pick up (the dressing and proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

MRS. HIGGINS: Please don't grind your teeth, Henry.

PICKERING: Well, this is really very nice of you, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA: I should like you to call me Eliza, now, if you would.

PICKERING: Thank you. Eliza, of course.

LIZA: And I should like Professor Higgins to call me Miss Doolittle.

HIGGINS: I'll see you damned first.

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry! Henry!

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PICKERING (*laughing*): Why don't you slang back at him? Don't stand it. It would do him a lot of good.

LIZA: I can't. I could have done it once; but now I can't go back to it. Last night, when I was wandering about, a girl spoke to me; and I tried to get back into the old way with her; but it was no use. You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own. Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and can speak nothing but yours. That's the real break-off with the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Leaving Wimpole Street finishes it.

PICKERING (*much alarmed*): Oh! but you're coming back to Wimpole Street, aren't you? You'll forgive Higgins?

HIGGINS (*rising*): Forgive! Will she, by George! Let her go. Let her find out how she can get on without us. She will relapse into the gutter in three weeks without me at her elbow.

(DOOLITTLE *appears at the center window. With a look of dignified reproach at* HIGGINS, *he comes slowly and silently to his daughter, who, with her back to the window, is unconscious of his approach.*

PICKERING: He's incorrigible, Eliza. You won't relapse, will you?

LIZA: No: not now. Never again. I have learned my lesson. I don't believe I could utter one of the old sounds if I tried. (DOOLITTLE *touches her on her left shoulder. She drops her work, losing her self-possession utterly at the spectacle of her father's splendor.*) A-a-a-a-a-ah-owooh!

HIGGINS (*with a crow of triumph*): Aha! *Just* so. A-a-a-a-ahowooh! A-a-a-a-ahowooh! A-a-a-a-ahowooh! Victory! Victory! (*He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly.*)

DOOLITTLE: Can you blame the girl? Don't look at me like that, Eliza. It ain't my fault. I've come into some money.

LIZA: You must have touched a millionaire this time, dad.

DOOLITTLE: I have. But I'm dressed something special to-day. I'm going to St. George's, Hanover Square. Your stepmother is going to marry me.

LIZA (*angrily*): You're going to let yourself down to marry that low, common woman!

PICKERING (*quietly*): He ought to, Eliza. (*To* DOOLITTLE.) Why has she changed her mind?

DOOLITTLE (*sadly*): Intimidated, Governor. Intimidated. Middle-class morality claims its victim. Won't you put on your hat, Liza, and come and see me turned off?

LIZA: If the colonel says I must, I—I'll (*almost sobbing*) I'll demean myself. And get insulted for my pains, like enough.

DOOLITTLE: Don't be afraid: She never comes to words with any one now, poor woman! Respectability has broke all the spirit out of her.

PICKERING (*squeezing* ELIZA's *elbow gently*): Be kind to them, Eliza. Make the best of it.

LIZA (*forcing a little smile for him through her vexation*): Oh, well, just to show there's no ill-feeling. I'll be back in a moment. (*She goes out.*)

DOOLITTLE (*sitting down beside* PICKERING): I feel uncommon nervous about the ceremony, Colonel. I wish you'd come and see me through it.

PICKERING: But you've been through it before, man. You were married to Eliza's mother.

DOOLITTLE: Who told you that, Colonel?

PICKERING: Well, nobody told me, but I concluded—naturally——

DOOLITTLE: No: that ain't the natural way, Colonel: it's only the middle-class way. My way was always the undeserving way. But don't say nothing to Eliza. She don't know: I always had a delicacy about telling her.

PICKERING: Quite right. We'll leave it so, if you don't mind.

DOOLITTLE: And you'll come to the church, Colonel, and put me through straight?

PICKERING: With pleasure. As far as a bachelor can.

MRS. HIGGINS: May I come, Mr. Doolittle? I should be very sorry to miss your wedding.

DOOLITTLE: I should be honored by your condescension, ma'am; and my poor old woman would take it as a tremenjous compliment. She's been very low, thinking of the happy days that are no more.

MRS. HIGGINS (*rising*): I'll order the carriage and get ready. (*The men rise, except* HIGGINS.) I sha'n't be more than fifteen minutes. (*As she goes to the door* ELIZA *comes in, hatted and buttoning her gloves.*) I'm going to the church to see your father married, Eliza. You had better come in the brougham with me. Colonel Pickering can go on with the bridegroom.

(MRS. HIGGINS *goes out.* ELIZA *comes to the middle of the room between the center window and the ottoman.* PICKERING *joins her.*)

DOOLITTLE: Bridegroom! What a word! It makes a man realize his position somehow. (*He takes up his hat and goes toward the door.*)

PICKERING: Before I go, Eliza, do forgive him and come back to us.

LIZA: I don't think papa would allow me. Would you, dad?

DOOLITTLE (*sad but magnanimous*): They played you off very cunning, Eliza, them two sportsmen. If it had been only one of them, you could have nailed him. But you see, there was two; and one of them chaperoned the other, as you might say. (*To* PICKERING.) It

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was artful of you, Colonel; but I bear no malice: I should have done the same myself. I been the victim of one woman after another all my life; and I don't grudge you two getting the better of Eliza. I sha'n't interfere. It's time for us to go, Colonel. So long, Henry. See you in St. George's, Eliza. (*He goes out.*)

PICKERING (*coaxing*): Do stay with us, Eliza. (*He follows* DOOLITTLE.)

(ELIZA *goes out on the balcony to avoid being alone with* HIGGINS. *He rises and joins her there. She immediately comes back into the room and makes for the door; but he goes along the balcony quickly and gets his back to the door before she reaches it.*)

HIGGINS: Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? And are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

LIZA: You want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your tempers and fetch and carry for you.

HIGGINS: I haven't said I wanted you back at all.

LIZA: Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS: About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I can't change my nature; and I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA: That's not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

HIGGINS: And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

LIZA: I see. (*She turns away composedly, and sits on the ottoman, facing the window.*) The same to everybody.

HIGGINS: Just so.

LIZA: Like father.

HIGGINS (*grinning, a little taken down*): Without accepting the comparison at all points, Eliza, it's quite true that your father is not a snob, and that he will be quite at home in any station of life to which his eccentric destiny may call him. (*Seriously.*) The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if we were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA: Amen. You are a born preacher.

HIGGINS (*irritated*): The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat any one else better.

LIZA (*with sudden sincerity*): I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind your swearing at me. I don't mind a black eye: I've had one before this. But—(*standing up and facing him*)—I won't be passed over.

HIGGINS: Then get out of my way; for I won't stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor-bus.

LIZA: So you are a motor-bus: all bounce and go, and no consideration for any one. But I can do without you: don't think I can't.

HIGGINS: I know you can. I told you you could.

LIZA (*wounded, getting away from him to the other side of the ottoman with her face to the hearth*): I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS: Liar!

LIZA: Thank you. (*She sits down with dignity.*)

HIGGINS: You never asked yourself, I suppose, whether *I* could do without *you*.

LIZA (*earnestly*): Don't you try to get round me. You'll *have* to do without me.

HIGGINS (*arrogant*): I can do without anybody. I have my own soul: my own spark of divine fire. But—(*with sudden humility*)—I shall miss you, Eliza. (*He sits down near her on the ottoman.*) I have learned something from your idiotic notions: I confess that humbly and gratefully. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I like them, rather.

LIZA: Well, you have both of them on your gramaphone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn the machine on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS: I can't turn your soul on. Leave me those feelings; and you can take away the voice and the face. They are not you.

LIZA: Oh, you *are* a devil. You can twist the heart in a girl as easy as some could twist her arms to hurt her. Mrs. Pearce warned me. Time and time again she has wanted to leave you; and you always got her at the last minute. And you don't care a bit for her. And you don't care a bit for me.

HIGGINS: I care for life, for humanity; and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house. What more can you or any one ask?

LIZA: I won't care for anybody that doesn't care for me.

HIGGINS: Commercial principles, Eliza. Like—(*reproducing her Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness*)—s'yollin voylets (selling violets), isn't it?

LIZA: Don't sneer at me. It's mean to sneer at me.

HIGGINS: I have never sneered in my life. Sneering doesn't become either the human face or the human soul. I am expressing my righteous contempt for commercialism. I don't and won't trade in affection. You call me a brute because you couldn't buy a claim on me by fetching my slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight; did I ever fetch *your* slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use

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slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? If you come back, come back for the sake of good fellowship; for you'll get nothing else. You've had a thousand times as much out of me as I have out of you; and if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

LIZA: What did you do it for if you didn't care for me?

HIGGINS (*heartily*): Why, because it was my job.

LIZA: You never thought of the trouble it would make for me.

HIGGINS: Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. There's only one way of escaping trouble; and that's killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

LIZA: I'm no preacher: I don't notice things like that. I notice that you don't notice me.

HIGGINS (*jumping up and walking about intolerantly*): Eliza: you're an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Miltonic mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring twopence what happens to either of us. I am not intimidated, like your father and stepmother. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA: What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS (*bouncing up on his knees on the ottoman and leaning over it to her*): For the fun of it. That's why I took you on.

LIZA (*with averted face*): And you may throw me out to-morrow if I don't do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS: Yes; and you may walk out tomorrow if I don't do everything *you* want me to.

LIZA: And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS: Yes, or sell flowers.

LIZA: Oh! If I only *could* go back to my flower basket! I should be independent of both you and father and all the world! Why did you take my independence from me? Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS: Not a bit. I'll adopt you as my daughter and settle money on you if you like. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

LIZA (*looking fiercely round at him*): I wouldn't marry *you* if you asked me; and you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS (*gently*): Than he is: not "than what he is."

LIZA (*losing her temper and rising*): I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now.

HIGGINS (*reflectively*): I don't suppose Pickering would, though. He's as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

LIZA: That's not what I want; and don't you think it. I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS (*disagreeably surprised*): Curse his impudence! (*He recoils and finds himself sitting on his heels.*)

LIZA: He has a right to if he likes, poor lad. And he does love me.

HIGGINS (*getting off the ottoman*): You have no right to encourage him.

LIZA: Every girl has a right to be loved.

HIGGINS: What! By fools like that?

LIZA: Freddy's not a fool. And if he's weak and poor and wants me, maybe he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and don't want me.

HIGGINS: Can he *make* anything of you? That's the point.

LIZA: Perhaps I could make something of him. But I never thought of us making anything of one another; and you never think of anything else. I only want to be natural.

HIGGINS: In short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as Freddy? Is that it?

LIZA: No, I don't. That's not the sort of feeling I want from you. And don't you be too sure of yourself or of me. I could have been a bad girl if I'd liked. I've seen more of some things than you, for all your learning. Girls like me can drag gentlemen down to make love to them easy enough. And they wish each other dead the next minute.

HIGGINS: Of course they do. Then what in thunder are we quarreling about?

LIZA (*much troubled*): I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common, ignorant girl, and you a book-learned gentleman; but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done—(*correcting herself*)—what I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come—came—to care for you: not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS: Well, of course. That's just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you're a fool.

LIZA: That's not a proper answer to give me. (*She sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears.*)

HIGGINS: It's all you'll get until you stop being a common idiot. If you're going to be a lady, you'll have to give up feeling neglected if the men you know don't spend half their time sniveling over you and the other half giving you black eyes. If you can't stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of it, go back to the gutter. Work till you are more a brute than a human being; and then cuddle and squabble and drink till you fall asleep. Oh, it's a fine life, the life of the gutter. It's real; it's warm; it's violent; you can feel it through the

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thickest skin; you can taste it and smell it without any training or any work. Not like Science and Literature and Classical Music and Philosophy and Art. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, don't you? Very well: be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental hog or other with lots of money, and a thick pair of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with. If you can't appreciate what you've got, you'd better get what you can appreciate.

LIZA (*desperate*): Oh, you *are* a cruel tyrant. I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me; I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you're nothing but a bully. You know I can't go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the colonel. You know well I couldn't bear to live with a low, common man after you two; and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as he's able to support me.

HIGGINS (*sitting down beside her*): Rubbish! You shall marry an ambassador. You shall marry the Governor-General of India or the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, or somebody who wants a deputy-queen. I'm not going to have my masterpiece thrown away on Freddy.

LIZA: You think I like you to say that. But I haven't forgot what you said a moment ago; and I won't be coaxed round as if I was a baby or a puppy. If I can't have kindness, I'll have independence.

HIGGINS: Independence? That's middle-class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth.

LIZA (*rising determinedly*): I'll let you see whether I'm dependent on you. If you can preach, I can teach. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS: What'll you teach, in Heaven's name?

LIZA: What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS: Ha! ha! Ha!

LIZA: I'll offer myself as an assistant to Professor Nepean.

HIGGINS (*rising in a fury*): What! That impostor! That humbug! That toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! My discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. (*He lays hands on her.*) Do you hear?

LIZA (*defiantly non-resistant*): Wring away. What do I care? I knew you would strike me some day. (*He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman.*) Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! That's done you, Henry Higgins, it has. Now I don't care *that*—(*snapping her fingers*)—for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertise it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS (*wondering at her*): You damned impudent thing, you! But it's better than sniveling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? (*Rising.*) By George, Eliza! I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA: Yes: you turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you and can do without you.

HIGGINS: Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength; a consort battle-ship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors together instead of only two men and a silly girl.

(MRS. HIGGINS *returns, dressed for the wedding.* ELIZA *instantly becomes cool and elegant.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

ELIZA: Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS. HIGGINS: Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA: Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Good-by. (*She goes to the door.*)

MRS. HIGGINS (*coming to* HIGGINS): Good-by, dear.

HIGGINS: Good-by, mother. (*He is about to kiss her, when he recollects something.*) Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine, at Eale and Binman's. You can choose the color. (*His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shows that he is incorrigible.*)

LIZA (*disdainfully*): Buy them yourself. (*She sweeps out.*)

MRS. HIGGINS: I'm afraid you've spoiled that girl, Henry. But never mind, dear: *I'll* buy you the tie and gloves.

HIGGINS (*sunnily*): Oh, don't bother. She'll buy 'em all right enough. Good-by.

(*They kiss.* MRS. HIGGINS *runs out.* HIGGINS, *left alone, rattles his cash in his pockets; chuckles; and disports himself in a highly self-satisfied manner.*)

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The MAN WHO BRACED UP

by
LEAVITT
ASHLEY
KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

THROUGH her fat exhaust the *Nova Britania*, cattle-boat from Montreal to London, was fretting. Her crimson-jowled captain scowled as I shuffled down the gangplank. Murfeson, my boss, was bellowing curses which pretty Annie Murfeson, at her father's elbow, feigned not to hear. And all because my six bull-pushers had deserted me at the very hour of sailing!

A short-handed, whisky-stewed boss up forward had bribed the six away from me.

So there I was, Murfeson's cattle boss, with a big herd of White-Faces and not a man to nurse them across the Atlantic! And the Canadian railways had just stripped the whole St. Lawrence valley bare of laborers to hew ties in the winter woods beyond Nipissing. From Thousand Islands to Labrador you couldn't have hired a strong arm if you'd offered five a day and a Saturday drunk to boot.

"I give ye twenty minutes to find six men in the lodging-houses!" Murfeson yelled at me.

I ran. A saw-edged wind out of the Arctic blew me into Smith's Sailors' Supply Store, behind the C. P. R. grain elevators. Smith sat scorching his knees against a

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white-hot wood stove and contemplating a still, hunched figure beside him.

"No bull-pushers in sight, Malcomson!" said he. Then he jerked his thumb toward the silent figure. "Ye'll have t' take him, though I can't recommend him. Wot d'ye say, Rawlins?"

The man Rawlins did not stir nor speak.

"What's the matter? Boozed?" I asked Smith.

"He don't touch the stuff!" Smith shook his head. "Steady as a deacon."

"Wrong here?" I tapped my forehead.

"Not the way you mean it! He's smart and eddicated. Went to college for a year. A fine bookkeeper, too!"

"Maybe it's lungs then?"

"Lungs nothin'!" Smith grunted. "He can do three men's work an' three men's breathin'. If he's a mind to! But he ain't a mind to. *He's clean discouraged—that's all!*"

Smith, beckoning, shuffled around to the opposite end of the room. I followed.

"It's the saddest case!" He dropped his fog-horn voice. "He's just plain tired o' buckin' up against tough luck. His father was grain merchant over in Halifax eleven years ago. Mack was expectin' to step into a ten-thousand-dollar business. Then, one November night off Cape Race, his old man went down with an uninsured cargo of wheat and five thousand dollars cash. Next week the Rawlins shop closed up fer good. Mack went to work in a canning factory over on Fundy. He was makin' good when—bang! A Boston man bought out the concern and put a young nephew of his in Mack's place. Next, an old friend backed Mack in a lumber speculation. But the sap wasn't out of the surveyor's stakes before a hunter's camp-fire touched off the whole forest. Mack sold eighteen carloads of hot wood ashes to a Toronto florist, and that ended Thump Number Three!

"Well, this streak of rotten luck kept up until, finally, one blizzard night last winter, Mack staggered in here. He had on a ragged summer shirt an' only one shoe, an' a pair o' pants that the police gave him from off a corpse down in the morgue! He was laughin' an' mumblin'. He crumpled up in that there chair an' jest plain went out o' business. Like that!" Smith pointed to the still form. "Not crazy at all, y' understand. He jest ain't sittin' in the game. The cards run against him too much!"

Gr-r-r-r! The *Nova Britania* whistled. Desperate, I slapped Rawlins on the shoulder, showed money, and soon had him trotting at my heels toward the pier, like a great dumb dog. I found no second bull-pusher.

"I'll lend you two stokers till Quebec," volunteered the captain to Murfeson. "It's easy going down river."

So Murfeson telegraphed to Quebec for men; and we steamed down river as the sullen sun was rimming the chill Canadian sky-line.

The low banks of the St. Lawrence twinkled with lonely cottage lamps when Mack and the stokers finished feeding steers. Then for the first time I scrutinized the Discouraged Man. Six foot two he stood, and built true to that measure all over. His head was fine, for all its grime and ill keeping. Big eyes, gray and full of honesty, a strong lip, and a wide, calm brow—I tell you, he was no common bull-pusher. He might have been a business manager or a ranchman like Murfeson, *if* the world had played into his hands. *If! If!*

But it hadn't. And it had stolen his spirit. He was a magnificent machine, nothing more. Talking to him was like pressing a button. And how he could work! Like a machine! He watered four steers at once, with as many pails. He hustled bales up the hatch alone without block and tackle. But he never spoke, never sang, never whistled. A big, fine motor, which knows no hope; a motor which, if it could hope at all, could hope for nothing beyond the junk heap.

After mess Murfeson and his Annie strolled down to look over the herd. Old Murfeson was still growling threats at the drunken cattle-boss up forward who had stolen our six bull-pushers. Also he snarled at me for having let the fellow trick me. To all of which I said only, "Yes, sir!" You don't catch me arguing with a Murfeson! Murfesons think they know it all. Which they do—almost! And that they own the earth—which is also pretty nearly true. Old Murfeson's claim stakes are around half a million acres in the Northwest.

Kicking through the litter in one of Mack's stalls, Murfeson struck a tangle of

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baling-wire big enough to throw a steer and snap his leg in rough weather.

"Bring thot fool here!" Murfeson bellowed.

I scurried off to the fo'c'sle. But at the companionway I halted sharply. Up from the den streamed a jangle of jeers and guffaws.

"Hand me some more tea, Mack!"

"Ain't seen ye on three trips, Mack! Come on in, darlin'!"

"Make up me bunk, Mack, an' quick about it!"

I knew those voices. They came from the red-eyed curs who had deserted me. Scum of the earth, every man Jack of them. Desperate crooks, the kind we often strike on the boats out of Boston and New York after some black murder has been done. These were no men of the sea! They were land pirates, and all marked with the brands of Cherry Hill and Sing Sing. Even the first mate had shaken his head when he saw them come aboard. And God knows the first mate isn't very particular about people.

I called down to Mack, and back came a feeble "Yessir!" So I marched back to Murfeson. Five minutes we waited—and then Mack tumbled up out of the fo'c'sle, with an armful of greasy tins and food scraps, and made off for the cook's galley. I yelled at him, and he came uneasily.

"The fellows wouldn't wait!" he stammered. "They made me clean up for them first——"

"Eh?" was all Murfeson roared—in a terrible tone. And before I could move, he slapped Mack full in the face and lunged toward the fo'c'sle.

Down the fo'c'sle ladder he shot, humming wickedly and balling his huge, hairy fists at the six bull-pushers. "Thot mon ye're givin' orders to is *my* mon!" he

THESE WERE NO MEN OF THE SEA! THEY WERE LAND PIRATES, AND ALL MARKED WITH THE BRANDS OF CHERRY HILL AND SING SING.

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shouted. "*My* mon, d'ye hear? Ye'll leave him alone, ye vermin! The crook thot opens his face at him will get a cracked sconce! I——"

From a dark corner whizzed a ball of bread adrip with cold pork gravy—smashed against Murfeson's cheek. A chuckle, broad and impudent, rattled around the stinking hole—but suddenly stopped. For out hissed Murfeson's arm, and *ckk.*—the slum rat nearest him reeled and tumbled, with a shattered nose, gargling blood.

"Pass thot on to th' fellow who threw his brain at me!" Murfeson whooped. And he stamped up the ladder, back to Mack, who was still hugging his dirty dishes with one arm, dully rubbing his smitten cheek and emptily listening to Annie, who was saying:

"You didn't mean to disobey father. You only wanted to be obliging, didn't you —what's your name? Mack?"

Murfeson thrust out his lower lip and squinted hard at Mack. "D'ye mind, daughter, what I've said aboot these bums?" he roared. "They may have fine outwards, but there's nothing underneath! Look at this prime beast! A fine lump o' flesh he is, and wi' a fair face; but for a' thot, he's a fool an' a coward! A sheep in man-skin! Heh! Come away from the vermin!"

Annie tossed her pretty head angrily. Old Murfeson had touched her in a tender spot. For helping poor devils was an old hobby of hers. Many a prosperous young fellow of the Northland owed his start in life to a kind word and a purse from Annie Murfeson.

"Really?" There came a glint into her eyes, and a hard line at the corners of her smile.

Her father subsided into an indistinct rumble and lumbered off to inspect his cattle. The girl shot a sidelong glance of triumph at him, then fell to instructing Mack in the ways of good behavior. Mack listened as a weathercock listens to the winds that veer it.

The rest of the night I worried. Murfeson's trip to the fo'c'sle had been a blunder. You can pummel sailors and they'll touch their caps to you next morning or even jump after you if you fall overboard; but you mustn't split the nose of a yeggman who happens to ship as a bull-pusher. Landlubbers are sensitive about such matters of etiquette. They have a habit of returning the compliment with interest and costs. So I felt in my bones that Murfeson was in for a bad trip.

Before turning in I drifted around to see that all was snug for the night. Up forward I ran into Annie and Mack. Annie was shaking a finger under the Discouraged Man's nose and saying sternly:

"You mustn't let those wicked men bully you. Stand up for your rights! You're a big, strong man. You can do it."

Mack flung up his magnificent arms and mumbled: "Oh, what's the use? There's nothing to be gained! I take things as they come. Just as they come."

"That's contemptible!" Annie's cheeks flamed. "No *man* would say that!"

A minute Mack looked into her face dreamily. Then the little flicker of light in his eyes died out, and he shuffled off toward the fo'c'sle.

"I can't make him out." Annie stared after him, and beat a firm little fist against a soft little palm.

"Listen!" I commanded. And I told her all about Mack. "You mustn't be too hard with him," I finished. "There's no spunk left in him——"

"There's spunk left in every man," flashed Annie, "as long as his stomach and lungs are sound."

"You're wrong there," I protested. "I've seen lots of down-and-outers, in my day, Miss Annie——"

She wasn't listening. She was murmuring grimly: "I'll poke him up! Father needs a foreman on his new Montana ranch. I'll offer this Mack the job—if he'll brace up!" And with that she clapped me on the shoulder, as man to man, and flitted off.

"You're in for a hard jolt, my little lady!" I wagged my head—and went to bed for an uneasy sleep.

At Quebec next morning—and not a bull-pusher! All of Murfeson's greenbacks couldn't budge those Frenchies from their wood stoves. In a rage Murfeson telegraphed to Sydney, which lies on Cabot Strait where we would pass into the Banks. But when we reached this, the last port before the open Atlantic, there came out to us in our agent's smack only two stiff old Swedes! Two Swedes and Mack! And we needed six men!

Murfeson raved. He asked the captain for the two stokers who had been helping

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"YOU—" THE CAPTAIN SHRIEKED, RAN A STRIDE, STAGGERED, AND PITCHED HEADLONG AGAINST MURFESON, A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAVE HEART.

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us. But the captain refused, for we had reached open water.

"You'll have to pitch in and hustle hay, Malcomson!" Murfeson growled. "Go call thot Mack!"

The *Nova Britania* swung eastward and snouted heavily into the slow, gray swells. With a heavy heart I headed for the fo'c'sle.

At the hatch I halted abruptly. Up from its reeking darkness rose a broken rumble of snarls and curses. A saw-edged voice was hissing: "Leave that dirty Canuck to me! He cracked me, and I'm going to give him his——"

There followed a sterner voice: "Beat old Murfeson up—but no knifin', Pinky! I ain't goin' t' have Scotland Yard pinchin' us and lookin' at my thumb-mark. No sir! Sssss!"

The soft hiss came as my foot scraped the top of the fo'c'sle ladder. I peered down upon the six ruffians who had deserted us. Mack was not there; and when I asked his whereabouts a hoarse guffaw answered me.

Straight to Murfeson I went and told him what I had overheard. The giant chuckled: "So th' vermin's tryin' to gi'e old Murfeson a chill, eh? Well-a-well! Th' auld mon doesn't know how to shiver! Let 'em try teaching me! Now, where's thot Mack I sent ye after?"

I scurried off and found him—in an empty stall, shaking out some hay and spreading a blanket over it.

"They kicked me out of the fo'c'sle." He patted down the blanket, avoiding my eyes. "Anyhow, the air's better up here——"

"Oh, you pulp!" I yelled, and dragged him off like a bag of meal to our water-pails.

"Hello! What's up?" It was Miss Annie. She was leaning against some bales of hay, her wide gray eyes dancing.

I told her, and her merriment vanished. "Bunk him with you in the petty officers' cabin!" she commanded. "And now," she turned sternly upon Mack, "you *must* brace up! You must! If you do, I'll get you some decent work. Tell me what you can do."

"Excuse me, Miss Annie," I broke in. "He's got to feed the critters in a hurry——"

"Go do it yourself, Malcomson!" Annie returned. Then to Mack: "Are you Scotch?"

I stood by helpless and hopping mad; for the day was fast waning. But little good it did me to glare! The girl had entered upon a long catechism. How old was he? Did he like bookkeeping? What would he do, if he had a steady job at twenty a week? Could he handle colts? Did he drink? Why was he loafing in a sailors' supply store at Montreal? Weren't there more good jobs in Canada than there were men? Wouldn't it be a good thing for him to marry a sensible woman? Wouldn't she make him do something better than bull-pushing?

She reddened, as I grinned and hooted. But in a minute she was gloating again over her new toy. That's what Rawlins was—her new toy! She would make a ranch foreman of him, marry him off to some stout ranch cook, and give him, as wedding present, a white cottage back of the barn, with maybe a pig and a cow thrown in. It was an old trick of hers, and a sweet one.

Pretty soon Mack was flushing hotly under the memories she was stirring up.

"Dad's bought a patch of white pine out British Columbia way," she observed. "Did you ever work in the woods, Rawlins?"

That was too much! You remember Mack's eighteen carloads of hot wood ashes? Mack fled with a moan.

"Now see here, Miss Annie!" I started to protest. But my words strangled in my throat. A deep, drawn-out cry arose from somewhere up forward and chilled me with a nameless fear.

"What's that?" Annie gasped.

We ran.

There was a scurrying on the officers' deck, and the ring of a sharp order. At the foot of a ladder we came upon Murfeson, choking and twitching his mighty fingers. Over him the ship surgeon was already leaning.

"Broken shoulder!" declared the surgeon. "How did you do it?"

Murfeson's sound right arm pointed to a heavy crowbar that lay near him. "They got me—the fo'c'sle crowd—dropped the bar on me from the upper deck—I'll break 'em—all of 'em——"

He fainted.

We carried him to his cabin. Then I stared over the lurching rail at the three thousand miles of water ahead, and

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wondered. A big herd of steers, three men short, a broken-spirited bull-pusher, my big boss crippled, six criminals with a knifing grudge against the Murfesons and the things of Murfeson!

"Well, Mack," I snorted, "the Murfesons are giving you a fine chance to show what's in you! You're going to have your hands full and your head too——"

"I'm not going to mix in the Murfesons' rows," Mack mumbled uneasily.

"Now don't be a fool!" I snapped. "Miss Annie and the old man will find a nice berth for you on a ranch if you stand by them. It's the chance of a lifetime, man! Why, in another year you may be earning a hundred dollars a month."

Mack shook his head drearily. "I take things as they come." He started back to his water-pails. "There's no use of fighting and scheming! It's all blind luck, and all bad——"

In the wane of the next afternoon the stupendous sheer cliffs of Cape Race began to blanket the far northeast with their melancholy blue and gray. I went forward to inquire after Murfeson and to seek advice from Annie; for the sea was lifting and I dreaded the coming night. The surgeon said my employer was resting quietly. Annie and I fell to discussing whether we should again ask the captain for a stoker to help us. As we talked, somebody dashed past behind us yelling, "I'll fix 'em! I'll beat 'em up!"

It was Murfeson, in a delirium; and after him the surgeon and three sailors.

A deckhand blocked the frenzied giant's way for one instant only. Then a deckhand lay stunned in Murfeson's wake. With a dry little sob, Annie ran. I followed. Straight for the forward stalls of the main deck Murfeson plunged, half-dressed, half-crazy. He reached the other cattle boss and his six thugs just as the ship's captain overtook him—one second too late.

Murfeson leaped at the nearest gangster. Out shot his terrible, unmaimed fist, and sent the fellow to the filthy deck.

"Hit me with a crowbar, eh?" Murfeson yelled thickly; then a great knife flashed out of the half-darkness and, with a deep, sucking groan, my employer fell, and lay very still on the reeking straw.

We saw a crouching form with the knife slink away toward the shelter of some hay bales.

"Stop or I'll fire!" the captain shouted.

The man laughed back hoarsely and slipped between the bars of a stall. The captain fired, and from the gloom a hideous yell rang out, followed by another flash.

"You—" the captain shrieked, ran a stride, staggered, and pitched headlong against Murfeson, a bullet through his brave heart.

"Run for men!" the surgeon shouted. "That crowd is out for murder now! They know they'll hang, if we land them in London; so they're going to take their chances on a mutiny. Quick! Quick!"

Blindly I ran. And first I stumbled upon Mack. He was at the rail, gazing with strange anguish at the bald, titanic precipices of Cape Race, which were glowering in wrathful reds and ochres under the late slant of the sullen sun. In a flash I remembered! We were riding over those very shoals which, eleven years before, had swallowed Mack's father and the Rawlins fortunes! Here were the waters that had broken Mack's spirit!

I shrieked the disaster in his ears, commanded him to come help us. And what did he do? Looked at me blankly, touched his cap, and mumbled, "Yes sir! I'll come, sir!"

All of a sudden Annie appeared, her cheeks white. She turned bruskly to Mack and said: "Rawlins, we're in a bad fix. What had we better do?"

Mack's jaw dropped. "It's awful!" he gasped. "I—I hope they catch the murderer——"

"They?" Annie cried angrily. "They? They? Who are *they?* What I want to know is, what you—*you.* are going to do about it?"

"I? Why, I—" blundered Mack, "I haven't anything to do with it. I'm only a bull-pusher——"

"You have nothing to do with it?" The girl shook her fist man-wise under Mack's nose. "Why, *you* murdered the captain! Yes, *you! You* let that gang bully you around. *You* forgot your work and your boss. That made father angry, as it should. And that started the whole terrible row. Now, what are you going to do about it, *murderer?*"

Mack fell in a huge heap and cried, with a high-pitched indrawing of the breath; and his enormous shoulders shook like slack rigging in a gale. The sight unnerved me a little, but it softened Annie. The girl

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stroked his big, calloused hand as you might stroke the paw of a wounded dog.

"Come! Come!" she cheered him now. "We three must guard our lives and our herd. Those criminals mean mischief. The first mate, who is captain now, wants to head for St. John's, turn the gang over to the police, and put father in hospital."

"A mighty fine scheme!" I broke in jubilantly.

"Not for the Murfesons!" Annie wheeled upon me curtly. "Father will not be marooned two months in a fishing town! He has a hundred businesses to attend to. And I won't twiddle my thumbs until Christmas in Newfoundland fog!" She turned to Mack now, just as if I had stopped living all of a sudden. "I've planned to spend the winter in London. You must get me there. I'll make it worth your while. Now if we go ashore at St. John's, a London broker will market this herd. That will cost us six hundred dollars. Wouldn't *you* like that money?"

"Miss Annie," I roared, "this is crazy talk! The new captain is running this ship. If he says to St. John's, it's to St. John's for us!"

"The new captain has given no orders!" Annie shot back. "He may any minute, though. So you must hurry, Rawlins——"

"What—how can I do anything?" Mack cried.

"That's for you to find out, sir. You are boss now!" Annie thrust into a deep pocket and pulled out a check-book. "But this may help you to think." She fished up a fountain-pen and scribbled. "There you are! One hundred dollars down. Now run quick to the captain! And no stopping at St. John's!" She touched his shoulder an instant and was gone.

What happened afterward runs through my memory in a blurred streak, like the water past the ship's side. Unsteadily the new cattle-boss clutched the ship's rail and gazed across the lifting swells to the sinister promontories. Up from the southeast gigantic streamers of scud had been blowing, such as haunt those austere waters through the eternities. The clouds raced low, blanketing the entire sky save along the

"MY POOR MACK! I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME HERE!"

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northwest. There all was clear, except only one great, black streak along the horizon that matched the cliffs of Newfoundland in hue, height, and contour. Rock and cloud ran together in one indistinguishable architecture.

Thereupon Nature played one of her little tricks which make sailor-folk superstitious. Northward drifted slowly a wisp of scud not unlike a man struggling against a stiff headwind. Over gullies the figure leaped, and slowly fought up stubborn slopes, while cyclonic gales seemed ever striving to beat him back toward open sea. At last he halted, looked back, brandished his arms. And, as God lives, the whole range of illusory mountains blew away in a single gust, became thin scud again—but the man was left standing on the solid Newfoundland heights!

It was a weird sight, that! It started some shivery thoughts in me—

"Come along!"

My spine went icy. Who had spoken those words? The face was the face of my old bull-pusher, but the voice—*whose was it?*

We hurried to the bridge through the thickening night. A warm, heavy wind was screeching. The *Nova Britannia* lurched drunkenly; and from below was rising the first deep chorus of long moans from frightened cattle. From out the southern blacknesses of the sea a gale was hammering us broadside. But to all this pandemonium the mysterious stranger ahead of me was deaf.

Captain and officers huddled in the lee of the pilot-house, talking about the chances of making St. John's safely. The captain was pooh-poohing the idea of danger, but the second mate was shaking his wet head.

"Who in blazes are you?" roared the captain at Mack. "Go below, or——"

"I'm running things for Mr. Murfeson now," smiled Mack. "We're going straight on to London——"

"With six murderers loose?" yelled the captain. "Get below, I say!"

"Wouldn't you like those six locked up?" Mack's smile hardened. Then he clapped his great hands smartly. "Hurry up!" he called to the group of men. "Bring me handcuffs and a couple of revolvers!"

Speechless and hypnotized, they gave him what he demanded. Then he unbuttoned his shirt, pinned Annie's check tenderly to his tattered flannels, and leaped down a ladder alone!

"Is that fellow crazy?" the captain gasped.

BEFORE I COULD CLIMB IN THE MURDERER HAD LEAPED FORTH. IN A BLIND RAGE I WAS MAKING AFTER HIM WHEN A CROWD CAME STORMING UP.

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"Ask Miss Annie, sir!" I suggested grimly. "It's her game. She put him up to it."

"Well," said the mate, "I hope she'll have the good manners to pay the fellow's funeral expenses. And now on to St. John's!"

Of course we searched the ship for the six thugs; and of course we did not find them. There's no better place on land or sea to hide than on a cattle-ship, especially on a wild night. The main deck is broken up into a thousand stalls, and a man can slip from one to another with never a sound. By night there is no light save at the ends of the narrow gangways; and by day only the feeble twilight from the port-holes and the hatchways.

An hour later I came upon Mack slinking down a dark cross gangway, something in his big arms.

"Hush!" he hissed. "Don't follow me!"

"What the devil are you doing?" I whispered.

"They're stocking the motor lifeboat. Going to make a break for St. John's tonight, as soon as we get inside the harbor. They've stolen ten guns and now they're making me steal grub from the galley for them. Hst!" He slipped along, as we heard a faint rustling behind some bales ahead.

They had made him help them! Had he fallen back into his old slough of despond? And with Annie's hundred-dollar check pinned to his shirt? "Well," I mused swiftly, "be what it may, I'll tip off the captain, and then I'll spy around that motor-boat."

All of which I did. Then I packed my bones tightly behind the water-barrel on the life-raft near the motor-boat. In a little while one corner of the tarpaulin over the motor-boat lifted, ever so gently, and a sinister shape crept out—then quickly another. And I heard:

"There's only the box o' cartridges to get an' we're fixed. Is that boob Mack fetchin' 'em, or is Whitey takin' a chance?"

"It's Mack. An' wot a coward he is!" came the muffled chuckle, almost at my elbow. "He——"

A black mass shot up behind them, noiselessly as a fog bank. Two black streaks went out to their coat collars. Then their dirty heads clicked together like two billiard balls—once, twice, three times—and the pair dropped limp without a sound. Mack had toyed with them! Mack, the Discouraged Man! Mack, the broken spirit!

I leaped out and clapped him on the shoulder with silent applause. But he heeded me not at all. He only picked up one of the thugs like a flour sack, and motioned me to do the same with the other. We lugged them to the second mate's cabin.

"Now, come back with me!" Mack commanded curtly. And off we stole, slipping, stumbling, groping across the treacherous decks, now knee-deep in green brine, now gripping at anything in reach, as the ship fell from under us in the trough of the tremendous seas.

"Keep your mouth shut, and jump in when you see me tackle!" was Mack's order.

"Yes, sir!" I said—and, hang me, if I didn't touch my hat!

Down past long rows of groaning steers Mack clambered. At last, leaning over the side of an empty stall, he whispered into its gloom: "I've got four big boxes of stuff and cartridges. They're too big for me to carry up alone——"

"I ain't goin'!" I heard a snarling voice whisper. "I'm takin' no more chances o' gettin' nabbed. You go, Jake."

"Sure, Pinky," said the Jake-voice.

Over the side of the stall climbed Jake. Mack lent him a hand—and, as he struck the gangway, Mack's cobblestone fist crushed against the base of his wicked little brain, and Jake went into the hands of a receiver. We dragged him to the petty officers' cabin, handcuffed him, and tossed him upon a bunk.

"And now I'm going back to get Pinky, the murderer," observed Mack.

"To get whom?" spoke up anxiously a familiar voice.

Mack swung about, as if attacked from behind. There, in the doorway, dripping with rain, and windblown, Annie stood, her hands clutching the knob, her cheeks pale.

"What do you want here?" Mack demanded harshly. "Get back. Somebody take her—the deck's nasty——"

"I—I know what you're doing," she rushed on. "The surgeon told me—I asked them to stop you—but they wouldn't—said you weren't around— See here, Mack! you mustn't do this. I—I didn't mean that—it's too dangerous——"

"Malcomson, take the lady to her cabin," Mack snapped at me.

She stared at Mack, and her eyes contradicted her cheeks. The cheeks were

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white with fear, but the eyes, Lord! How they flashed with pride—almost a mother's pride over the man she was making over! Mack squared his shoulders.

"Out of my way, please!" he said, and shot a glance of humble, dog-like devotion toward the girl.

"No, no!" she cried and put up her hands, as if to ward off a blow. "Let the police do that—when we reach London—you mustn't! It's too dangerous—your blood will be on my head! It mustn't be, Mack!"

But Mack had already pushed past her, a faint flicker of laughter on his lips.

"Follow him!" Annie wailed to me. And I did so. Once I looked back at Miss Annie; and I tell you she was most unusually white and scared.

Mack was a very different man too, all of a sudden. He whistled briskly, right up to the stall where the thug was hiding. He leaned over it and sang out softly: "Say, Pinky, the boat is ready. They're all in. Come along!"

"I'm not going," snarled from out the darkness. "It's a fierce sea that's runnin'. That boat'll sink—those mutts don't know about handlin' it. I stay right here an' take my chances."

"All right, Pinky!" Mack answered smoothly. But as he spoke he leaped over the side like a panther.

A horrible snarl, the beating of hard things against flesh—a flash and crash of a revolver——

"Take thot, ye cur!" Pinky was yelling. And before I could climb in the murderer had leaped forth. I reached for him, touched him—but he writhed away like an eel and vanished into the howling night. In a blind rage I was making after him, when a crowd came storming up, and in the lead ran Annie, crying, "My poor Mack! My poor Mack!"

She dropped on her knees on the straw of the stall where he was writhing, his fingers locked over a spurting wound in his right thigh. She clasped his grimy cheeks between her trembling hands and moaned: "I told you not to come here——"

Mack laughed unsteadily: "Oh, but I had to! You must land in London. See?" And, fumbling under his vest, he drew forth the hundred-dollar check and showed it to her as if it were a warrant. "Now I must go catch that Pinky——"

We put him to bed and kept him there by brute force. Half an hour later we stumbled over Pinky in a gangway. He lay on his ugly face, and his ugly face swam in a puddle of blood that was still growing by a thin trickle from his nose.

"Fainted from loss of blood," said the surgeon.

"One of Mack's love taps!" said I. "Now let's catch the last two yeggs!"

This we did. They were in the lifeboat.

The last steer had clattered down the boards into the pens of East London. The ambulance had taken away the fast-recovering Murfeson. Scotland Yard had gathered in our six criminals.

"And now," piped the surgeon, "three cheers for Mr. Rawlins!"

What a shout we let out! Captain, mates, engineers, deck-hands—every honest soul on board save one. And that one was in her cabin; she had some valises to pack, so she said.

"Where's An—Miss Murfeson?" Mack asked me in a low, anxious tone. And while the answer was still on my lips, he marched swiftly toward her cabin on the quarter-deck. I tagged behind; for Mack and I had planned to go ashore together, and I didn't intend to lose sight of him.

So I hung around, while he stalked up to her closed cabin and thumped.

"What do you want?" a scared voice asked through the panel.

"Just a word, Miss Annie," Mack said firmly.

She came out, her cheeks bright and her eyes brighter. "You have come for the rest of your wages?" she asked soberly. "Let's see! I agreed to pay you six hundred dollars. You have a hundred. Balance, five hundred——"

Slowly Mack took from his pocket his hundred-dollar check and handed it to the bewildered Annie. "I don't want this money, Miss Annie. I'm overpaid without it——"

"Overpaid?" she gasped, quite thrown off her guard.

"Overpaid!" Mack smiled, but his voice shook. "You've given me back my courage—and a new hope. I was dead, and you brought me to life. How can I take money from you after that?"

"Don't be silly, Mr. Rawlins!" Annie feigned a frown most unsuccessfully.

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"You've earned it. I'll write your check——"

She turned toward her cabin, but Mack gently seized her arm and turned her face toward his. "Annie!" the brave giant said. "You've made a man of me. You've taught me to see my opportunities and to grasp them. I promise you, I shall never let another one escape me. Least of all, this one——"

"This one?" she questioned, so softly that the words barely reached me.

"This one is the greatest of all." Mack suddenly became grave. "Dear Annie, you can't care for a poor dock loafer like me. I'm not fool enough to think it. But—may I see you a year from to-day? May I tell you something then?"

"I won't see you!" retorted Annie, indignantly rosy. "I won't—unless you take the money you've earned——"

"Oh!" Mack chuckled. "Then give me the other check, quick, or I'll sue for it!"

"I won't"—Annie made a very firm mouth—"unless you go straight to the tailor's and the barber's——"

"I promise!" Mack cried.

"And unless, as soon as you have on your best bib and tucker, you come to father's hospital and let me look at you! Oh, you rude man! You mustn't do that!"

Mack had caught her two hands, and was kissing them in a passion of unutterable devotion.

That was ten years ago. To-day they rule a Canadian province. Men say that Mack's sons will inherit the whole Dominion, its good-will thrown in, unless the Powers intervene. Last week I ran across old Murfeson on a dock in Halifax. I spoke of old times and the amazing turn in Mack's wheel of fortune.

"Wheel o' fortune?" sneered the grizzled old millionaire. "Ye superstitious fool! There's no luck aboot it! Mack's a self-made man! Nothing could 'a' kept thot lad doown!"

"But—" I began.

"No buts! If you won't believe me, go ask Annie."

But I didn't. Catch me arguing with a Murfeson!

"THE World That Dances," by Owen Johnson, begins in the December number of *Everybody's*.

It is the story of a young man in New York: a boy fresh from college—a young man like Mr. Johnson's Stover at Yale—who tackles the problem of making his way in New York business and New York society. Mr. Johnson presents a brilliant picture of the wheels within wheels of New York life—its business complexities, its glittering shams, its fine realities and opportunities. And it is a real and most engaging young man who is at the picture's center.

Be sure to begin in December.

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FREDERICK PALMER

AT THE FRENCH BATTLE-FRONT

Editor's Note:—**Mr. Palmer described war-trampled Belgium last month. Since then a former Premier of France has taken him by auto from Paris, seventy miles across the Marne battle-field to Soissons, where the French artillery was pounding away at the entrenched Germans. This was the beginning of the battle of the Aisne. Mr. Palmer gives you a vivid picture of what he saw there—a glimpse behind the screen. Mr. Palmer is the only American correspondent authorized to accompany the British troops, and he hopes, the London War Office permitting, to write his December article from the English front.**

YOU have read of the Paris that is dead in time of war. The play city of the boulevards and the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Paris that greets you in English with entertainments and restaurants and cafés, the Paris that every American knows through his Sunday newspapers—all that was dead. A Parisienne of that Paris spent $200 to get her pet dog to Tours during the flight. But, monsieur, would you of America, you of the farms and the villages far and near, wish your country to be judged by the Great White Way?

The other Paris, making ready to stand siege, the Government gone to Bordeaux with all the gold of the Bank of France, the enemy's guns audible in the suburbs, the old men cutting down trees and tearing up paving-stones to barricade the streets—never had that Paris been more alive. It had ceased to be Paris with a soul of its own; it was France. It was after the death of the old and the birth of the new that an elderly man, seeing a group of women at tea in one of the few fashionable refreshment places which were open, stopped and said:

"Can you find nothing better than that to do, ladies, in a time like this?"

And the Latin temperament gave the world a surprise. Those who judged France by her playful Paris thought that if a Frenchman gesticulated so emotionally in the course of every-day existence, he would get overwhelmingly excited in a great emergency. The evening after the repulse of the Germans was a certainty, I saw two French reservists dining in a famous restaurant where, at this time of the year, two out of three diners should be foreigners surveying one another in a study of Parisian life. They were big, rosy-cheeked men, country born and bred, belonging to that new France of sports, of action, of temperate habits, and they were joking about dining there, just as two sturdy Westerners

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might about dining in a deserted Broadway. The foreigners and demi-mondes were noticeably absent; a pair of Frenchmen were in the place of the absentees; and after their dinner they smoked their black briar-root pipes.

Among the picture post-cards that are the products of the war is one of Marianne, who is France, bound for the front in an aeroplane with a crowing French cock sitting on the brace above her. Marianne looks as happy as if she were going to the races; the cock as triumphant as if he had a spur through the German eagle's throat. However, there was little sale for picture post-cards or other trifles. They did not help win victories. News and not *jeux d'esprit*, victory and not wit, was wanted. Where the English said, "We must go on with our amusements and not let the war get on our nerves," the French pretended to think of nothing but war, and there was no appearance of nervousness.

For Marianne went to war with her liberty-cap drawn tight over her brow, a beat in her temples and her heart in her throat; and the cock had his head down and pointed at the enemy. She was relieved in a way, as all Europe was, that the thing had come; at last, an end of the straining of competitive taxation and preparation; at last, the test. She had no channel, as England had, between her and the foe. Defeat meant the heel of the enemy on her soil, German sentries in her streets, submission. Long and hard she had trained; while all the outside world, thinking of the Paris of the boulevards, thought that she could not resist the Kaiser's legions. She was effeminate, effete. She was all right to run cafés and make artificial flowers, but she lacked beef. All the prestige was with her enemy. In '70 all the prestige had been with her. For there is no prestige like military prestige. It is all with those who won the last war.

"But if we must succumb, let it be now," said the French.

On, on—the German corps were coming, like some machine-controlled avalanche of armed men.

Ah, monsieur, they had numbers, those Germans. Every German mother has many sons; a French mother only one or two.

The official *communiqués* said repeatedly that the position of the French armies was favorable, but that the Germans were twenty miles nearer. The heart of Paris stopped beating. Paris held its breath. Perhaps the reason there was no panic was that Parisians had been prepared for the worst.

What silence! The old men and the women in the streets moved as under a spell, which was the sense of their own helplessness. Their fate was with their youth, out of their hands. The tide of battle wavering from Meaux to Verdun might engulf them; it might recede. But Paris would resist to the last. That was something. She would resist in a manner worthy of Paris; and one could live on very little food. Their fathers had. Every day that Paris held out would be a day lost to the Germans and a day gained to the English. *Les Anglais*—the English who see things through! They were making a big army which was to fight for France and not against her, this time.

LIGHTS OUT IN PARIS

You might walk the length of the Champs-Élysées after ten without passing more than one or two persons. Paris by moonlight, without street-lamps—few had seen that before. The moonlight threw the Arc de Triomphe in exaggerated spectral relief, sprinkled the leaves of the long rows of trees, glistened on the upsweep of the broad pavements, gleamed on the Seine; Paris, silent, was splendid and majestic. Every Parisian felt anew how dear Paris was to him; how worthy of some great sacrifice!

If New York were in danger of falling to an enemy, the splendid length of Fifth Avenue and the majesty of the sky-scrapers of lower Broadway and the rivers and the bay would become vivid to you in a way they never had before; or Washington, Chicago, or Atlanta—your own town. The thing which is a commonplace, when you are about to lose it takes on a cherished value.

To-morrow, the German guns might be thundering in front of the fortifications. The *communiqués* from Joffre became less frequent and more laconic. Their wording was like some trembling, fateful needle of a barometer, pausing, reacting a little, but going down, down, down, indicator of the heart-pressure of Paris, shriveling the flesh, tightening the nerves. Had he told the worst? Wasn't he, in the very optimism of hope, giving only the good news? The situation must be very bad, or the Government would not have gone to Bordeaux. *Alors*,

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one must trust the army and the army must trust Joffre.

And silence, only silence in Paris; the silence of the old and the women, and of children who had ceased to play and could not see. No one might see unless he carried a rifle.

Then the indicator stopped falling. It throbbed upward. The *communiqués* became more definite; they told of positions regained, and borne in the ether by the wireless of telepathy was something which confirmed the *communiqués*. At first Paris was uneasy with the news, so set had history been on repeating itself, so remorselessly certain had seemed the German advance. But it was true, true—the Germans were going, with the French in pursuit, now twenty, now thirty, now forty, now fifty miles away from Paris; and seventy, as I write. Yes, monsieur, seventy.

With the rising needle of the indicator, did Paris gather in crowds and surge through the streets, singing and shouting itself hoarse, as it ought to have done, according to the popular international idea? No, monsieur, Paris will not riot in joy in the presence of the dead on the battle-fields and while German troops are still within the boundaries of France. Paris, which had been with heart standing still and breathing hard, began to breathe regularly again and the glow of life to run through its veins. In the markets, whither Madame brought succulent melons, pears, and grapes with commonplace vegetables, the talk of bargaining housewives with their baskets had something of its old vivacity and Madame stiffened prices a little, for there will be heavy taxes to pay for the war. Children, so susceptible to their surroundings, broke out of the quiet alleys and doorways in play again.

RELIEF BEYOND GESTURES

A Sunday of relief, with a radiant September sun shining, followed a Sunday of depression. The old taxicabs and the horse vehicles with their venerable steeds and drivers too old for service at the front, ran up and down the Champs-Élysées with airing parties. At Notre Dame the religious rejoicing was expressed. A great service of prayer was held by the priests who were not away fighting for France—as three thousand are—while joyful prayers of thanks shone on the faces of a people who have not hesitated to discipline the church as they have disciplined their rulers. Groups gathered in the cafés or sauntered slowly, talking less than usual, gesticulating hardly at all, rolling over the good news in their minds as something beyond the power of expression. How banal to say, *"C'est chic, ça!"* or *"C'est épatant!"* Language is for little things.

GERMAN PRISONERS IN PARIS

In spite of '70, France still lived. You noted the faces of the women in fresh black for their dead at the front, a little drawn but proud and victorious. The son or brother or husband had died for the country. When a fast automobile driven by soldiers and bearing officers—as every fast automobile in the streets of Paris does—had a German helmet or two displayed, the people stopped to look. A captured German in the flesh on a front seat beside a soldier chauffeur brought the knots to a standstill. *"Voilà! C'est un Allemand!"* ran the universal exclamation. But Paris is becoming used to these stray German prisoners, left-overs from the German retreat coming in from the fields to surrender. The batches go through by train without stopping for Paris to see, southward to the camps where they are interned; and southward go the long trains of wounded to Étretat and other resorts, whose hotels have become hospitals, their verandas occupied by convalescents instead of gossiping tourists. It is *très à la mode* to be wounded, monsieur—*très à la mode* all over Europe.

And, monsieur, all those barricades put up for nothing! They will not need the cattle gathered on Longchamps race-track and in the parks at Versailles for a siege. The people who laid in stocks of canned goods till the groceries of Paris were empty of everything in tins—they will either have to live on canned food or confess that they were pigs, *hein?* Those volunteers, those old clerks and laborers drilling in awkward squads in the suburbs till they are dizzy, they will not have to defend Paris; but, perhaps, help to regain Alsace and Lorraine.

With victory little rifts appeared in the curtain of secrecy. An army winning is hospitable to the stranger. There began to be certain yellow and blue cards which passed an automobile with passengers outside the fortifications of Paris into the open country, and somewhere beyond was the French

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army. If you kept on going you might arrive at the front before you were stopped—a plan simple, fascinating, and tempting, but unfortunately one that was not open to me. The British army has accepted a certain number of correspondents, who are one day to go to the front. All these belong either to the British press or to the press of the allied countries, with a single exception. The United States was invited to send one representative — a lot that fell to me. Meanwhile, Kitchener does not propose that any unaccredited correspondents shall follow the British army, and the chosen in waiting must behave with discretion. The power of the press is great in peace, but in war it lacks rapid-fire guns for decimating Germans.

BY MOTOR TO THE BATTLEGROUND

The war-correspondent as a news-bearer is dead. He survives only as a writer who can give human expression to what the military staff utters in its laconic and matter-of-fact way. A score of English correspondents keeping out of the blue-card radius have ranged here and there in the rear of the French army, trying to beat the staff. As "*Anglais*" they got in sight of shell-fire with the French; but as English they did not get on with the English.

Luck saluted me unexpectedly. M. Paul Doumer, former Premier, was wanting a glimpse of war for himself, and was good enough to make me a member of the party he had formed. Like every other French statesman, he is making himself useful. Unless a Frenchman in these days is helping in some capacity—though it may mean taking orders from a political enemy—he feels a sense of shameful incompetency, almost of treason. M. Doumer had become *chef de Cabinet*, adviser, as it were, of General Gallieni, commander of the defenses of Paris. If there had been a siege he would not have had a minute he could call his own. There being no siege, he might take a holiday.

What a holiday—a holiday having a look at the heels of the enemy whose retreat had saved Paris! Inspector-General Febrier, of the medical service, who would have had charge of sanitation in the siege, and some other officers made up the party, which required three automobiles.

We had an early luncheon before we set out to see a battle seventy miles away, which we were sure would still be progressing. The trip was really more comfortable, with far less disorder along the roads, than running in an automobile from New York to New Haven to a football game or out to Meadowbrook to see a polo match. It was more like going out for an afternoon of golf, only in place of clubs we had two carbines.

From the time I first saw war I had imagined what war between France and Germany would be like; war in the midst of a thickly populated country, with a network of fine roads; such war as I had written in "The Last Shot." The thing was so much like the imagining that I still have momentary doubts as to its reality.

We have heard more about the fighting around Paris than of the rest of the line, because it was near Paris, because the reports of the British who were in the neighborhood were fuller than those of the French staff, and because its character was more picturesque and more like what we imagine battles ought to be. Repeated charges against a trench have not the picturesqueness of the swift rush of lines over great distances. Our own memories are clear on Pickett's charge and Sherman's march to the sea, but vague about Grant's slow advances against Lee's entrenchments before Appomattox, which is the kind of warfare we shall see from now on in a war that I think is only beginning.

Across the fields and through woods, through the streets of villages, over brooks, the German battle-line came on toward Paris; and then as it recoiled the English and the French pressed vigorously on its heels, bending back the German right.

"There," said an officer, "is as far as the Germans got."

He pointed to a sugar-beet field near Claye, which was only ten miles from the fortifications of Paris. Here was the high-water mark of invasion; here the mighty tide of men turned. When the attack on the French center failed, the German right wing had to go.

The French and the English on the Allied lines' left felt, with the quick sensitiveness of army finger-ends touching army finger-ends, that the enemy was weakening. Then, Jean François, his Rosalie (bayonet), and his ally Tommy Atkins, who had been driven a hundred miles—their time had come! Instead of having to turn and fire and look over their shoulders as they ran, leaving their dead and wounded behind,

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they could see their own work and pass German dead and wounded. Legs bending with fatigue recovered their spring. A hypodermic of victory sets the blood to surging. The garrison of Paris, waiting to take up the grim defense, came fresh to an eager offensive.

How different it was with the overmarched Germans, beginning to fall back when almost in sight of their Mecca! The German commander of the artillery, they say, attempted to commit suicide. When defeat was considered impossible, when for thirty years you have dreamed of the fall of Paris as inevitable, retreat is hard and bitter work.

The region we rode over was where the German wing had made its rush and where it had fallen back before the French advance—real field fighting, of swift marching and quick maneuver, eddying when the Germans had to pause in order to cut their way out from converging lines. The advance gathered force like the neap tide, taking batches of prisoners, gathering in ammunition trains and caissons. Just as the British and the French had fallen back from Belgium, so the Germans fell back from Paris; a resisting rear-guard gaining time for the main bodies in the rear to organize on a defensive line. Neither side in going had had time to "dig in;" that is, to spade up earth to cover its resistance. Occasionally you saw shelter trenches and the pits which the batteries of field-guns had occupied.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS

It was amazing how few signs of battle there were. At places the stately rows of trees along the road were untouched; again, their limbs were broken and slashed by shell-fire. Thus you knew where the hot eddies of retreat had been. Two crowds of men hurrying across a sugar-beet field or a pasture after all leave little mark. A day's rain washes away the blood spots and livens the trampled vegetation. In a thickly populated country after a cyclone has passed the population turns out to clean up the débris. Stooped peasants too old to fight, who had paid the taxes which furnished the cannon and rifles and their hell-fire, were moving across the fields with spades, burying the bodies of the young men and the vigorous horses which were war's victims. Long trenches told where the battle casualties had been heavy; scattered mounds of fresh earth where they were light; and sometimes where the burying was not finished——

There was less movement on the road than in time of peace. A magnet was drawing our swift car on, even as a magnet drew the thoughts of every living being in France. Somewhere ahead was the army, its steel fingers clutching and carrying all the industry, the power and the hope of a nation. An occasional returning motor ambulance or a flying automobile with staff-officers formed the only traffic, except refugees returning to the homes from which the invader who had made them fly had in turn been driven. Many were farmers, driving two-wheeled carts with children perched apeak of the loads of baggage. A milch cow, perhaps, was tied behind. Thrifty men these French farmers, not tenants but owners holding fast to their land—the backbone of that France on which Paris is a froth. Their business was to get back to their acres.

NO SAVAGERY HERE

It surprised and relieved them to see their big, conical, artistically made hay and straw ricks standing in the fields. Nothing is so easy for a retreating army in the wantonness of irritated savagery as to fire hayricks. Strike a match and up goes the harvest. Did the Germans think that they would come back and would need the forage? Or were they running too fast to think of destroying property? Or had there been a change of policy? If so, it is owing to the United States. German officers used to say that any war-correspondent who approached Germany in time of war would be put in jail; but the great German army is finding, after all, that there is another power besides shells, bayonets, and bullets: it is public opinion. The great German army wants sympathy. It feels lonely. American newspaper men are welcome.

Trudging beside the road were the village- and towns-people who had been able to take only what they could carry on their backs or in their hands. Not only had the farmers the advantage of horses, but war could not destroy the soil or suck its fertility. But the villager knew not whether he would find his house unlooted or flame-licked débris. All depended on the chances of war; upon whether it suited the tactics of one side

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or the other to make a stand in the village.

We passed through villages that showed no signs of destruction; where the houses had not even been looted. Here the enemy had a wise commander or had marched through and in returning had gone on the run. An army in a hurry can not stop to rifle drawers, smash china and glassware, or clean out cupboards. The regiment may not be allowed to break ranks for fear of wine-cellars and getting out of hand. It may be needed at any moment for action in front or as a rear-guard. Looting means demoralization, even to the German machine. Probably German generals had this lesson driven home in Belgium. Doubtless the cellars of the wine country through which the Crown Prince's army marched produced internal disorder worth a brigade of troops to the French.

Where German troops were billeted; where a German noncommissioned officer came to the door of a family whose sons were at the front fighting for France and said that a certain number of men were to sleep there and if any one dared to interfere with them he would be shot, there hungry, unstable, exhausted human nature had its way. It takes generations to lift man up a single degree; but so swift is the effect of war—where men live a year in a day—that men can be demonized in a month.

Vulgarity accompanied brutality. The unmentionable things that some of the conquerors of the moment did before they left the houses—well, they were such offenses as an American soldier would be knocked down for by a comrade, not for being a demon but for being a beast. We can forgive a man for turning tiger; not for turning hyena. I can understand how some of the French who have had Germans in their houses can only hate them. One day, when some of these German soldiers reflect on the war, shame will blot out many deeds from their reminiscences and they will say to their sons:

"I hope you may never see war!" meaning: "I don't want to think of its making such a beast of you as it did of me!"

But were we commuters from Paris to the front never going to reach the battle-line? Shooting out of a grove, a valley made a channel for sound that brought to our ears the thunder of guns, with the firing so fast that it was like the roll of some cyclopean snare-drum beaten with sticks the size of ship-masts.

On the crest of the next hill we had a glimpse of an open sweep of field and pasture toward wooded hills. As far as we could see against the background of the foliage throwing it into relief was a continuous cloud of smoke from bursting shrapnel shells, renewed with fresh, soft, blue puffs, raining bullets as fast as it was dissipated. There was hard fighting; a lot of French and Germans were being killed in the direction of Compiègne and Noyon to-day. Another dip into another valley, and the thir-r-r of a rapid-firer and the muffled firing of a line of infantry were audible. Yes, we were getting up with the army, one tiny section of it that operated along the road we were on. Multiply this by a hundred and you have the whole.

THE ARMY'S STOMACH

Ahead was the army's stomach on wheels; a procession of big motor transport-trucks keeping their intervals of distance with the precision of a battleship fleet at sea. We should have known that they belonged to the army by the deafness of the drivers to appeals to let us pass. All army transports are like that. What the deuced right has anybody to pass? They are the transport, and only fighting men belong in front of them. Our automobile in trying to pass to one side got stuck in a rut that an American car, built for bad roads, would have made nothing of; which proves again how clearly European armies are tied to their fine roads. We got out, and our ex-Premier and our General and the others gave a shoulder to bring it back on the metal. By this time the transport chauffeurs remembered that they were Frenchmen; and as Frenchmen are polite even in time of war, they let us by.

Ahead of us rose the town of Soissons, on the rich bottoms of the river Aisne. The French had recovered it after hard fighting the day before. A motor-cyclist rode by with his hand up.

"Stop here!" he called.

Those transport chauffeurs who were deaf to ex-premiers heard instantly and obeyed. In front of them was a line of single horse-drawn carts, with an extra horse in the rear. All the animals looked in good condition. They could take paths that the motor-trucks could not. I may say, too, that all day I saw not a single piece

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of transport, automobile or horse, that was broken down. The excellence of the French as chauffeurs serves them in good stead in time of war—of an automobile war. One of those trucks carried four times as much as one of the carts, with no horses to feed. The automobile enabled the Germans to make a rapid march from Belgium. It shortens the length of the transport line; makes an army and its impedimenta compact.

At this side of the town was what seemed like a well-organized family party—and far enough this side to be out of the range of the siege-gun shells which the Germans were occasionally dropping into the town. It was a sign of nice calculation on both sides. The French knew where the German battery was and how far it could shoot. A German aeroplane flying overhead and seeing that transport in range would have signaled its location with a resulting shower of projectiles on a bunch of soldiers and equipment not in action. There were a line of caissons with extra ammunition for the guns; wagons of rifle ammunition; motor busses from Lyons; a squadron of cavalry drawn up beside the road, with troopers dismounted; and bodies of infantry in reserve. The men looked tired and battle-worn, but not exhausted. No one seemed under any strain. Officers were seated or strolling about; the men sprawling at leisure.

THE MODERN WAR-MACHINE

This was where the general wanted the body of men and equipment to be, and here they were. There were no dragging ends in the rear, so far as I could see; nobody complaining that food or ammunition was not up; no general aide looking for somebody who could not be found; no excited staff-officer rushing about shouting for somebody to look sharp, for somebody had made a mistake. The thing was unwarlike; it was like a particularly well-thought-out route march. Yet at the word that company of cavalry might be in the thick of it, at the point where they were wanted; the infantry rushing to the support of the firing-line; the motor-transport facing around for withdrawal, if need be. It was only a little way, indeed, into the zone of death from the rear of that compact column.

Joffre, who has kept this big machine in hand, seems to realize the weaknesses of his people, their verve, their restlessness for the offensive, their over-readiness to depression as well as to elation, and to have organized to counteract their faults and make the most of their virtues. A Frenchman will always charge; the thing is to have him charge at the right time and in the right way. The German staff seems to have been equally alive to German racial traits. They have sought to instill dash into the German stolidity with their driving mass tactics. Thus we found the German making rapid marches and bold movements in flank, and the excitable Frenchman drawing on the phlegmatic German.

WANTED: TOBACCO AND WAR NEWS

Pawns, these men by the roadside in the great game of war; yet human units who had each left a vacancy at some family board, and very much Frenchmen, as we found. For we threw bombs as we passed. Of old I knew the wants of soldiers at the front. No army ever has an oversupply of tobacco. Men smoke twice as much as usual in the strain of waiting for action; men who do not use tobacco at all get the habit. Ask the G. A. R. men who fought in our great war if this is not true. Then, too, when your country is at war, when back at home hands stretch out for every fresh edition and you at the front know only what happens in your alley, think what a newspaper from Paris means out on the battle-line seventy miles from Paris. So I had brought a bundle of newspapers.

"Monsieur, the sensation is beyond even the French language to express—the sensation of sitting down by the roadside with this morning's edition and the first cigarette for twenty-four hours. *C'est épatant! C'est chic, ça! C'est magnifique! Alors, nom de Dieu! Tiens! Hélas! Voilà! Merci, mille remercîments*"— it was an army of Frenchmen, all right, with ready words, quick, telling gestures, pouring out their volume of thanks as the car sped by, and we tossed out our newspapers at intervals, so that all should have a look.

An *Écho de Paris* that fell into the road was the center of a flag-rush, which included an officer. Most unmilitary—an officer scrambling at the same time as his men! In the name of the Kaiser and the Czar and Frederick the Great and King George III., what discipline!

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Then the car stopped long enough for me to see a private give the paper to his officer, plainly sensible of a loss of dignity, with a courtesy which said, "A thousand pardons, *mon capitan;*" and the *capitan* began reading the newspaper aloud to his men. Scores of human touches of this kind crowd for expression, touches which were French, republican, democratic, and human.

With half our cigarettes gone, we fell in with some brown-skinned, native African troops, the Mohammedan Turcos, who fight like devils and act the same, no doubt. Their white teeth gleaming, their black eyes eager, they began climbing on to the car. We gave them all in sight; but fortunately our reserve supply was not visible, and an officer's sharp command saved us from being invested by storm.

General Tactics and Captain Mauvaise Chance (bad luck) had it in for Soissons. The Germans had been there on their retreat; and the French had used their batteries to cover their infantry advance, but taking care, as it was their town, to keep the fire away from the cathedral and the main square, to the outskirts and along the river. Soissons not being their town, the Germans took no such care when they shelled the French advance.

AT THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE

We alighted from the car in a deserted street, with all the shutters that had not been torn by shell-fire closed. Seeming as near as if in the next block, a French battery suddenly broke loose with sharp and crashing barks, and we heard the swish of shells passing overhead. Our little party thought that it would like to get into that battery and watch its gunners at work. We came clear of the buildings to the river, where we concluded by the sound that the battery was hidden back of a wooded knoll; there was no other sign to go by, for no German battery was answering. We tried one bridge over the Aisne, and that had been blown up; we went to one farther up, and that had been, too.

"We had better give up the battery," said M. Doumer; and, being personally conducted, one had to submit.

Beyond the bridge lay two still figures of Algerian Zouaves. These were fresh dead, whom the burial parties had not yet found. They had an interest because of their proximity to the firing-line which fields of dead far in the rear have not. Among sightseers from Paris there is a sort of ghastly rivalry as to who has seen the most dead. The two Zouaves, killed instantly, had rolled over on their backs, their rigid hands still in the position of grasping their rifles in the habit of crouching skirmishers in a rush.

If we could not see the battery we might have a look at the firing-line on the slopes beyond the town. A soldier on an errand came from the front with that elastic, hurrying step characteristic of the French private. He had the aspect of one who had veritably tasted "the salt of life," as Kitchener calls war. You knew he had heard the close sing of bullets; that he had relished the fever of a charge.

"Does everything go well?" M. Doumer asked.

"It is not going at all, now. It is sticking," was the answer. "Some Germans were busy up there in the stone quarries while the others were falling back. They have a covered trench and rapid-fire gun positions to sweep a zone of fire which they have cleared."

This was the first intimation we had that the German army was to make a determined stand on the Aisne after the retreat from the Marne.

"It would be foolish to attempt to rush it with the numbers we have there now. We shall get them out by working our way up in front and flanking them. Never you fear!"

I recalled the anecdote how before Marengo Napoleon heard a private of his republican army saying: "Now, this is what the General ought to do;" and after Napoleon listened he said: "You keep still. This army has too many generals."

"No, monsieur," the soldier continued, "that mitrailleuse you heard is farther over to the right. There's no infantry firing on our front. If you went up there and something did break loose, you would have to lie down close behind any cover you could; and you would see nothing, monsieur, except a few soldiers near you."

"*Allons!*" said M. Doumer, and we went back into the town, where the German gunners had had rare sport. Branches of shade-trees carpeted the ground and pavements; trunks were broken in two, limbs torn from their crotches as by a lightning bolt; great gaping holes in walls and roofs of houses,

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with bricks and mortar piled in the street; and silence amid the ruins, except for the resounding crack of the French battery. Some women and children and a crippled man came out-of-doors at sight of us. M. Doumer introduced himself and shook hands all around. They were glad to meet him in much the same democratic way as if he had been on an election campaign.

"A German shell struck there, across the square, only half an hour ago," said one of the women.

"What do you do when there is shelling?" asked M. Doumer.

"If it is bad we go into the cellars," was the answer, and an answer which implied that peculiar fearlessness of women, who get accustomed to fire easier than men. These were the fatalists of the town, who would not turn refugee; helpless to fight, but grimly staying with their homes and accepting what came with an incomprehensible stoicism, which possibly had its origin in a race-feeling so proud and bitter that they could not admit that they could be afraid of anything German, even a shell.

"And how did the Germans act?"

"They made themselves at home in our houses and slept in our beds, while we slept in the kitchen," she answered. "They said that if we kept indoors and gave them what they wanted, we should not be harmed. But if any one fired a shot at their troops or any arms were found in our houses, they would burn the town. When they were going back in a great hurry—how they scattered from *our* shells! We went out in the square to see *our* shells, monsieur!" The triumph of having the French back seemed to atone for the ruin of her home.

Arrows with directions in German, "This way to the river," "This way to Villers-Cotteret," were chalked on the standing walls, and on door-casings the names of the detachments of the Garde Prussien billeted there, all in systematic Teutonic fashion.

"Prince Albrecht Joachim, one of the Kaiser's sons, was here and I talked with him," said the Mayor, who thought we should enjoy a morsel from court circles in exchange for a copy of the *Echo de Paris* which contained the news that Prince Albrecht had been wounded later. The Mayor looked tired, this local man of the people, who had to play the shepherd of a stricken flock; tired, but French enough to enjoy the sudden retreat of his royal guest. He had stuck to his duty; he had stayed on the job. I could imagine him at his café in peace times getting gesticulatory and expostulatory over a matter of national politics in a way that would have led you to say: "What an excitable lot these Frenchmen are! Now think of that fellow in a real crisis, like the Dayton flood or San Francisco fire, for example. He'd blow up completely."

THE GERMAN SURPRISES

After we left the Mayor we made one more effort to reach those guns hidden behind a wooded knoll and tossing shells across the valley into the wooded slopes held by the Germans. Now they let go very rapidly for a spell, their mighty cracks trilling off like the drum of knuckles on a table-top. They did not cover any fierce infantry advance; they were only saying: "Minions of the Kaiser, while you are digging that trench, here is a compliment from Marianne of France—and another, and another!"

I thought that I had exactly located the guns. I suggested that—but I've mentioned that we had some army officers along as well as M. Doumer. They said if we were going to reach Paris that night we had better be starting.

Not the aeroplanes, not the dirigibles, have been the revolutionary element in this war. All that I saw and learned about the infantry seemed but to repeat the Russo-Japanese lessons on a different landscape. But how antiquated the artillery of that campaign! The Germans sprang a surprise in their siege-guns which knocked Namur to pieces. They have superiority in howitzers and in heavy horse artillery. I saw a cord of six-inch shells which they had had to leave beside the road. Each one was packed in a woven wicker case, resembling the umbrella-holders that you used to see in automobiles. The peasants were carrying these baskets to their homes, where they will be kept as souvenirs for generations to come. I have one of them cut by two fragments of French shrapnel, which suggests why the Germans could not stop to remove that nicely arranged pile of compressed lightning meant to be loosed on the fortifications of Paris.

The French artillery were mightily interested in this exhibit, which revealed some secrets that their spies had not fathomed;

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secrets that, doubtless, will be passed across the Channel to the British allies who are building new guns to accompany the new army they are making into the field.

From Napoleon, who won by overwhelming masses of artillery, the French have inherited a gunner's faith to live up to. They were the authors of the modern rapid-fire, recoil-cylinder field-gun, whose plans other nations spent large sums to purloin. We know that if France could have gone to war outfitted with this type before Germany had them, she would have whipped Germany hands down. But she managed to keep a little ahead of her old rival, nevertheless. She originated indirect fire and has carried it to perfection. That is, the battery is fired from behind a hill. The gunners do not see the enemy at all; observation is left to the range-finder and the firing to the fire-control officer, as in the navy.

THE DEADLY FRENCH ARTILLERY

The Germans use indirect fire; but though in the major-league class in howitzer and siege-gun manipulation, they are still in the bush-league class in this respect. By nature they ought to excel in howitzers, siege-guns, and Zeppelins, while the French ought to excel in aeroplanes and light field-artillery. So it works out. Consider that one regiment of field-guns fires two hundred and forty shots a minute, ten to a gun, dropping three-hundred bullets and fragments with each shell-burst! This means seventy-two hundred fragments a minute falling into the space of an acre. Under such a downpour one has about the same chance of escaping a wound as one has of dodging hailstones. Of course that rate of fire is not kept up long; but a minute, which is the vital minute for the operation of building a pontoon bridge or making a charge, is fatal to the enemy's enterprise.

Captured German officers speak of the difficulty of locating French batteries; of the suffocating, maddening effect of their fire, when the air seems to writhe with projectiles and the number of explosions fairly splits the brain. Think of a regiment of guns putting two or three casual shells into the bridge-builders or the infantry forming, just to be sure of the range, and then suddenly letting loose all their power!

But that superb artillery supports in a charge infantry in blue coats and red trousers, sharp against the landscape, while the green German uniform melts into it. As we swung out of Soissons Parisward we saw how the French reserves on the road embankment must have been a readily discernible blotch to a passing aeroplane. Because they insist on wearing red trousers like those their grandfathers wore, the French have sacrificed many lives; in fact, those red trousers may lose them Alsace and Lorraine.

NATIONAL WAYS OF MARCHING

War accentuates the contrast of the French and the German natures and methods. I have in mind two German prisoners we passed on the road. I had seen many German prisoners in bunches, but for some reason these two held particular attention. Both were young, in the very prime of life. One was dark-complexioned, with a scrubbly beard which was the product of the war. He marched with such rigidity that I shouldn't have been surprised to see him break into a goose-step. The other was of that very mild, blue-eyed, tow-haired type, with the thin white skin which does not burn. He was frailer than the other, and he was tired; oh, how tired! He would lag and then stiffen his shoulders and throw out his chest. A rather small French soldier was escorting the pair. He looked pretty tired, too, but he was getting over the ground in the natural, easy way in which man is meant to walk. The aboriginal races, who have a genius for long distances on foot, do not march in the German fashion. It looks impressive, but lacks endurance. By the same logic, the cayuse's gait is better for thirty miles day in and day out than the high-stepping carriage horse's.

You could realize the contempt which those two martial-appearing Germans had for their captor. Four or five peasant women refugees by the roadside unloosened their tongues at the prisoners in sharp, piercing, feminine satire and upbraiding.

"You are going to Paris, after all! This is what you get for invading our country; and you'll get more of it, you looters and barbarians!"

The little French soldier held up his hand to the women and shook his head; and the very tired German stiffened his step and both drew in their chins, looking neither to the right nor the left, very proud and contemptuous, as their Kaiser would wish them

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to be. The faith of the Germans in their Kaiser is wonderful. Prisoners say that the Kaiser can not lose; he never loses. What will happen if that faith be shattered?

And speaking of grandfather's trousers, both Germans were wearing grandfather's hats. One was a cumbersome helmet and the other that visorless cap which throws the glare of the sun in your eyes when you fire.

The British are the most practically equipped troops on the Continent. The Boers knocked a lot of grandfather's sentiment out of them.

Thanks to M. Doumer's mixing, his curiosity, and his gift of asking a lot of questions and making a quick, polite withdrawal, we had a glimpse of all parts of the army, including the headquarters of the Sixth Army, which formed the French turning right wing in driving the Germans back from Paris. A flag at the doorway of a small village hotel indicated the entrance, well to the rear of the front. We passed upstairs into the works, the offices, where the action of three corps of a hundred and fifty thousand men was directed. It was only one step higher to the General Staff itself, to Joffre's headquarters; and downward the steps of authority ran through corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, and to all the units we had seen at Soissons.

BRAINS IN BATTLE

A young officer rose from his map to receive us. Intelligence is the characteristic of the French private, and this young officer seemed to express that intelligence concentrated, trained, cool, and ready. For the staff must have brains, the brains of resource, the brains that know its troops, its enemy, its ground, without illusions; and the character which never loses its self-possession, never gives a vague order.

The map would have been Greek to you in its plotted detail, but the young officer could read out of it the contour of the land, the houses, the ditches, where the French and the German troops were at any point of the line. Outside of the door there had been no cavalry escorts of commanders, no hurrying orderlies, none of the legendary physical activity which is associated with an army headquarters. An automobile drove up, an officer got out; another descended to enter the one waiting for him. But the wires from headquarters are quicker than automobiles; with the wires the parts of an army talk to one another. Thus each commander is in touch with the others; is in the place where emergency may demand his attention.

There was a lot more fuss around Francisco Villa's headquarters than around the headquarters of this French army. Yes, there were as many officers and clerks around ours at Vera Cruz—which were more than Grant or Lee or Sherman had in the field in the Civil War.

It would seem that the French civil bureaucracy uses so much red tape that there is fortunately none left for the French army. No confusion, no signs of hectic overwork; everybody seeming to be clear enough of details to keep his mind free for essentials.

At the last French maneuvers, instead of the conventional plan in which each army's work is carefully laid out, Joffre gave the Red Army and the Blue Army their positions and told them to go to war and see who could win. The result was that a number of generals were retired. One who ought to have been, escaped; but he is out of it now, while others have won their ribbons of the Legion of Honor on the field of real battle. So jealous was the French democracy of "the man on horse" that it is only in recent years they would permit actual one-man command. Before that the army was really run by a council.

I am beginning to have the impression that the popular idea that Napoleon was a supergenius who won all his battles alone is wrong. He had a lot of Frenchmen along to help him; and it seems to me much the same kind of Frenchmen live to-day. They are far from being a dying race. I like their democracy and humanity. I like them, too, for leaving their war to France and Marianne; for not dragging in God as frequently as do the other warring nations. For it is just possible that God is not fighting on the side of any one of them. We don't know that He even approves of the war.

There will be another War Story by Frederick Palmer in the December Number

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More About Hiram Johnson

By
CHESTER H. ROWELL
With a reply by
GEORGE CREEL

Editor's Note:—**In the October number we published an article about Hiram Johnson, by George Creel. A group of Californians object strenuously to Mr. Creel's interpretation of Governor Johnson, and they have asked the opportunity to publish a rejoinder in our pages. Here it is, with a reply by Mr. Creel.**

In addition to the names of those who sponsor the rejoinder, printed below, we have received telegrams from Willis I. Morrison and Theodore Roosevelt.

GEORGE CREEL'S article on "What About Hiram Johnson of California?" in the October EVERYBODY'S has aroused instant protest from the very persons to whom Mr. Creel sought to transfer credit for the admittedly great achievements of Governor Johnson's administration. This statement is prepared at their request, and of the persons praised by name in Mr. Creel's article, all who could be reached in the two days remaining before the closing of the forms for the November issue have authorized the use of their names as sponsors for this reply. Governor Johnson himself is absent campaigning and has not been consulted. The article, it should be stated, has been prepared on one day's notice and is transmitted by telegraph.

The editor of EVERYBODY'S has freely offered to correct "specific errors of fact." Inasmuch as Mr. Creel himself states that his criticisms of Governor Johnson are based on "well-springs of personal action, character tests and view-points," may we not include the repudiation of his estimates on these points by the very persons on whose ostensible behalf he makes them, as one "specific error of fact"?

However, the central fallacy of the personal attack on Governor Johnson is based on one direct error of specific fact. Mr. Creel agrees that the record of progressive government in California in the first four years marks the most splendid advance ever made by an American state in an equal period. But he asserts that Governor Johnson claims sole credit for that achievement, and seeks by showing that others have a share in that credit to prove that Johnson is entitled to none of it.

No such claim has ever been made by or for Governor Johnson. The phrase "single-handed and alone," quoted from one of his speeches, was applied as descriptive of a certain campaign tour, and as to that tour was true; but in all his speeches Johnson gave credit to his associates, and in his final messages to both Legislatures he extended to the members full credit and the thanks of the state.

Speaking to the Legislature on the closing day of the session of 1911 he said: "I congratulate the people of the State of California on the Legislature whose session is now at an end, and so far as I can represent the people of the State of California, I extend to you their heartfelt thanks." He addressed the Legislature of 1913 in similar terms. Lieutenant-Governor Wallace, on the other hand, in closing the Senate said: "Governor Johnson's fealty and pre-election pledges, his masterful leadership, and his harmonious relations with both houses of the Legislature made this result possible."

It is also an error of fact to treat Hiram Johnson as a negligible factor in the reform movement prior to 1910. Referring to the wringing of a direct primary law from the reactionary Legislature of 1909, Mr. Creel states that "one looks in vain for mention of Hiram Johnson's name." If Mr. Creel

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has read what he himself calls the "authoritative" history of that Legislature by Franklin Hichborn, he would have found Hiram Johnson mentioned as precisely the most potent force in securing the passage of that law. This history was published in 1909, before Johnson had been mentioned for governor.

Far from being in the "obscurity" credited to Hiram Johnson by Mr. Creel during the interval between his withdrawal from the graft prosecution and his return after the shooting of Heney, Johnson was the most prominent, the most popular, and the most effective of all the leaders of public sentiment in San Francisco during that agitated time. His retirement from the graft prosecution was precisely for the purpose of removing all suggestion of personal motive from his participation in public activities in its behalf.

He was one of the most active leaders in the Taylor, Langdon, Leland, and Heney campaigns. In fact, it was just this prominence and the capacity for courageous and effective leadership demonstrated in these campaigns which caused Johnson to be selected by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the insurgent organization, as its candidate for governor. He had been active in the organization of the league, of which he was then vice-president.

The charges of treacherous hostility on the part of Governor Johnson toward Francis J. Heney are cruelly unjust to both men. It is true that during the 1910 campaign a member of the Johnson committee, a close friend and personal supporter of Heney, did write to Heney on his personal responsibility and without consulting any one, a letter suggesting that he keep out of the state campaign. This letter was received by Heney in Denver and was there read by George Creel. Perhaps the impression then made accounts for the bias of Mr. Creel's present article.

Governor Johnson knew nothing of this letter. Heney did in fact come to California, and Johnson insisted emphatically on his being put in the campaign. Heney campaigned the state for Johnson and did extremely good work.

Mr. Creel makes two other statements, one important and the other incidental, regarding the relations of Johnson and Heney. He says: "Even to-day, when Heney is making the fight of his life for the United States Senate, his chief obstacle is the antagonism of Hiram W. Johnson." Against this may be placed an extract from Governor Johnson's key-note speech in Los Angeles on September 10, 1914:

"Upon the platform this evening is a man, too, who at every juncture at the city of Sacramento has ever stood by that for which I have striven; who, whenever advocacy was required, was there, advocating that which would be for the betterment of our people and would enable them better to live. And this man to-day is seeking the office of United States Senator, and I would be wanting in acknowledgment if I did not say to you that he had been one of the participants, and one of the very important participants, in all the work that has been done in the city of Sacramento in behalf of the people of the state, and that man is Francis J. Heney."

Governor Johnson repeated this statement before the Progressive Platform Convention at Sacramento, and in his key-note speech at Oakland.

ISSUES OF FACT

An incidental, though minor, error is the statement that it was Heney who suggested Johnson's name for governor in 1910. Heney did heartily approve of the suggestion when made, and rendered invaluable service in securing Johnson's final consent, but the Lincoln-Roosevelt League agreement on Johnson was complete before Heney's return from Oregon and before his participation in the discussions.

Mr. Creel's statement of Johnson's motive for hesitating to accept the league's offered candidacy is also untrue in fact, and unjust as a "character test." The writer was president of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, and has first-hand knowledge that Johnson's objections, both personal and public, were of the most creditable and unselfish sort.

The most grotesque error of all is the assumption that the initiative and motive force of the Legislature of 1911 resided wholly in the legislators and that the governor was merely carried on by their momentum, while progressive policies "went by his startled eyes like aeroplanes, sped on by devoted 'cranks' and the woman vote."

Again, if Mr. Creel has read Hichborn's "authoritative" history, he would have

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learned that it was not even certain, before the opening of that session, that the Progressives could control it at all, or that it could develop any coherent plan or policy. The "bracer" of that Legislature was supplied by Governor Johnson's inaugural message, which clarified the situation instantly, and proposed the definite program which the Legislature carried out. The message advocated the following measures: initiative, referendum, and recall, including judges; railroad regulation; reform of election laws; simplified direct primary law; direct election of United States senators by the "Oregon plan"; forest and water conservation; short ballot; workmen's compensation; civil service reform; prison reform; non-partisan judiciary.

These reforms, with others subsequently added, became known as the "Johnson Policies" or "Administration Measures," and the only criticism of the relation of the governor and the Legislature was not that Johnson drifted with the wave, but that he exercised too much domination over the Legislature to suit the standards of old-fashioned people.

No one pretends that Governor Johnson invented these policies, and nothing is proved by pointing out that he was not the original advocate of all of them. No more did General Grant write the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation; but he did lead to victory the war that made them both realities. Governor Johnson, like Theodore Roosevelt, is not so much a philosopher as he is a fighter, a crusader, an administrator, and a great leader of men and action. Mr. Creel does not like the type—but it is the only type through which practical results are achieved.

JOHNSON ON SUFFRAGE

Equally false is the statement that Johnson "hated equal suffrage" and "spoke no word for it to the Legislature." We have the testimony of Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, noted as an abolitionist and later as a suffragist, that as long ago as 1896 Hiram Johnson, then a young attorney, was active in the suffrage cause. And in the Legislature of 1911 he spoke the actual "word" which secured for the suffrage amendment the necessary two-thirds vote in the Legislature. This statement is authorized by Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, leader of the suffragists before that Legislature and one whom Mr. Creel praises most highly.

The eight-hour law for women was approved by Governor Johnson against tremendous opposition from some of his strongest and politically most important supporters. Speaking at the time to Franklin Hichborn, the historian of the California legislators, Governor Johnson said: "Tremendous pressure is being brought on me to veto that bill, but I must either be big enough to settle it right or else I am not big enough to be Governor of California."

It is not true that Governor Johnson was one of the first to desert La Follette, or that he "telegraphed a complete change of orders to his appointees." The writer was president of the California La Follette League at the time, and has first-hand knowledge of all that happened. Governor Johnson was not the first, but the last, of the national leaders to give up the then hopeless La Follette cause. Instead of telegraphing "orders," he awaited the uninfluenced consensus of his California associates. The matter was finally settled in California by a referendum vote of the members of the La Follette League, who voted six to one to go over to Roosevelt.

It is true that in the first heat of the La Follette controversy, Rudolph Spreckels did say some bitter things about Johnson. But Rudolph Spreckels is now heartily supporting Governor Johnson for reelection. He has contributed liberally to the Johnson campaign fund and has issued a signed public statement in which he says:

"I will give my support in the coming campaign to Governor Hiram W. Johnson for reelection. It is important that the government of our state be kept out of the control of the reactionary special-privilege-serving politicians, and for that reason I feel it to be my duty to give my vote to Governor Johnson in November, and also to make my position publicly known to those citizens throughout California who have done me the honor to coöperate with me in fighting corporation domination over our government and against other public wrongs."

The leaders of the movement by which Mr. Creel says that "reaction had been destroyed" in California prior to Governor Johnson's "belated entrance into public life," feel that they know better than Mr.

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Creel the place of Governor Johnson in the cause to which they had devoted their lives. The writer was President of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the body which nominated Johnson, and had given most of his time for three years to the preliminary organization of California, out of which the campaign of 1910 grew. He is joined by all the other persons to whom Mr. Creel gives the credit of that preliminary work in saying that reaction had not "been destroyed" and the people of California were not "marching forward as a united army," but that, to the contrary, only the personal leadership of Hiram Johnson saved the forward movement from certain defeat in 1910 and from probably permanent failure, at least until after the elimination of all the leaders then active and the raising up of a new generation.

ENDORSEMENTS

Speaker C. C. Young, of the Assembly, authorizes the following statement of Governor Johnson's relations to the Legislature:

"Governor Johnson was the inspiring and absolutely accepted leader of the Legislature. The minds of many men went to the proposal and formulation of policies, but it was the judgment of Johnson that determined and the leadership of Johnson that accomplished the record of the Legislature."

Lieutenant-Governor Wallace indorses the above statement and adds this estimate of character:

"Johnson wins followers by fearless fighting, and holds them. By his victories he leads them to see that evil is weak as well as vile, and that good is near, not distant. He is thick-headed over compromise and thunderously militant—and folks like it."

Following are the persons named in Mr. Creel's article as responsible for the policies and achievements for which Governor Johnson is alleged to claim sole credit:

E. E. Grant, John P. McLaughlin, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, John R. Haynes, Marshall Stimson, Edward A. Dickson, Russ Avery, Meyer Lissner, Francis J. Heney, Rudolph Spreckels, Fremont Older, Maud Younger, Geo. C. Pardee, Wm. Kent, U. S. Webb, James D. Phelan, Senators Caminetti, Shanahan, and Boynton, and, by implication, the Members of the Board of Control and of the Railroad Commission.

Of these the following have authorized the use of their names as sponsors for this article:

E. E. Grant, John P. McLaughlin, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, John R. Haynes, Marshall Stimson, Edward A. Dickson, Russ Avery, Meyer Lissner, Fremont Older, Wm. Kent, U. S. Webb, Presidents Eshleman and Neylan of the Railroad Commission and Board of Control, and Francis J. Heney. The others were not seen in the one day elapsing before the article had to be telegraphed, but it is known that they are of the same opinion and there is no reason to doubt that they would have authorized the use of their names also.

Thus the estimate of Governor Johnson given by Mr. Creel is repudiated totally, and on intimate knowledge, by all the persons to whom Mr. Creel attributes the credit which he denies to Johnson.

The limits of a rejoinder to "correct errors of specific facts" do not permit the addition of an analysis of Hiram Johnson as he appears to these, his associates. But in the most emphatic manner possible and with the express sanction of the leaders of the movement, the California Progressive organization wishes to declare to the nation that this nation-wide circulation of a false estimate of Governor Johnson does injustice both to the Governor and to themselves.

THE TEST OF PROGRESSIVISM

The Progressive movement in the United States is facing its most decisive practical test in the California election this year. That election will be the vindication or the repudiation of Progressivism in the only state in which it is not an aspiration, but an accomplished fact. It will go further toward determining the future of Progressivism in the United States than any other single event that can happen this year or next. In this sense the practical test is taken by every one in California. If Mr. Creel's analysis of Governor Johnson's character were correct, the whole people of California would be as grotesquely mistaken as we contend Mr. Creel is.

And we are confident we know more about the situation in California, after many years of struggle with it, than Mr. Creel was able to find out in two weeks' one-sided inquiries, inspired by a bias which he brought with him to California.

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GEORGE CREEL'S ANSWER

MY ARTICLE was a specific consideration of Hiram Johnson in connection with his presidential aspirations. Mr. Rowell persists in viewing it as an attack upon Hiram Johnson's candidacy for reelection to the office of governor. What he has written is not in any sense an answer, but a campaign document. By continued assumption that I said things I did *not* say, and utter silence with respect to many things I *did* say, he manages to make an effective appeal for votes.

The signatures to the telegram are to be viewed in this same strong campaign light. Some are Johnson appointees, others are candidates on the ticket with him, and not one but is an active member of the Progressive party—sincere, indeed, but saturated with partisanship. Their desire to win is quite understandable, and it is a commonplace of party politics that standard-bearers shall be exalted without regard to truth or personal convictions.

The letter to Mr. Heney was *not* written by a "member of the Johnson committee on his personal responsibility and without consulting any one." Meyer Lissner, who signed it, prefaced by stating, "I have been elected chairman of the Republican State Control Committee, and am in charge of the Johnson campaign." He bore heavily upon the fact that "the views here expressed are generally shared by your best friends," and declared emphatically in conclusion that the letter reflected "the general sentiment" of the campaign committee. It is true I read the letter in Denver, and equally true that I made a copy of it by way of recording the manner in which office hunger can kill the generosities and enthusiasms of a reform movement.

In spite of the Lissner appeal that he stay away in order to let the Johnson people "play safe," Heney returned to California, but only to campaign for William Kent in Kent's congressional district. It was not until this condition aroused ugly surmise that the committee swallowed its practical repudiation, and asked him to make Johnson speeches.

In regard to the senatorial matter, Mr. Rowell does not mention that he himself was the Johnson medium for Mr. Heney's desired elimination, and that in the Progressive primaries on August 24 he was defeated overwhelmingly. Not until sixteen days *after* this plain proof of Heney strength do we find Governor Johnson expressing a belated appreciation.

I do not know what Johnson's attitude was to equal suffrage in 1896, nor do I hold it an answer to my flat charge that in 1911, when the constitutional amendment was before the people, and there was grave danger of defeat, he could not be induced to mention it in a single speech.

There is not a paragraph in the telegram that is free from this disingenuousness, but space precludes any further circumstantial disproof. I can only ask that my original article be read in connection with the alleged answer. I will admit that my inquiry was "one-sided," for instead of interviewing Johnson enemies, I confined my investigations entirely to the Progressive party itself, talking only with those who were for Johnson in 1910, and who are behind him now. In common with many others, I feel that the day is past when principles have to be traded for attractive leadership, and that the imperative need of the democratic movement is men with whom democracy is a passion, not an expedient.

Without regard to the California situation—for I felt Hiram Johnson's reelection certain—and solely with relation to his worthiness for the presidency, the man was considered. My conclusion was that to the forward sweep in California—splendid in its high emotionalism and non-partisanship—Hiram Johnson "brought only cold-blooded opportunism and the arrogant autocracy that invincible conceit breeds so inevitably. His work has been to print a new label, to split this splendid unity into the old warring partisan camps, and to divert the rising flood of generous endeavor into the mean, narrow channels of self-advancement."

In no wise does Mr. Rowell answer the real indictment against Governor Johnson, nor can I feel that the partisan asseverations of appointees, candidates, and opportunists have changed the essential facts in any degree. The hope of democracy is in mass intelligence and mass progress, and no matter what immediate good they do, I hold that the aristocratic, imperialistic Johnson type constitutes an ultimate menace.

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Hincmar the Peacemaker

by Ellis Parker Butler

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS," "THE GREAT AMERICAN PIE CO.," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

FOR three hours the queen, locked in her own chambers, had shrieked in a mad hysteria, her ladies standing helpless and distraught and not daring to touch hand to her, even to disrobe the poor creature. Indeed, it had been necessary to batter in the heavy door when Hilduin came at the king's request. Now the mad shrieks had quieted and the physician came from the queen's apartments. He found King Hincmar seated in his great chair, sad and worried withal, but gazing out of the eastern window with a face still obstinately set.

"Speak, physician," said the king. "How do you find the queen my lady?"

The sun was low in the west. At dawn had come Duke Charles's messenger telling of the new uprising of Lothair the Black, and calling on Hincmar to play the part of a faithful ally, bidding him gather his men and mount and ride without delay. Joy had filled the heart of Hincmar the War-maker at the word.

For war—and if war fled before him, murder and rapine—were the birthright of Hincmar the War-maker, as they had been the inheritance of his father before him. For war he had been reared and taught, and to the wars he brought cunning and skill and rough bravery, and his banner had yet to know defeat. Onslaught, battle, and fray were meat and drink to him; they were his day's work and his recreation. Ten times he had led his men against Black Lothair; thrice he had waged war against Duke Charles; twice he had gone to fight the Turks. War followed war, for war was the game and the candle to Hincmar the War-maker.

His beard was tawny, like the mane of a he-lion, and his eye was blue and clear, and he stood a half-head taller than the tallest of his men. A strong boy could with difficulty lift the battle-ax that Hincmar swung like a toy. He was broad of shoulder and iron-muscled and he rode like a centaur. His steed had need to be large and strong to bear up the weight of Hincmar and his armor.

It was after his latest war with Black Lothair that King Hincmar, returning in triumph, had wed the Lady Bertha, and for a year he had lain idle, playing—as well as

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so rough a warrior could—at love, but growing each week less patient of such student's business and more eager to hear again the battle shouts and to see his sword shatter the helmets of strong men. Therefore it was he greeted the messenger of Duke Charles with a shout of joy, while the queen stood pale and trembling.

"You will not go?" she begged. "We have been wed so short a while. Ah, my lord, are you so eager to leave me?"

"For a year I have been idling here like a lady's page," he said. "Go? Truly I will go! Lothair is up once more—Duke Charles has sent for me. Ho! Ralph! my armor!"

"But, dear my lord!" begged the queen, "why should you battle against Lothair? The quarrel is not thine. Let Duke Charles fight his own fights, and stay thou with me, for I am all thine."

"What do women know of war?" scoffed the king. "I go!"

Thus back and forth they had it, the king fretting that he must delay to argue with a woman, and yet loth to depart with his lady in tears, and she all the while the more importunate that he stay as she found him firm set upon going. By this means each grew the more vexed until at last the king stormed and made to run from the room, upon which the queen fell in a swoon, out of which she had no sooner come than she plunged into such a series of hysterics as bade fair to leave her a raving maniac. It was then the king sent Ralph hot-haste to the camp where Duke Charles lay waiting, to beg the duke to send his good physician Hilduin that, if possible, the queen's reason and life might be saved. Now, therefore, as the sun was setting, and the queen was at last quieted, the physician came to the king to bring him tidings.

"Speak, physician," said the king. "How do you find the queen my lady?"

"May I be seated, sire?" asked the physician and, as the king inclined his head, sat in the oaken chair at his side where but late the queen had sat. He was a man of many years, this Hilduin, with a long white beard that shone like frost against the black velvet of his gown. As was meet, he had removed his tall conical hat when entering the presence of the king, and he put this on the floor now, dropping his leathern bag of simples beside it.

"Your lady, sire," said the physician, "is resting easily for the moment, having fallen into a slumber. Unfortunately an evil constellation rules the heavens to-day and——"

"I would not leave for the war without bidding her farewell," the king interrupted. "When she awakens——"

"Ah!" said Hilduin, raising a protesting hand, "we must see what may be when she awakens. One so lymphatic as her Majesty——"

"Is she, then, in danger of death?" asked the king fiercely.

"To-morrow, or the day after, I can speak with greater assurance," said the physician. "Her Majesty has had a shock."

"And a fool the chit is to be shocked, wedded to a man of war as she well knows she is," declared the king angrily. "I am a warrior, and war I must."

"Doubtless! Doubtless!" said the physician soothingly. "Yet you should not chafe under a slight delay. One day, or two, you must wait if you would know whether you are leaving a living or a dying woman, sire. Seek to bridle your impatience."

"And why speak you to me thus?" cried the king in greater anger.

"I speak as a physician," said Hilduin. "The quick flushing of your already red countenance apprises me that you have hot humors in the blood which, wrought upon by impatience, are prone to curdle, causing a stagnation or, as I may say, a stoppage or ceasing of the functions of the brain and liver, as well as other organs that consume the blood. Hence the supply of blood doubles in the veins, and unless prompt cupping is had, the overgreat supply of blood thus caused presses into the head, flooding it and causing death."

The king frowned. "I know nothing of your physic talk," he said impatiently. "In words fit for a soldier's ears, what do you mean?"

"Apoplexy, sire," said Hilduin. "You must wait a day, or mayhap two, to learn the outcome of your queen's distemper and, unless you would invite an apoplexy, it were well to possess your soul in patience, avoiding fretfulness and anger. As for her Majesty——"

"Yes, what of her?" asked the king, seeking to calm his impatience as the physician advised.

"I have done what I could," said Hilduin. "To relieve the hysteric condition caused by the congelation of the lesser humors of

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the spleen which gave rise to the vapors that oppressed her brain, I gave a draft composed of distilled poppy-heads combined with scrapings from the wing of the larger field-butterfly, and with powdered bat's tongues to alleviate the fever. At the same time I bled her freely and, when she became calmer under this treatment, administered a restorative composed of equal parts of essence of rose-leaves and distilled evening dew, placing across her chest a plaster of macerated earthworms. Her women got her to bed and she now sleeps. To-night, when the moonlight counteracts the evil influence of the ruling constellation, I shall prepare the drugs for to-morrow's use, and to-morrow at sundown we may know whether the evil vapors have been absorbed into the spleen again or whether her Majesty's brain has admitted them, giving rise to a fever in the cranium that must be fought slowly and with great care."

"And I must sit and sweat here?" asked the king.

"Until to-morrow evening at sundown, at least, sire," said Hilduin.

"WHAT!" CRIED THE KING. "DO YOU GO AFTER FISH, THEN, WITH A TRAINED FLY, AS THE FALCONERS HUNT WITH FALCONS?"

"By all the saints!" cried Hincmar. "Now I thank the stars that I was born a soldier and not a leech! Give me the life of breaking heads and slitting throats! When my battle-ax falls I need no full day to know whether my patient will live or die—he's dead! Thy blood must be water to permit thee to sit about a room, waiting while thy

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simples and drugs take effect, or to make sure they do not. Now, by St. Swithin! how wilt thou spend the morrow?"

"Most royally," said the physician, and he smiled.

"Sitting in a chair!" scoffed the king.

"Nay," said the physician, "for I have brought my apprentice to do that for me. He is a trusty lad, and he will watch at your lady's bedside, observing her pulse, watching her breath, and administering the remedies I shall leave ready to his hand, while I do that I have had in mind these many months."

"Pore over some musty book?" said Hincmar.

"Nay," said the physician, smiling again. "The Duke Charles is a good master, but his capital lies in a dull, flat land. These mountains produce something his fertile fields can not produce."

"Men!" cried the king, striking the arm of his chair a mighty blow. "Strong, brave men! Men fit for real war!"

"No doubt," said the physician, still smiling, "but the fields of my master's dukedom produce no mean soldiers. It is something other that your mountains breed that pleases me."

"Maids?" suggested the king.

"Trout," said the physician.

"Trout!" The king lay back in his great chair and laughed loud and long. He beat the arm of his chair. "Trout!" he cried. "And you will sit all day to-morrow at table, eating trout? By St. Agnes, give me good boar's meat and you may have your trout! Eating trout by the day!"

"Nay, not eating — catching," said the physician.

The king stopped in the middle of a guffaw. Amusement shone in his eyes. "But that is boy's play," he said.

"Nay, forsooth!" declared the physician. "No more is it boy's play than thy breaking of heads and slitting of throats, sire. Fighting is boy's play and war is man's work, and there is fishing and fishing. When my fly touches the water——"

"What!" cried the king. "Do you go after fish, then, with a trained fly, as the falconers hunt with falcons? A mighty great fly must that be!" And again he roared with laughter.

"It is neither a living fly, nor yet a dead fly," said the physician, glad to change the king's humor. "I make my own flies."

"A riddle!" cried the king merrily. "It is neither a dead fly nor a living fly, and yet a leech makes it! I give up thy riddle, leech."

"It is a cunning imitation of a fly," said the physician. "For know you, sire, he that would catch trout with flies must study the trout and learn what fly the trout desires each day and each hour of the day. So the wily trout-fisher maketh a great variety of flies, like unto all the insects that hover above a pool from the time the sun first brings the little creatures of the air to life until the frost drives the last away. Each month, and each hour, the trout has appetite for one particular air-flutterer, and he who fishes a new water must come with many flies or perchance he will miss the trout's appetite altogether. I have known a gray hackle——"

"A what?" asked the king.

"A gray hackle," responded the physician; "a fly with a hackle of gray hairs and wings of gray hen's feathers, to tempt the trout all day until the sun reached a certain spot in the heavens, and thereafter not a fish would glance at it, but over a yellow-bodied, white-winged fly would go daft. For the early spring, in countries where the maples blossom in May——"

"A fly with a hackle of gray hair and wings of hen's feathers!" laughed the king. "I would give much to see such a fly!"

"And so you shall, if it please you, sire," said the physician; "for this evening, after I have prepared your lady's medicaments against to-morrow, I mean to go over my book of flies and perhaps wind some of which I may have scant supply. For I look forward to a good day's sport to-morrow. I have heard much of your mill-brook from Alicaster and Dom Romeo——"

"They?" queried the king. "Have they fished in my brook?" For the two were world-famous at the time—greater physicians than Hilduin by far.

"No doubt you were at the wars," said the physician. "Alicaster came from Madrid and Dom Romeo from Lisbon for no other purpose than to fish in thy brook, and but that Duke Charles was sore beset with a tertian fever I had been with them. But they wrote telling me of the marvelous sport to be had here, and I have been ill at ease ever since, seeking a chance to cast my line over such waters as they proclaimed."

"There are strange things in heaven and stranger on earth!" declared the king.

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"Three great physicians playing at fishing! You will sup at my table, physician, and after we will look at these wonderful not-living, not-dead flies of thine."

No doubt the king expected to see some monstrous thing as big as a pheasant cock; and when he saw the tiny flies the physician took from his parchment book he was amazed. His great hands, used to the battle-ax, fumbled the delicate-winged hooks and could scarce hold them. He marveled at the many varieties the physician held were necessary, and admired—but scoffing the while—the clever method by which the physician attached the flies to the snell. Even more he scoffed at and admired the deft manner in which Hilduin created new flies out of a barbed hook, a pinch of feather, and a twist of silk.

"Now, by my faith," he cried at last, "I mean to go with thee to-morrow and see the fish laugh at thee when thou tryest to make them believe these are true, living insects. Or else a trout is the biggest fool in the world."

"At times I think the trout is the wisest thing in the world, and the most wily, and the most clever," said the physician. "But as for going with me, thou art welcome." And so it was arranged.

It was a glorious day, with the breeze sweeping through the trees with a sound like rushing water, and the sun warm, and the sky freighted with hurrying white clouds. Hilduin was out of his bed long before the king had ceased snoring, and was busy stringing a line of the finest Florentine silk upon a rod made of splints of bamboo cleverly bound together, when the king sought him out. The king, too, had made ready for the trip to the mill-brook, choosing a dozen hearty men as a guard of honor and to act as guides through the rougher glens. These Hilduin laughingly made him dismiss, retaining only one stout fellow to carry the victuals and wine the king had provided.

"You have there a lance fit to joust at butterflies," said the king, looking curiously at the delicate rod in the physician's hands.

"Truth, your Majesty," said the leech. "And although I should not boast of it, there is no lighter nor more evenly balanced rod in the world than this. One Albumazar, a merchant of Toledo voyaging to the East, sought it out in Byzantium at my request, and there it was no doubt a plaything for some harem favorite, used in catching golden carp from a lilied fountain."

"I should like to try a rod so delicate," said the king.

"I have one for you that should suit your hand better," said the physician hastily. "A little heavier, but a good rod—the one I used before this came to me. It is against that tree."

The king took the rod the physician had allotted him and examined it critically. "This cord is other than that you use," he said with a touch of suspicion in his tone.

"The same, but waxed, as I am about to wax this of mine," said Hilduin, selecting a lump of beeswax from the metal box at his side. "So! Now we will go!"

"But the flies?" queried the king.

"Will be chosen and attached to the line later, when we have reached the brook and have sought to learn what flies are fluttering over the ripples. If you are ready to go, sire?"

The queen was not yet far enough advanced under the physician's treatment to require his attention or a change of drugs, and Hilduin had left word with his apprentice to send notice of any suspicious symptoms that might appear during the day. He was, however, strongly of the opinion that the goodly dose of essence of poppy-heads he had administered at daybreak would cause a somnolent condition and that he would not be needed before night. He therefore went toward the famous trout brook with a light heart; and the king was glad to put aside worry as well as he could.

"All day," he said, "messengers from Duke Charles will come seeking me, but I have given word to my seneschal that I am prostrate at my lady's bedside and can not be seen until she takes a turn for the better. Now, by St. Agnes and all the saints!" he cried angrily, as the end of his rod caught in the twigs of a thorn-apple tree. "I vow by St. Swithin this satanic tree shall be hewn down before another——"

"Stop! stop!" cried Hilduin. "Don't jerk that rod that way, you nin— I beg pardon, your Majesty! But you are not jerking at a battle-ax imbedded in a helmet, sire. It is a delicate fish-rod. It is the only other rod I have with me. Let me show you how to disengage the line. So! And now, in carrying your rod through wooded places, carry it thus——"

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"I see, Sir Hilduin!" said the king. "Not like a banner pole that must be held upright to catch the breeze, eh?"

"The fisherman who returns with a broken rod is like a warrior who returns with his sword snapped across his foeman's knee," said Hilduin. "Let flies be lost by the score and lines be broken by the yard, but at any cost keep the rod unbroken."

They had come to the mill-pond which spread in cool loveliness between grassy banks. Hilduin paused here and opened his book of flies.

"It were well," he said, "before your Majesty attempt the narrow reaches of the upper brook that you try a cast or two here where the trees and bushes do not offer difficulties."

"Shall I catch a fish here?" asked the king.

"Even that may be," said the physician smilingly.

"I will not fish unless I can catch a fish," said the king.

"Very well," said Hilduin, and he seated himself on the cool grass.

"What mean you?" asked the king, turning red in the face.

"Nothing," said the physician. "You are a king at the side of the brook as you are at the head of your troop of men-of-war. At a brookside I am not a physician; I am an angler. As an angler and a subject of your Majesty's good friend Duke Charles, I would not be so foolish as to give orders to a king, but if I am to teach fishing I teach in my own way—or I do not teach! My good friends, the trout, do not, I regret to inform your Majesty, know the difference between a king and a link-boy. Your Majesty will please fish in your own royal way. I will sit and watch you."

"Let me have one of the wonderful flies, then," said the king.

"You may be surer of fish by baiting your hook with worms," said Hilduin. "Your Majesty may find a fat worm under any rock he chooses to overturn to-day."

"Let me have a fly!" the king commanded.

"No, by Hippocrates, no!" cried Hilduin. "If I bring a man a-fishing, be he king or stableman, he will fish in my way or he may go fish in his own way. When you send for me to fish your lady back from the edge of the grave or worse, you do not seek to tell me how to mix my drugs nor how to administer them, and, if you did but know it, I am ten times the fisher that I am the physician. I return to the castle. I will fish no more with kings."

Hilduin arose in a temper and turned away. For a moment the king was tempted to grasp a rock and heave it at the head of the impertinent fellow, but instead he laughed. Not for years had any one spoken to him in aught but a craven tone, and it was amusing to have a mere leech thus show anger.

"Come back, sirrah!" he laughed. "Have it your own way. I will be no more a king to-day, but a meek student under the illustrious fisherman."

"It is well," said Hilduin, returning. "Illustrious fisherman I am, although you say the words in sportiveness. Now, if you are willing, let me attach a fly to the end of your line. Stand here on the edge of the pool. See how far you can throw the fly out upon the water."

At the first mighty effort the king's rod whistled through the air, but the line wrapped itself around a clump of hill daisies and the fly remained in the grass at the king's side. At the second effort the fly did indeed reach the water, but it fell a scant two yards beyond the spot where the king stood.

"Observe!" said Hilduin, and without apparent effort his line swung out behind him, curved gracefully forward, and the fly fell a good thirty feet out in the pool.

"Again!" he said, and the fly seemed to rise from the water like a living thing. This time it alighted as softly as a feather, and before the physician could draw it away a great brown trout leaped full out of the water and plunged back again, the fly in its mouth.

"Easy now, my friend!" cried the physician, and he paid out the loose length of line looped over the fingers of his right hand. The rod, held as if over his shoulder, bent as the trout pulled at the line until the tip almost touched the water. As the fish turned, darting toward him, the physician drew in the line with his left hand, paying it out again gently as the trout fled once more. For full ten minutes he played the trout thus while Hincmar stood breathless and open-mouthed. Then the trout lay in the small landing-net. As it opened its mouth the tiny fly fell out, so slight had been the hold Hilduin had had upon the struggling fish.

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"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR OLD KING HINCMAR, SIR FISH! NOW, GENTLY! GENTLY! WHUP!"

"Now, by St. Swithin, that is marvelous!" cried the king. "Had I not seen it with my own eyes I would have sworn no man could do what you have done. I'll lay a wager that was the noblest angling you have ever done."

"That?" scoffed Hilduin. "Merest child's play! A broad, glassy pool in which the trout could run himself to death if he chose; no current to aid his fight; well hooked in the mouth; a fair large hook; no trees or bushes or brush to interfere with me! That fishing? That was murder and no less. I might as well have scooped the poor fish up in a net in the beginning. If that seems like sport to you, wait until you hook a trout double that size at a spot where the trees meet overhead and the brook rushes downward like a small torrent, and where a fallen limb, well supplied with twigs, offers a refuge for the trout some few yards down the stream. That is angling! Hook your fish in the rapids and land him before he can worry the hook out of his mouth against a stone or a dead limb in the water! Come, I will show you angling!"

"You were showing me how to cast the fly," suggested the king meekly enough.

"True," said Hilduin. "Thus: catch the loose end of the line over the smallest finger. Not so, but so! No, do not swing the rod as if it were a battle-ax and every trout a helmeted foe; like this, please you. The wrist only. Up—one—two—three—down! Excellent! You will make a fisherman yet. Now again! Up—one—two—three—down! The wrist only. Give the line time to get out behind you. Keep your eye keenly aware of what trees and brush may entangle your line behind you; choose the spot where you wish the fly to fall in the water; let the fly alight as soft as a fleck of down. Now, again! Fine! *Fine!*"

"Indeed, it might be worse, might it not?" exclaimed the king, his face beaming with pleasure. "As soon as you know that 'up—one—two—' business you——"

A trout—a fair-sized trout—leaped for the king's fly, but in his excitement the king jerked the fly away before the fish had taken the hook.

"I did it! I almost had him! Stand back now and let me have another cast at that fish! Did you see him jump for my fly? I tell you what! Long as my arm, wasn't he? Now, by all the saints, I'll get him yet! —Yes, that's true, I must use only the wrist! I get rather excited. Now, one—two—What in the name of Satan!"

The king's fly had caught in the one tree

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within three hundred feet of the mill-pond.

"Gently!" urged the physician again. "Let me free it. Nothing to fret about. Just take it calmly and coolly. See—like this—easy—easy—easy! Well, no matter. Bound to lose a few flies. Now suppose we try a yellow body with gray wings this time. There you are. Cast just where that chip floats by that leaf. You've got him! *You've—got—him!* Give *him* LINE! Oh, too bad! You should have given him a chance to run as soon as you had him hooked."

"But I almost had him, hadn't I?" cried the king excitedly. "Yes, yes! I understand—let him have a little line if he wants to run, and then draw it in as he comes back."

"Keeping it taut, but not too taut," said the physician.

"Yes, yes!" said the king. "Where shall I cast now? I tell you, leech, this yellow-body fly is a wonderful fly. It's my favorite fly, I tell you. I will not use any other fly, no matter—*got him!* Yes, I know: let him have line—so! Easy, easy, Sir Fish! Now you come, do you? Well, I'm here. You can't fool your old King Hincmar, Sir Fish! Whoosh! more line wanted? There you have it! Now, gently! Gently! Leech, give me that landing-net! Whup! whup! *Hurrah!* Leech, give me your hand! I CAUGHT A FISH!"

"And you will catch many more, I can see that," said the physician kindly. "I think you have the spirit of a true fisherman. And now suppose we try a bit of the brook just beyond that boulder, which must be the gray stone of which Alicaster wrote me. He wrote he left a splendid trout there. He hooked him, but the rascal was too wise for him. Dom Romeo fished three days for the old fellow and got but five rises. He says he left a white-body yellow-wing in the old fellow's jaw or he is much mistaken. The 'Grandfather of all the Trout,' he calls him. Now, gently, get as close under the big rock as you can and cast over it into the pool, keeping your head hidden. There! . . . *What!*"

The king had hooked the Grandfather of all the Trout! His line whizzed out; the physician clinched his fists and teetered up and down on his toes in an agony. The king was handling his line marvelously well for a beginner, but, stepping too far forward, he stepped off a slippery rock into the black depths of the pool. He came up puffing, but with his rod held high above his head, and scrambled for the shore. The trout, taking advantage, jerked away.

"Too bad!" exclaimed Hilduin. "He will sulk for a day or two now. No use trying him again now. Alicaster writes of a pool just above this. The Willow Ripple Pool, he calls it. But if your Majesty is chilled——"

"Come, let us see the Willow Ripple Pool!" said the king, his teeth chattering.

All day they fished the mill-brook. After the midday meal the king would have no more of Hilduin's lessons.

"I can see well that I am but a spoil-sport for you," he said. "I'll get along well enough. I know the rudiments, do I not?"

"You have learned more than the rudiments," said Hilduin. "You will make a famous fisherman if you persevere. I shall write to Alicaster and Dom Romeo of you. We were speaking when last we met of the strange fact that there had never been a fishing king. They will hail you into the gentle brotherhood with delight. So go you ahead up the brook and I will follow after at a goodly distance."

All day the king fished, now standing wet-footed in the brook, now wading waist-deep across to avoid a sheer edge, now standing with wrinkled brow as he sought to cast just a foot beyond the uttermost length of his line. The trees rustled above his head, the brook now roared through a narrow reach and now crept silently between willowed banks. Birds to which the king had never given heed before chirped and warbled to him, and he turned and eyed them between casts. Strange-looking flowers, yet flowers he might have seen any day had he chosen to see them, attracted his eye, growing on the slopes at the brookside. Crows cawed overhead. The basket under his left arm filled with trout.

The sun began to slip behind the mountain and Hincmar turned reluctantly down the stream. He cast his fly here and there, but his progress soon became almost a flight, for he saw it would presently be dark, and he was keen to make one more cast into the Gray Stone Pool. As he approached he crept softly along the hillside, his eyes on the water. The evening flies were beginning to flutter over the pool—yellow-bodied flies with thin, yellowish wings, and Hincmar paused to change the fly he had been using.

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As he looked up he saw a leaf flutter, and a thin, silken line dart over the pool. Hilduin, having hung behind, had returned to the Gray Stone Pool to try once more for the Grandfather.

As the king watched, half angry that the physician should thus have spoiled his opportunity, a small trout took Hilduin's fly. In the gathering dusk the king could no longer see the thin, silken line. The physician himself was hidden. Only by the ripple where the line cut the water and by the antics of the trout could the king know how well the physician was playing the fish; but already Hincmar had learned enough to know that Hilduin was showing a master hand. The king stood motionless, absorbed in the sport, and when at last the physician's landing-net crept out from behind the clump of willows and slipped under the trout, the king uttered a whispered "Good!"

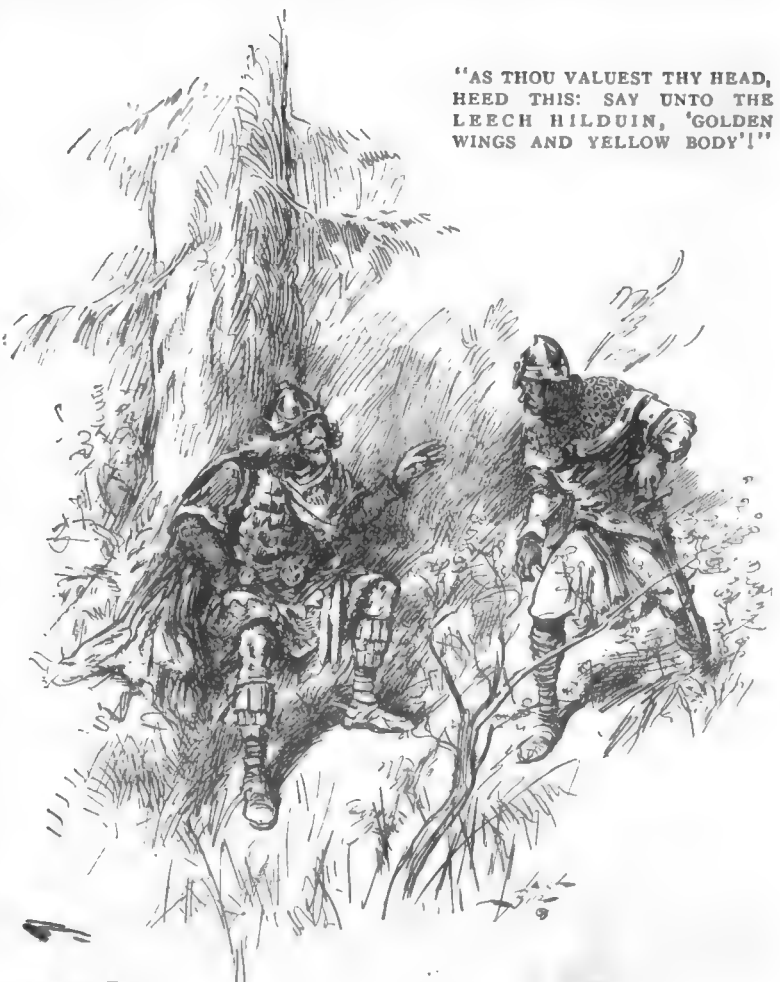
"Get behind yonder clump and cast into the pool," whispered the physician. "'Tis now the big fellows come forth to feed."

For a half-hour longer the two anglers cast into the Gray Stone Pool. Then darkness came and they walked homeward.

The queen, thanks to her innate health and in spite of Hilduin's drugs and copious blood-lettings, was much recovered by the time the two anglers reached the castle. The first hot resentment of the king's desire to go to war having passed, she was in a more reasonable frame of mind and begged forgiveness for her naughty temper.

"Men must to war," she said, looking up at Hincmar from her couch. "Even love may not hold them when war calls. I beg your forgiveness for my wayward tempest, my lord. 'Twas good of you to stay your impatience and wait here at home to-day to learn how my ailment prospered. All day have messengers come from Duke Charles pleading for your arms and aid. Go now, my lord, if it please you, and I will wait for your coming again, praying you may be kept safe."

The king bent and kissed her, saying some gentle words, then turned eagerly to the door and, ere he was well outside the queen's chamber, his great voice shouted for Ralph and Mortimer and Pasquale, bidding them prepare for his departure at daybreak. All night the castle rang with the preparations and the queen tossed sleeplessly.



"AS THOU VALUEST THY HEAD, HEED THIS: SAY UNTO THE LEECH HILDUIN, 'GOLDEN WINGS AND YELLOW BODY'!"

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As the day broke, King Hincmar, clad in full armor, bade farewell to the queen and, after a word with the physician, who was to remain yet another day before rejoining Duke Charles, mounted his stout steed and rode away at the head of his long array of men-at-arms. Duke Charles, impatient at the delay, had forged forward toward Lothair's country, passing the frontier and spreading fire and destruction as he went, yet not daring to meet the rebellious Lothair in full battle till Hincmar should arrive.

Noon found King Hincmar and his troop well up the mountainside over Lothair's frontier, and the king halted for the midday meal under the black pines and green chestnuts of the Hildermont. While his men prepared the food, the king stretched himself at full length upon the pine-needles and closed his eyes. High overhead a crow cawed, sailing across the valley. The mountain breeze whispered through the trees. The hundred small woodland noises combined to make that colored silence which is sweeter than utter silence and, in the midst of it, the gurgle of a brook hastening over smooth stones caught the king's ear. He raised his head and listened. Slowly—for the weight of his armor was great—the king raised himself upon one elbow that he might hear better and, with a mighty effort, he struggled to his knees and then to his feet.

Over the pine-needle carpet the king walked noiselessly in the direction of the brook's chatter, and at length found the stream. It was a larger flood than his own mill-brook, but much like it, fringed here and there with willows, with half-fallen pines and chestnuts reaching out across the stream and mossy rocks damming the current into small pools. Holding by the stem of a small oak-tree, the king leaned out and gazed down into the water.

"I warrant there are trout here in plenty," he said. "A fair spot yonder from which to make a gallant cast. Here I should use a gray hackle, letting it fall as light as a bit of floating down just where yonder ripple sweeps the rotting log-end."

He drew back and made his way softly up the bank, keeping behind the willows, bending his kingly head to creep beneath the boughs or standing tiptoe to glance through some opening in the foliage. Suddenly he came upon a pool twice the length of the great hall of his castle. At the far end the brook fell tumultuously down in a leap thrice the height of a man, and on two sides the dripping rocks were overgrown with moss, except where columbines and other delicate flowers found root in the crannies or on small ledges. High up on either side the pine-trees leaned out over the pool, some sending long roots down to find nourishment in crannies in the rock wall. At the hither side the pool ended on a pebbled beach save where, against one wall, the brook broke away between jagged rocks to dash madly on and down. Over the pool, now rising and now dipping to its surface, darted or hung many insects and, as the king watched, here and there a trout leaped half out of the water and splashed back again.

"Now, by the heavens, that is a pool!" cried the king. "Not from one end to the other of my land have I such a pool! My Lothair, 'twill be war indeed this time, for I shall not cease until this pool and all this brook and this whole mountainside are mine by right of my stronger arm and mightier numbers. I would Hilduin might see this pool; 'twould cock his ears and make his old eyes sparkle. And so he shall, when I return with Lothair well beaten and——"

Across the pool, gliding here and there, a golden moth swung irresolute. Close by the rougher water where the falling brook struck the pool, one great drop of water struck the fluttering insect. It beat the air with its wings, but ere it could regain its flight it touched the surface of the pool. There was a flash of scales in the rainbow that hung over the water, a scattering of glittering drops, and a huge trout had leaped full out of the pool and had fallen back with a weight that sent the ripples to its farthest edge. It was a glorious trout, a most wonderful trout! The king drew a deep breath of amazement. His fingers twitched.

"Now, by—by—" he muttered, unable to find an oath great enough to swear—"by all the gods and little fishes, if the trout in the Gray Rock Pool is the Grandfather of Trout, this is the Great-great-grandfather! By St. Agnes and St. Swithin and all the saints on the calendar, I will have this trout! Oh, what a trout!" He turned suddenly, forming a trumpet of his hands, and shouted loud the battle-cry of King Hincmar the War-maker: *"À moi! À moi! Dieu et mon droit!"*

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Through the underbrush his men came running and stumbling, ready to beat back whatever foe might have appeared; but they found the king standing beside a giant pine and no foe in sight.

"Ralph," cried the king, "mount the light palfrey and speed to my castle, seek out the leech Hilduin and bid him come hot-haste, bringing his rods and lines and flies, for that I have found the noblest trout that ever swam the waters of God's earth. Mortimer, ride thou to Duke Charles as if the devil followed thee, and bear him word I quarrel not with Lothair, and that if he would do me pleasure he will call a truce. Pasquale, ride thou to Lothair where'er he may be and carry this word: that I am weary of war but strong of heart and ready for it and a-horse and on my way, and that it lieth with him whether it be peace or war, for that I demand as the price of peace no more than all this hither side of the Hildermont, no more or no less. Off with you!"

They hurried away to do his bidding, but before they had gone far the king hailed Ralph and brought him running back.

"Yes, sire?" said the messenger.

"Tell the queen my lady that I camp here and go not to the war. Give her my fond affection and bid her be of good heart, for that I have set about to make a peace between Duke Charles and Black Lothair. And, Ralph!"

"Yes, sire?"

"As thou valuest thy head, heed this: say unto the leech Hilduin, 'Golden wings and yellow body'!"

"Yes, sire," said the fellow, but unable to conceal his amazement at the words. " 'Golden wings and yellow body!' "

"Just so! 'Golden wings and yellow body,' " repeated the king. "Now, be off with you! Or, hold!" said the king, looking upward to where a golden moth fluttered beneath the pine boughs over his head. "Add, 'with perhaps a touch of red on the body.' Yes, 'Golden wings and yellow body, with perhaps a touch of red on the body.' Be off! An you hurry I may be able to make a cast or two before the sun sets behind Hildermont."

So they left the king there, standing beside the pool, and his lady, the queen, wept no more over his going to war, but—because of his battle-hardened fingers and the clumsiness of them—the queen and her ladies gave over a part of the time they had customarily spent over their 'broideries and spent it winding flies for his Majesty.

Thus ended the wars that had worried the lands of Hincmar and Black Lothair for many generations without ceasing, and therefore it is that King Hincmar is sometimes known as Hincmar the Peacemaker and sometimes as Hincmar the Angler, and his reign as the first that brought the blessings of peace to his land. So God rest his soul, and may God rest mine when I no longer can cast a fly; but, if God wills, I mean to go a-fishing for trout fish on the first day of spring, whatever wars vex the world.

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Denny Nolan, Man of Affairs

by
E·R·LIPSETT

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

DENNY NOLAN wept in self-pity. There was nobody else to weep for or with him; and there was nobody to dry his tears; and he wept the more for that.

All alone Denny was left. All alone in the thick of Manrole Street, where nobody wanted him, 'cose he was an Irish Betzimer an' wasn't no Sheenie boy. All alone he had to think of and do everything; all alone to bear the burdens of the family.

This is not the place to tell it; but if you turn to the early parts of Denny's story, you will see for yourself how it was Denny alone outwitted the Ellis Island people and got his daddy landed back from Ballintemple with his cork leg. It was all Denny's own head, and his own secret.

Alone Denny thought of taking to selling Hebrew papers, which for weeks now had been keeping his daddy in 'backy for his pipe, and finding an occasional glass of beer for his mother after her hard day's work in other people's houses. All alone, a-a-all alone, Denny succeeded in getting his little sister Minnie placed in the Hebrew Kindergarten, where she was well cared for every day in the week, with an assured future career as a Sheenie amongst Sheenies, to whom the world and its fill belonged. And all alone, a-a-all alone, Denny schemed and plotted to find a job for his daddy, but only to see himself thwarted and defeated, and, to add to the torment of it, through his daddy's own stubbornness.

Denny's was a clear eye and a sound brain. He could see things, and he knew how to come to conclusions. It was plain to him either one thing or the other was necessary for a man to find a job: either he must have two whole legs under him; or he must be a Sheenie, to whom legs didn't matter, nor arms, nor nothing — 'cose thim could do anything an' git anything anyhow. Denny could not give his daddy another leg of flesh and bone—that side of the question was settled; but he could make him a Sheenie, as easy as anything, if his daddy only would lend himself to it, in ever so small a way. But he would not even consent to bearing the name "Phruyim Yussel," which Denny had found for him after much laborious reasoning and artful maneuvering.

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Oh, wisha, wisha, what was a little man to do with a one-legged daddy that persisted in calling himself before everybody "Patrick Joseph"—only to get himself laughed at for being an Irish Betzimer!

Denny was wandering disconsolately about Jackson Street Park, his head hanging low. There was not a single idea left in it. His wits were all exhausted.

After a time Denny beheld the two inseparables, Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch, just dressing, after a swim off one of the piers.

Ike was already buttoning his blouse. Sam was still in his undershirt, and presently Denny observed him put his damp head through a strange-looking short garment, such as nobody never seen nowhere. It might have looked like a chest-protector, if Denny had ever seen one; but it was not that, anyhow. It was cut away low, and did not touch the chest at all, and it was made of the flimsiest cotton. A fringe of a curious twist was hanging down from each corner. Denny wanted to know things, and, more than all, things about Jews, and he wanted to know at once. The four fringes especially tickled Denny.

"What's thim, Sam?" he asked.

"Why don't you say 'Saucefield'?" returned Sam, who stood on his dignity that afternoon, for the Rebbë in the Talmud Torah had pamoted him to the Pentateuch class—at least, he had promised to pamote him at the opening of the new term, after the Holy Days. "Didn't I tell you, Denny Nolan," he added, "that me name's been laid over to Saucefield?"

"Well," Ike put in magnanimously, "I don't care, Denny Nolan, if you never call me 'Oiving.' You can allus call me Ike or Itzkë, if you likes."

"I don't care neither," declared Sam, not to be beaten in anything by a fellow Jew, be it even in humility, when that came to a point. "I only said so. You can call me Sam, same as allus, Denny Nolan."

"Then, what's thim?" Denny resumed, pointing to the four fringes.

" 'Tis me Bensher."

Denny took a mental note of "Bensher." It was a vital word, seemingly, and he was going to remember it. Then he asked again: "An' what do it do fer ye?"

WHEN THE YOUNG WOMAN LAID HER EYE ON MINNIE IN HER BIG BENSHER, WITH THE FRINGES TRAILING, SHE SCREAMED WITH LAUGHTER.

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"It don't do nothing for me, but I bensh Tsitsis with it—oh, I forgets; me mother says you don't have to be 'fraid to go nowhere at night alone when you wear that, 'cose it keeps you safe. But I got to bensh Tsitsis with it every morning—I mean, me mother says I have to, but I don't have to, when she don' sees me."

"What's Tsitsis?"

" 'Tis the same. The Tsitsis is the Bensher, 'cause you bensh with them—like this." He gathered the four fringes into a bunch, and rubbed with it his closed eyes, round and round, and then he put his lips to it in a rapid volley of kisses.

"An' wouldn't ye be no Sheenie if ye don't have none?" Denny pushed his queries.

Both Sam and Ike laughed mockingly.

"See, I don't have none," Ike observed, unbuttoning his blouse to demonstrate the fact. "Nobody want it, only them old relidshus people. But Sam has to wear it, 'cose his mother makes him, 'cose she's orful relidshus, an' he'd catch it good an' proper from her if she miss it."

"Would I now?" Sam said defiantly, whipping off his Bensher and holding it at arm's length crumpled up in his fist. "I'd let you see what I cares. Here, Denny Nolan, you can have it." He flung it contemptuously at Denny's feet.

It was Denny's godsend. His mind had just been worrying, how was he ever to possess himself of a Bensher? It was all very well for Sheenie boys as was borned so not to wear no Benshers; but it won't never do for Denny. It would never do for guests to use the same freedom as members of the family. It is seldom safe for the student of a new language to begin with abbreviations and colloquialisms. And so it is throughout in life.

Sam, on his part, was not quite prepared for it that Denny would take him at his word and appropriate the Bensher. But as it so happened, Sam wasn't going to make no fuss about it. Ike and the thousand other boys wasn't no better than him, and if they could do mitdout Benshers, so could he; and for the rest, Ghetto mothers were easily dodged.

Denny made off with the Bensher in his pocket, to avoid the risk of a change of mind in Sam. He saw all sorts of possibilities in his new acquisition. He was going to work it for all it was worth.

Only it happened that he tried to work it for more than it was worth.

It was all because of Denny's pride in his sister Minnie. He polished her brown shoes for her every morning, and he would not let his mother forget the blue or pink ribbon on Minnie's head. He thought nothing too good or too fine for Minnie. Denny had found out exactly what the Bensher was going to do for the family; but in the meantime his sister Minnie should come in for some personal glory through it. And besides, it would give her a better and surer standing in the Gan Yelodim.

And so when the time came in the morning for the mother to leave home for her day's work, and for Denny to take Minnie over to the Hebrew Kindergarten, on his way to his own school, he duly placed the Bensher over Minnie's dress. It was difficult to keep it from slipping down her little body, of barely two years' growth, seeing that the garment had come off a boy full four times her age. But Denny managed it all right; he kept his hand on it.

The Ghetto is quite a safe place in the morning, when the men are gone to work and the women are busy indoors putting up the folding beds and stowing them away on the landings; when the gangsters are asleep, and the boys and girls are hastening to school and have no eyes for things by the way. And so there was nobody about to turn back and look at Minnie in her big Bensher, with the fringes trailing on the ground.

But when the young woman in the Gan Yelodim opened the door to Denny's ring, and laid her eye on Minnie, she screamed with laughter, and then she turned toward the basement stair to holler for Sadie and Estelle and Ida and Boitha, to come up and look. And they all came and looked, and laughed.

"Where did you get that, Denny?" they asked, hardly able to speak for the laughing.

"I got it from a boy," Denny answered in red confusion. "Ain't it all right?"

"Who told you to put it on Minnie?"

"Nobody toul' me; I done it meself. Wouldn't she want it to bensh Tsitsis with?"

"Ha, ha—*oi gewalt*—ha, ha!" A hand quickly whipped the Bensher off Minnie. "No, Denny, you mustn't do these things to Minnie and make people laugh at her," he was told. "Girls don't bensh Tsitsis and

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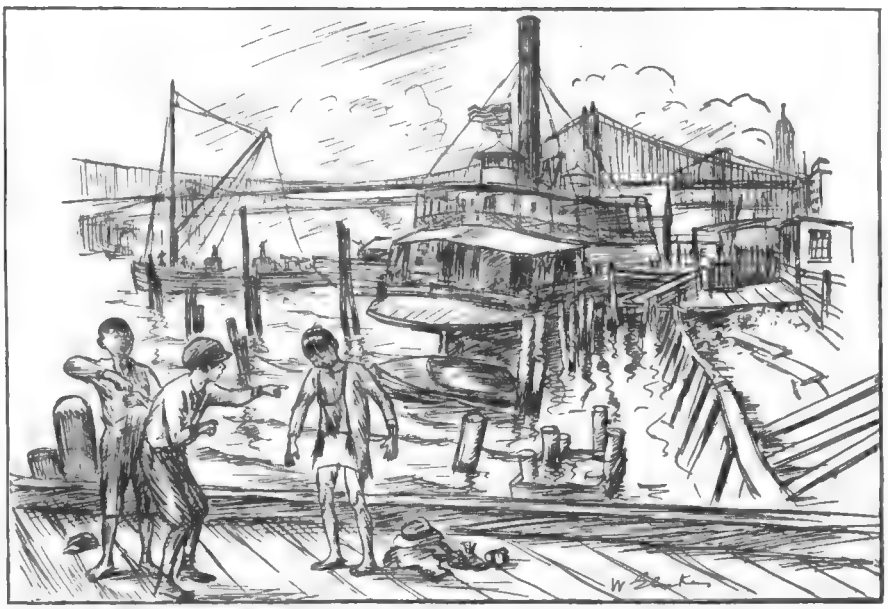

"I GOT TO BENSH TSITSIS WITH IT EVERY MORNING."

wear no Benshers. You must let Minnie alone for the future. Here," she said, handing him back the Bensher, "put it in your pocket and run away to school now, and be sure to give it back to the boy you got it from. Tell him he was making fun of you, and that everybody says he ought to be ashamed."

But Denny knew better.

Sam Knoploch did not look like making fun when he threw the Bensher over to Denny—did he now? And if Denny had exceeded himself and put the Bensher on a girl, that was not the fault of the Bensher. And now Denny recollected quite clearly that it was a way thim Sheenies had wi' thim that girls didn't sometimes count nohow. Their girls never wint to no Sheenigoes; Denny never seen wan, an' he seen the inside of many Sheenigoes, whin they was chokeful of min an' boys. Also the girls didn't go to no Talmud Torah to learn Hebrew. Also they never made no parties an' brought no rabbis to the house, nor nothin', whin girls was borned. An' a whole heap of more things, where girls was no good, an' it was just like 'em that girls didn't have to bensh no Tsitsis. It was a thing for men. So much the better, then. The Bensher shall find a job for Denny's daddy.

Toward evening, after school was over and Denny had gone his rounds with his papers, he put on the Bensher under his blouse, same as Sam Knoploch would have done it, and he was finally ready for the great venture.

He was to make for the office of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society and Employment Bureau, on East Broadway, to ask for a job for his daddy. But then the difficulty with his daddy's name presented itself anew to Denny. He knew he would be asked for it, the first thing; people always did that when you asked them for jobs. Now, "Patrick Joseph" was no sort of name to come with among Jews.

On the other hand, "Phruyim Yussel," as one of the young women in the Hebrew Gan Yelodim had laid over his daddy's name for Denny, would not hold. Denny's daddy simply would not bear that name. Still, it seemed now to Denny if he could but make double sure of the identity between

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Patrick Joseph and Phruyim Yussel, he saw a way for an easy compromise.

To that end Denny once again went in quest of Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch. They would tell him for sure. They knew all about the laying over of names.

Denny was cute. He was going to have established the identity between Phruyim Yussel and Patrick Joseph on the same lines as you find the proof in doing subtractions.

"D'yez know what's Phruyim Yussel?" he began to Ike and Sam.

"That's a name," Ike and Sam answered together.

"I knows that. But what's the real name for it? How d'yez lay it over?"

"Oh, I guess—" Ike stammered—"I guess you make it Mortimer Milton. There's heaps of boys has their names laid over that way."

"But don't it have to begin with the same letter?" Sam contended. "I knows our housekeeper's boy, too, an' his name is Mortimer Milton, an' it was laid over for him from Moshë Motl. See? Ye've gotta begin wi' the same letter."

"Well, I don't care," Ike returned. "I knowed a boy whose name was Shabsi, an' they laid it over for him Leonard; an' then he didn't like it an' he made it Adalbert; an' then he didn't like that neither, an' he went an' made it Boitram."

"That's for Berke," Sam said. "All Berkes is Boitram."

"I don't care," Ike hung on, "that boy's name was Shabsi; it wasn't no Berke."

"Then he was all wrong," Sam answered decisively. "An' you can't make Phruyim Yussel Mortimer Milton, 'cose it have to begin wi' the same letter. Lemme see—Phruyim Yussel—that's Ef-Vy—don't you know any real names with Ef-Vy, Ike?"

"Won't it do to make it Patrick Joseph?" Denny suggested half abstractedly, as if he really never cared.

Sam threw up his head and thought. It did not quite fall in with his theory—certainly not as regarded sound. But, after all, it was not for nothing, those rumors in the Talmud Torah that Sam Knoploch was to get pamoshun after the Holy Days. Sam knew his Hebrew. And Joseph was really Yosef, and between the Pay and Fay in appearance there was but the tiniest little dot, and the two were freely interchanged. Still there was something besides troubling Sam; and so presently he said:

"But that 'ud be too much like an Irish Betzimer's name. Them's all Petricks."

"I knowed a goil Sprintze, an' her real name was afterward Petricia," Ike observed.

"I dunno," Sam said, softening. "Mebbe it won't be so bad when there's Joseph to go with it. But for why d'ye ask, Denny?"

"Oh, I was just—" Denny stammered—"I was just axin' to know. I don' want it at all, sure I don't."

At last Denny was fully satisfied. And then he became thoughtful anew. What about his own name? There was a time when Denny would not for anything give up a good Irish name that had come to him from the priest in Ballintemple, not even though he was warned by Ike and Sam that it would stand in the way of his becoming a Sheenie. But it was different now. Denny had lived longer and learned more.

"An' how would yez lay over Denny?" he presently asked.

Ike and Sam did not understand him. They could not. They knew only of the one way of laying over names, Yiddish names to real ones.

"Ho, ho! Denny is a Goyish name, an' Goyim don' want their names laid over, 'cose them's already real names."

"But didn't Reb Loeb lay me over Danielkë, don't yez remimber, when I was going to sing by the Chazan?"

"That was 'cose he taken you for one of us, an' he thought you had laid over Danielkë to Denny, an' he put it back. 'Cose Reb Loeb is orful relidshus, an' them never believe in laying over names."

"An' do they lay over Danielkë to Denny?"

"N-n-o," Ike drawled in contemptuousness. "Denny is a common Irish Betzimer name—I don' mean you, Denny, only the name."

"I knowed a boy Danielkë," said Sam, "an' he had a sister, a moneycure uptown, an' she laid over his name Davyport."

"That's a nice name, an' 'tis swell, too," Ike admitted, deeply impressed.

Denny went away wise and hopeful.

With one of the fringes in the Bensher coquettishly peeping out from a slight opening in the blouse toward the lower end, Denny at last mounted the steps of the Hebrew Immigrant Building.

The hall was crowded with applicants

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of all sorts, and officials, and uniformed employees and understrappers. They were all very, very busy; for each of the applicants had a hundred things to ask for at a time, and each of those in authority had a hundred questions to ask in return; and each one on either side seemed to think the other hard of hearing.

For a long time Denny was being buffeted about and brushed from one corner to the other, without anybody to look at him. His own efforts to bring matters to a head, or attract some kind of attention, were wholly lost. "Please, sir, d'yez have jobs for people?" Denny timidly ventured once or twice, now turning to one man, now to another, during a half moment's lull. But the next half moment they were all as busy as ever, each bent upon outquestioning and outshouting the other.

Once before Denny had been a visitor to that place, and that was long ago, when his daddy with the cork leg was still at the other side of the Atlantic, and Denny sought to enlist the aid of the Society to get him across and safe through Ellis Island. On that occasion Denny had been lucky to fall in with a certain official of a round, good-natured face and a generous sense of humor; and Denny had no difficulty in convincing him that his fambly was all Sheenies; and the man afterward came to the house to offer consolation and help. To-day they were too busy, and Denny's old friend was nowhere to be seen.

Still Denny stood his ground and waited and waited. People looking for jobs must have patience; and if they have enough, something comes their way in the end. And so presently the door opened from the outside, and a tall, elderly man, with round grayish whiskers, and carrying a gold-mounted cane in his hand, came in. Seemingly he was a man of consequence to that place, for the officials suddenly paused and bowed deferentially, and the uniformed employees lifted their caps. The applicants stepped back against the wall with an inquisitive awe, and Denny became a little more visible.

The new visitor looked round with the keen eye and self-satisfied expression of proprietorship, and presently he observed the fringe from Denny's Bensher. It was a rare and grateful sight. The man became interested.

"Nu, what you do here, little son?" he said kindly to Denny in Yiddish, condescendingly pinching the soft little cheek.

At last Denny's chance had come. He felt it. "Please, sir," he answered back, in his best Yiddish, "me daddy he have a cork fuss un'er ken walken very gut mit it, un' he wants a job."

The man took Denny by the hand and led him to the inner room.

It was Mr. Hyman Stronghammer, a pillar of the East Side, a man who gave of his time and substance to the credit of his soul and the glory of the race, and grew fat on it. He was president many times over, and there was no counting of the boards of directors whose sittings he graced. He was orful relidshus, as Sam and Ike would have said it, though he was contented to have his three high-school daughters lay over his name Chayim to Hyman. But his equals and intimates often still addressed him Reb Chayim.

He was, in addition to many other things in business, a large dealer in tailor's clippings, and in a basement in Ortzig Street, sometimes known as Orchard Street, he kept twenty and more men employed in sorting, from five in the morning till eight at night, for four and a half dollars a week each. And piously thankful they were to get so much money from an employer that did not require them to work on the Sabbath. For employers of that sort, even in the thick of the East Side, were scarce and at a high premium. Long live Reb Chayim! Judaism stood its chance while Reb Chayim was there. Nobody that wanted to keep the Sabbath holy had need to be without work, and plenty of it, for the rest of the week. Reb Chayim had room for all such, and he would employ no others.

And sometimes he even went to look for them. And one of the places upon which he could count to find some was the building of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. In the lives of people fresh from Russia and Rumania and Galicia there were still some things holy, and the Sabbath was not the least.

In the case of Denny Nolan, it was a logical conclusion on the part of Mr. Hyman Stronghammer that a boy with a Bensher on his little body was bound to be backed by a right pious father.

"You are a good little son," Mr. Stronghammer now began. "You bensh Tsitsis every morning?"

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PATRICK JOSEPH WAS ACCOSTED BY THE GENIAL BARNEY SCHMALZ, THE WHOLESALE HERRING-MERCHANT.

Denny nodded his head. He would not trust his voice to make answer. He feared it would shake. Denny trembled lest the man should next ask him to show how he benshed Tsitsis; and for that Denny was only half prepared. He knew that you had to gather the four fringes into a bunch and rub it round and round your eyes, and then kiss it many times. But surely there must be some words to go with it, though Sam Knoploch had made no allusion to that. But Denny knew; Denny had imagination. What should he do now if it came to it? All he could think of would be to mutter some fragment of a Hail Mary. But that would not be of a match, and if Mr. Stronghammer had any sort of a discerning ear, Denny was a lost man.

But most happily Mr. Stronghammer did not advance that point. On the contrary, even while speaking, he was half-abstractedly fingering Denny's dress, putting back the protruding portion of the Bensher, and buttoning the blouse over it, just as some nice old lady might have done it. And then the next question Mr. Stronghammer had to ask was:

"Does your father work on Sabbath?"

"He don' work never, Sabbath nor no other day," Denny promptly answered, "'cause he have a cork fuss, un' nobody won't him work give."

"Where live you?"

"We live in Manrole Street, please, sir, an' me mother she have to go to work alle tog, an' me sister Minnie is in the Gan Yelodim."

Mr. Stronghammer nodded his head in grave appreciation, and then he asked further: "What is your father's name?"

That was a momentous question, and it called for extreme caution in answering it.

"Phruyim Yussel"—said Denny, his eyes looking away—"Phruyim Yussel is his name, but we laid it over Patrick Joseph. That's how——"

"Nisht Kosho of a name!" Mr. Stronghammer commented to himself in irony. "Such a jump it is, from Phruyim Yussel to

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Petrick Joseph! Nu, Joseph, meila; but Petrick—a common Irish expressman's name! Oi, yoi, yoi, our little youngsters of to-day, not a Yiddish name would they leave us; always they lay over, always they lay us over——"

Mr. Stronghammer was interrupted. It was the appearance on the scene of that round, good-natured official, Denny's old friend. He was usually sent for when Mr. Stronghammer came.

"Helloa—helloa!" he said jovially, holding out his hand to Denny. "How are you—what's that your name is?—I forget."

"Please, sir, Davyport."

"Davyport—D-a-v-e-n-p-o-r-t! That wasn't the way you told me the last time. It began with a D, I remember, but it wasn't so long as that—Davyport—ha, ha! good, good!"

"It used to be Danielkë, an' sometimes Denny, but we laid it over Davyport."

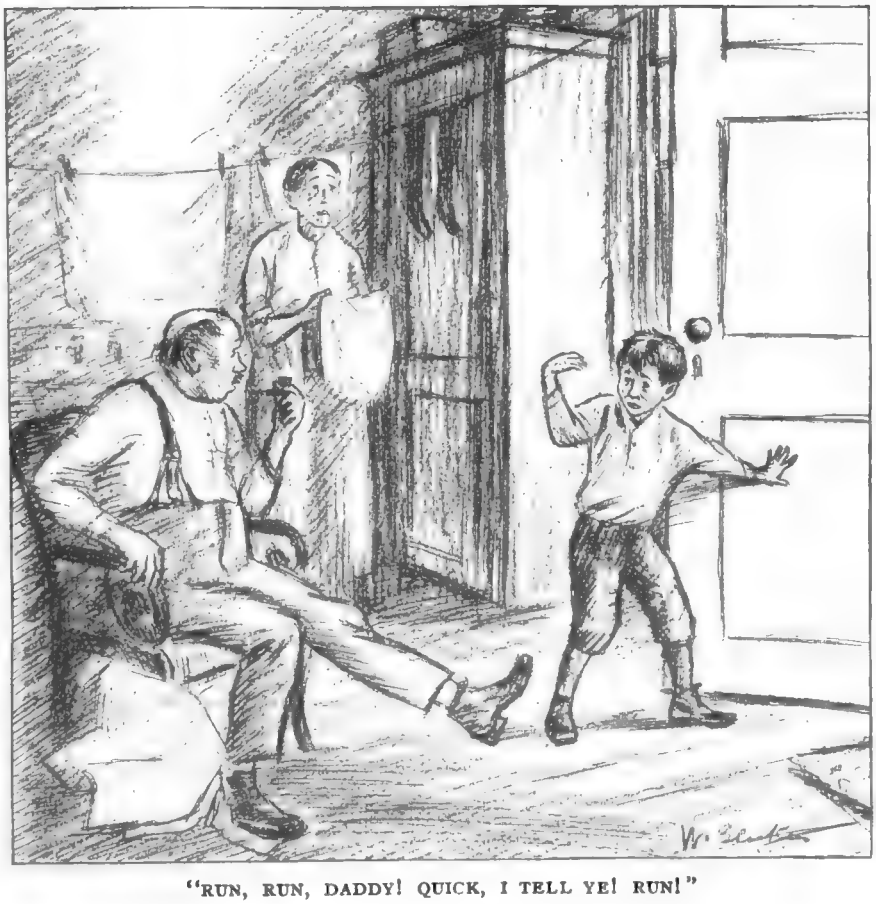
"Fine, fine, Danielkë Denny Davyport. You're great, you are!"

"You know him?" Mr. Stronghammer turned with surprise to the official.

"Herstu!" was the reply, with a significant shake of the head. "Oh, Denny, Denny, but you're a great little fellow!"

It was time for Mr. Stronghammer to feel a little mystified, and so before going any farther into the matter, he advised Denny to go home and tell his father to wait.

A couple of days went by, and nothing was heard. But Denny would not lose



"RUN, RUN, DADDY! QUICK, I TELL YE! RUN!"

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faith, and the reward came toward the close of the third day. That evening when Patrick Joseph came home, he caught his wife Honora up in his arms and asked her to kiss him. Denny did not remember when he had seen the like before. And that was never the fault of Patrick Joseph. It is only riches that love can afford to laugh at; and when it has to grapple with poverty, the laugh is on the other side. But a great joy had just come to the Nolans.

"Never say die," Patrick Joseph repeated for the tenth time, when supper was being prepared. "Five dollars a month an' free rint an' light, an' little to do! Honora, me darlin', but I'll be givin' ye fine times yet, with the help o' God!"

It happened that earlier in the day he had been accosted by the genial Barney Schmalz, the wholesale herring-merchant, to whose house Patrick Joseph had a day or two before been hustled by Denny to complete the quorum of ten necessary for praying purposes. Barney could not get over the "Phruyim Yussel" that Denny on the occasion had given to his daddy when asked for the name.

"Helloa—helloa, Phruyim Yussel, you precious old Tana-Bar," Barney hollered at sight of Patrick Joseph in the neighborhood of Corlear Street. "Come, let's have a lechayim, begorra."

But since you must know all, this second meeting between Barney Schmalz and Patrick Joseph was not a thing sprung out of cold chance. That good-natured, ruddy-faced official of the Hebrew Immigrant Society had made it his business to bring Patrick Joseph's case before Barney Schmalz; and so Barney had since been on the lookout for Patrick Joseph.

Barney should have been an Irishman, some that knew him used to say, for Barney was bubbling with humor and kindliness. But Barney was better than that. For there is no Irishman like the Jew with an Irish soul in him, when God once in a long while thinks it fit to send one such into the world.

Over some odd glasses of beer in the nearest saloon, Barney now listened keenly to the story of Patrick Joseph, and there and then offered to install him as janitor for the little synagogue Anshei Smargon, in Allen Street, where Barney himself was president.

"Five dollars a month an' free rint and light," Patrick Joseph said once more to his family, "an' nothin' to do but sweep the place wanst in a while, an' light the gas, an' stand outside in a fine gray uniform to keep thim noisy youngsters off.

"An' sure, Denny, me son," he presently added, pressing Denny's little hand, "'tis yerself I haves to thank for it, whin I come to think. Sure, that fine gintleman 'ud nivver ha' knowed me nor the sky over me, if 'twasn't for yerself, Denny, oul' son."

Denny would not deign to enter into details and tell of his preliminary treaties with that "fine gentleman," Mr. Hyman Stronghammer, at the Hebrew Immigrant Society. Denny felt more important that way. All he had to say in return was to remark, rather gravely than triumphantly:

"What was I allus tellin' ye, daddy! Didn't I allus promise to git a fine job fer ye?"

The little family soon became busy; for they were to move over to the basement in Allen Street that same evening, as it was so near Rosh Hashonah, and the janitor should be in place.

It is convenient to be poor at moving time. In less than a couple of hours the Nolans looked and felt as settled in their new home underneath the Anshei Smargon synagogue, as if they had grown up there.

Denny stood on the steps surveying the neighborhood. He thought he was going to like it better than Manrole Street. It looked so snug under the elevated roadway, like a street with a roof over it, and the trains rattling by every now and then made it lively, if not quite so lively as Manrole Street.

Suddenly Denny's heart stood still. There was the very man coming in whose house Denny's daddy had so boldly and defiantly given himself away, telling them all that his name was Patrick Joseph, and that he wasn't never no Sheenie, but a good Irish Catholic. It was Barney Schmalz, coming to have a look at the family. There—there now—he was coming down the steps.

There was no time to lose. If that man should lay his eye on Denny's daddy in this Sheenigo place, the family was ruined.

In a moment Denny had scampered down the steps and, opening the back door leading out into the courtyard, he motioned wildly:

"Run, run, daddy! Quick, I tell ye! Run!"

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THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET IN RIO JANEIRO, BRAZIL. AMERICANS ARE DOING BUSINESS HERE. THEY SHOULD BE DOING MORE.

SOUTH AMERICA:
Open for Business

by

EDWIN LEFÈVRE

NOW everybody exhorts everybody else to go and seize that rich and mysterious prize called South American trade, because Europe, which has had the lion's share of it, has fallen out of the commercial race to have a war. Notions of how to do it are very vague, but the idea itself appeals strongly to our gainful imagination, and there is a popular interest in it rising almost to a fad. It was even necessary for Mr. Redfield, Secretary of the Department of Commerce, himself an enthusiast, to make a sobering statement, warning us that the prize is not to be plucked suddenly, like a ripened apple, from a tree that others have nourished for generations.

History repeats. Just one hundred years

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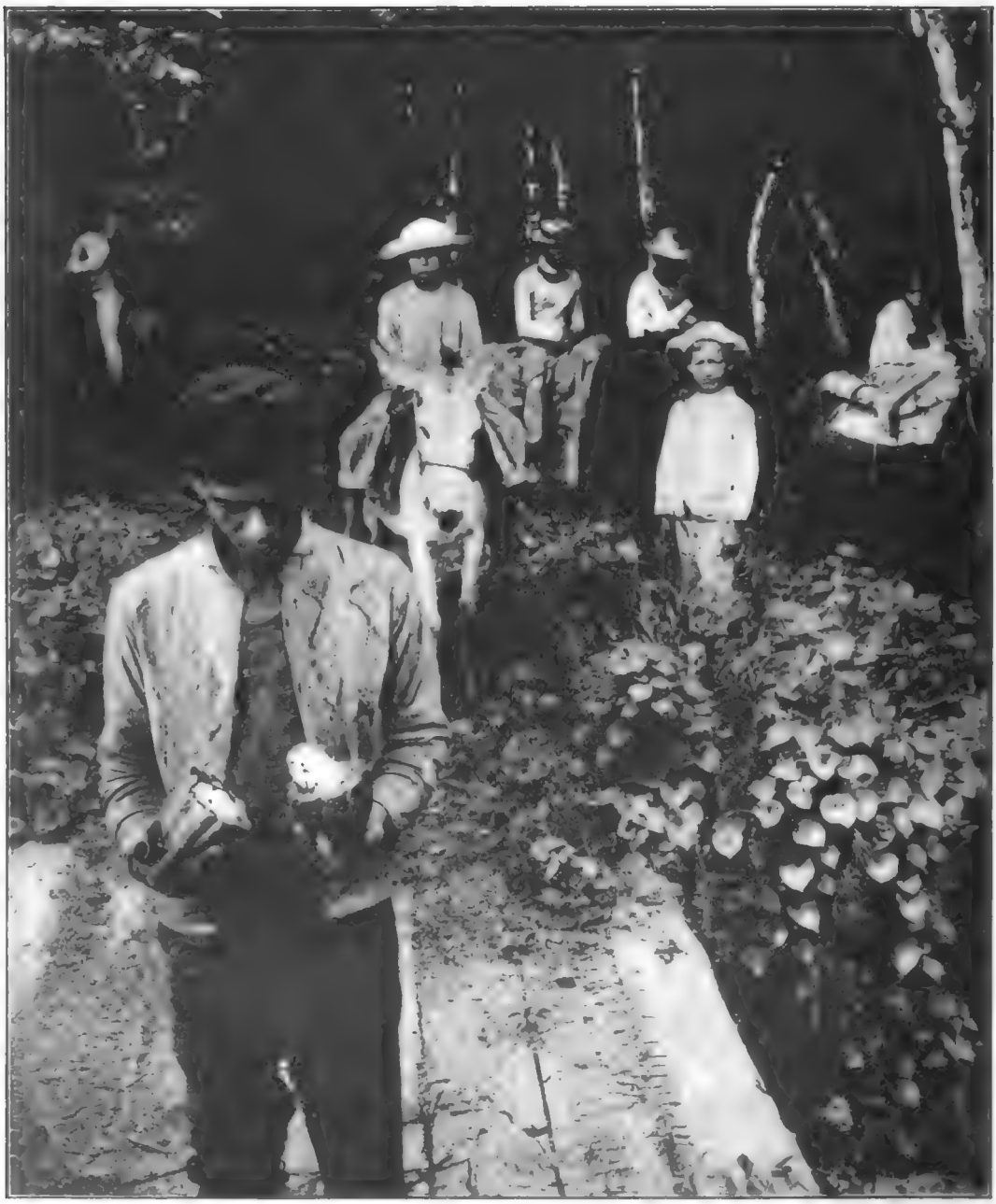

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ON A PLANTATION IN ECUADOR. THE CUT CACAO-POD SHOWS THE BEANS THAT PRODUCE CHOCOLATE AND COCOA—A VERY IMPORTANT SOUTH AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

ago the English were suddenly captivated by exactly this notion, only the apple was then green and much less coveted. The English gambled desperately on the future of that green apple. The necessity was great. Napoleon, whose word was law in Europe, sought to destroy the trade of England by declaring a boycott against her goods. The Spanish colonies in South America had just been

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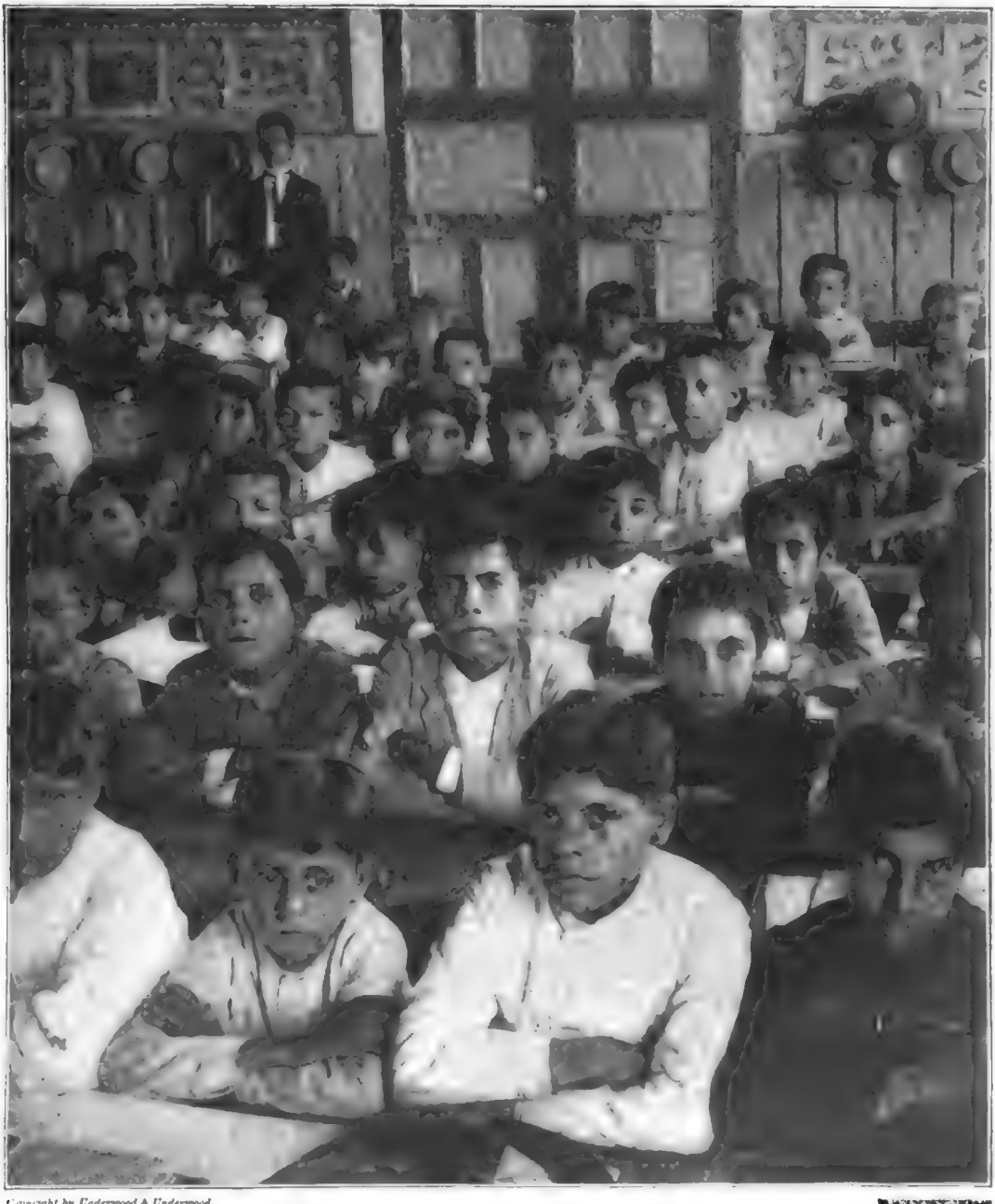

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AT GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR. SOME OF THE FUTURE CITIZENS OF SOUTH AMERICA WITH WHOM OUR CHILDREN WILL TRADE.

emancipated, and the British trader, commanding the sea, turned his efforts in that direction.

The beginning was of a blundering sort. In their enthusiasm the English merchants sent in a few months to South America more goods than had been consumed in years before, and more than could be stored in warehouses, so that cases of Sheffield plate and cutlery, tons of

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beautiful cut glassware, and even skates were dumped down on the sand beaches and left there. That came of attempting to seize a market suddenly, without first becoming acquainted with its customs, wants, and capacity.

There is a lesson for us.

However, the English, being good traders, were quick to learn, and not only did their commerce with South America prosper, but in a little while British capital in large quantities began to go into South America, to open mines, to build factories and later railroads. In 1824-5, ten years after the beginning of trade, there was a speculative craze in London for South American shares, amounting almost to a mania, and although, of course, a great deal of money was lost by the speculators, a great deal of capital did actually go to South America for investment. And but for that fact, English trade with South America would never have increased as it did.

The primary reason why the United States has never had a large share in the world's trade with the Latin-American republics is that this country has not put the capital there. What commerce we have with them, exclusive of Mexico, is owing to the initiative of a few American trading firms with large resources, able and willing to place both capital and credit with their customers.

One of them is the world-trading firm of Crossman & Sielcken. The head of the house is Herman Sielcken, an American citizen with European instincts. He was one day talking of trade, here and there in the world, and had disparaged the Chinese trade on the ground that with people who live on four or five cents a day it is bound to be a pinching, niggardly business, when suddenly his thoughts touched South America.

"But in South America," he said, "ah, there is trade! Seven million people in Argentina export more goods than four hundred millions in China. In Buenos Aires I was at a ball and saw a woman wear two gowns in one evening—the same woman at the same ball in one evening. Two gowns. That is business."

"You know the South American trade?"

"From the ground I know it. I know the people. Many years ago I was shipwrecked off the coast of Brazil. That was very lucky for me. I saved only my shirt."

"Why was it lucky for you?"

"I had a little money in a bank, and I loaned it to the other people who were shipwrecked—a little to each one—five pounds to one, ten to another, fifty to another. And after that I was the most popular trader in that country. Nobody could sell goods there but me. From the man I loaned fifty pounds I have made one hundred thousand pounds in trade!"

"On the principle that trade goes where the money is?"

"I loaned them all the money I had, and I got their trade. We did the same thing again in 1906."

"In 1906?"

"Yes."

"You mean the coffee scheme?"

"In coffee. Suppose they could get no money in this country on their coffee and got it all from France and England and Germany: where would the trade go?

"The reason that we have not more trade with South America is——

"I tell them they can not get South American trade with Pan-American embracings. I tell them that. The people in South America can beat us at embracings. They have the language for it. The trade does not come. France and England and Germany —they took the risk. They loaned South America a lot of money and they get the trade. What good does it do us if Brazil has to go to Europe for money on her coffee? Theory! We loaned eighty per cent. of everything we had to Brazil at that time on coffee. We have South American trade —we, here, in this house have. It is like the shipwreck again."

He was referring to the "coffee-valorization scheme," in which Wall Street bankers participated. They loaned Brazil money to hold her surplus coffee for higher prices.

OUR PLACE IN THE LIST

The United States has between $750,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 in Mexico, and with Mexico alone of the Latin-American countries have we a very large trade; in South American countries our investments are unimportant, except on the west coast, in the mines of Chile and Peru; and they are not very great.

There is more British capital in Argentina alone—in Government debt, railways, land companies, ranches, and banks—than the

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THE HARBOR AT BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE AND MODERN CITIES IN THE WORLD. ARGENTINA'S CHIEF EXPORTS ARE WHEAT AND BEEF.

whole of our investments in Latin-America. And British capital is in all the other countries, and is only second in Mexico to our own. The total of British investments in Latin-America is probably near four billion dollars. If you should count the investment in British ships engaged in the carrying trade, it would be larger still.

France comes next. Her investments in Latin-America are probably in excess of three billion francs. Germany is third.

When a South American republic wants to sell bonds, it never thinks of coming to the United States. It sells them in London or Paris, and they are listed on the exchanges. If by chance any were sold in New York the money would be remitted not direct from Wall Street to South America, but through London, because the banking facilities for doing business in South America are European.

And so has the apple ripened. And now that we think of partaking of the fruit, we must see that beforehand we must be prepared to send a great deal of capital to Latin-American countries, because they are still borrowing it and are at this minute in urgent need of capital, the European supply of which has been temporarily cut off.

We talk of selling them the goods which

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Europe on account of the war has stopped sending; but we do not talk of lending them the hundreds of millions of capital which they need even more than the goods. We must be prepared also to invest a lot of money in ships and in banks, and to do a great many other things which require time, patience, and tact, and in the doing of which we are likely to make many blunders, even as the English did in 1814.

THE DEMANDS OF TO-MORROW

But, after all, it is not the chance of selling more goods to South America that is of vital interest. It is the opportunity it offers to young Americans to go there and do the same things that their fathers did when they changed a wilderness into the richest country in the world.

Therein lies the importance of the South American question. We have built up great wealth without having a broad outlook. Our country is so large and so rich that there was always enough prosperity to go around. But the time has come to acquire the German habit of thoroughness. The German business man has paid great attention to detail. He has proved this in ways innumerable and instructive. But also he has had a hobby for the world-outlook. We sometimes have not found it necessary to look beyond our county-lines.

As a matter of fact, most of our wide-awake manufacturers have at various times either tried to do an export business in our sister republics or have studied the problem after a fashion. In the end, after trying or studying, they have been content to fill such orders as came to them through the export commission houses.

We have many such houses, some of them grown enormously rich. But it is also true that many millions have been lost in the self-same business, and that, for the most part, the business of the commission men has been rather to sell South American products in the United States than to market American goods in South America.

There are firms in New York whose business with Latin America is so large that they even own their ships, firms that have sold millions of dollars of American goods there. They have financed trolley lines, sugar-plantations, mines, rubber tracts, railroads, harbor improvements, coffee crops, revolutions, and other enterprises, and got rich at it.

In cities like Rio Janeiro or Buenos Aires or Valparaiso or Mexico City you may see scores of branch offices of American firms; but chiefly, it must be admitted, of life-insurance companies or machinery houses, and the meat-packers. Americans are doing business there. But Americans do not seem to realize why they must do more business there.

They do not realize why they must fight for what possibly is not vital to-day but certainly will become so to-morrow.

What is meant by the South American, or, more accurately, the Latin-American trade, is in reality the trade of all the countries lying south of the Rio Grande River. Of course, so far as transportation and proximity to us were concerned, Mexico, for a dozen years previous to the Madero revolution, was merely a geographical expression. What we didn't sell in Mexico was what we couldn't — such goods as the Europeans make better or cheaper than we. But our trade there was growing in proportion, not as Yankee drummers went there, but as American capital and brains developed the country through local enterprise of all sorts.

Eliminating Mexico from the discussion, there remain open to commercial invasion the countries lying south of the southern boundary of Mexico, that is from Guatemala to Chile, both inclusive.

THE SIZE OF THE APPLE

Exclusive of the British, French, Dutch, and Danish possessions, where we probably could never compete with the home country except in specialties, we have Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile; sixteen republics with a total area of 7,981,837 square miles, as against 3,616,484 square miles in the United States, not counting Alaska and our insular possessions, and an aggregate population of 56,044,360 people as against our nearly 100,000,000 to-day. The total exports of the sixteen Latin-American countries in question amounted in 1912 to $1,420,739,073, of which $410,915,032 came to the United States. Their total importations amounted to $1,144,278,741. Of this total only $255,768,084, or less than twenty-five per cent. of the whole, was paid for American goods of all kinds, and so $888,-

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510,657 went elsewhere, some of it to other Latin-American countries, but most of it to Europe.

These statistics show that the United States is not getting the share it should—not even in the way of fair exchange—and also that there is really a sizable booty to capture.

SIXTEEN SOUTH AMERICAN PROBLEMS

In this connection, however, it seems to be assumed by many Americans that trade conditions and needs are much the same in all the sixteen sister republics, and also that we could easily capture all the business that heretofore has gone to Europe.

In point of fact, these countries differ greatly. If you happen to be in Buenos Aires when a *pampero* is blowing, you will need heavy undergarments to feel comfortable, whereas at the self-same moment your fellow-American trying to do business in Guayaquil will be wondering whether he could safely divest himself of all his underclothes and most of his overclothes as well. The difference in climatic conditions means logically a difference in national characteristics, in local needs, and in local products. You will find a huge Italian population in Buenos Aires, and in Rio Grande do Sul a German element that has at times alarmed some of our Monroe doctrinaires, whereas in La Paz you will hear only Spanish, and in Bolivia Indian dialects. Argentina produces wheat and beef; Chile's and Brazil's coffee crop is huge, while Ecuador gets rich growing cacao. In Chile you will find an admiral by the name of Brown in command of its navy, while in Venezuela there is scarcely a public official whose name denotes an Anglo-Saxon origin.

The population of Buenos Aires is 1,326,994, and of Rio Janeiro 811,265, while the largest city in Bolivia (La Paz) can boast but 62,320. Paraguay has no sea-coast, while the Chilean littoral extends over 2,650 miles.

In short, there is no one South American trade problem, but sixteen, and each of the sixteen in turn splits into minor subdivisions. The plan of campaign to be followed by the Yankee invader must therefore differ according to the particular territory to be conquered. We at home have a southern trade and an eastern and a western. The fundamental strategy there as here is simple: To get the business.

The optimist must bear in mind that no nation is so lavish, so extravagant in its purchases of both the necessaries of life and the luxuries as our own, and that nowhere in the world is wealth so widely distributed as in this country. Our people are not only the best fed, but the best dressed under the sun, and what we call our every-day comforts, within the reach of any industrious artisan, are esteemed luxuries in nearly every other country and as such beyond enjoyment by all save the higher classes. Therefore our invaders must not expect to find so wide a market for the luxuries and semi-luxuries that we produce.

On the other hand, the pessimists must remember that there is a great deal of solid wealth in South America and a vast number of rich people, who spend money as freely as our own millionaires. In France and Switzerland and Italy the tradespeople and hotel-keepers now lump Brazilians and Argentines with Americans as Monte Cristos. In all the Latin-American capitals there are fine shops with plenty of buyers, but they are kept by Europeans.

It is true that if we can't sell our goods in South American countries until they are as rich and as financially sound as the United States, we shall never sell them a cent's worth. But the current talk of the bankruptcy of these countries is more or less fallacious. If South America is utterly bankrupt, how does it happen that she buys $888,510,657 worth of goods in other countries? Are France and Germany and England giving her all that out of kindliness—especially Germany? And yet South American countries do, in fact, buy more than they sell. The explanation—and, again, the lesson for us—is that they borrow capital from Europe and spend it in Europe for goods. They pay interest on that capital.

PLANNING OUR EXPORT TRADE FOR THE FUTURE

The United States, for a long time an agricultural nation, is becoming a manufacturing nation. Our exportable surplus of foodstuffs must become smaller. Our own population increases faster than the area under cultivation. The necessity for an outlet for our manufactures must become greater every year. Our export trade to Europe is very much more valuable than

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the entire trade with South America would be. But we shall never be able to sell in Europe products that we ought to be able to sell in countries whose own manufactures are backward.

For years our manufacturers, the most prosperous in the world, have quite logically had the point of view of people whose prosperity is only partly earned. It is not merely brains, enterprise, mechanical genius, and the American spirit that have made so many millionaires in the United States, but all of these, *plus the tariff*. The profit on what was sold at home was so great that our manufacturers could not hope to do as well abroad.

We have grown so much of late years in manufacturing efficiency and intelligent merchandising that to-day we are not only able but anxious to manufacture and sell to others than Americans. Every day we come nearer to the time when we must go after business that we never before had—nearer than most people suspect. We have yet to realize the manifest destiny of the United States.

This is not, as most people seem to imagine, an opportunity to capture the entire

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AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY OF THE INCAS, RUNNING THROUGH THE CITY OF QUITO, ECUADOR. MUCH TRADE STILL GOES BY THESE SLOW MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

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trade of South America, because we can not do this now or ever. What the war offers us is a chance to sell some goods in South America to-day that we could not sell if exports from the warring European countries had not stopped. This, however, does not mean the permanent possession of such trade. It is merely the possible booking of orders that could not be filled elsewhere at the moment. But the booking of these orders will do more than give a profit to our business men. It will give them customers of the occasion which they must try to turn into regular patrons. To-day you may be able to give them what you have. But to keep their trade you will have to give them what they like. The export business can not be an unimportant "side line."

And the reason why haste is imperative is not that we now have no competition from Germany, but that after peace is declared in Europe the competition from Germany, England, France, and Belgium is bound to be keener than ever. Their manufacturers will hustle as they never did before. There probably will be large stocks of goods on hand that must be sold at almost any price. The European manufac-

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THE MODERN METHOD OF GETTING GOODS FROM THE SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAINS TO THE COAST. A RAILWAY NEAR LOS CARACALES, CHILE.

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turers will be crippled by the war, but we know that the poorer a man is the harder he will labor, because he will not be working for more profit but for bread without butter.

For these reasons it seems to me that to-day is not the time to talk about jumping into a ready-made export trade in South America. I see merely the time for Yankee drummers to begin the march southward.

Yankee drummers, though, who speak Spanish, and who leave behind them at their various headquarters office correspondents who can write business letters in Spanish. This is an enormously important item in our equipment for tackling South American trade.

Nobody has taken more interest in the agitation over the South American trade than our bankers. They see plainly that the need of capturing it is urgent, because the day of exorbitant profits at home is nearly over. Our people won't stand for them. As we grow older we also grow more civilized, the struggle for life takes on new aspects, the interest rate decreases; that is, smaller dividends will satisfy, provided the smaller rate is permanently maintained. Frenzied finance is a thing definitely of the past. Banking must be banking and nothing more.

In thus approaching the European standards, our bankers must do as the European bankers do—look abroad as well as at home for business. And the bankers of this country, knowing that the United States is becoming more civilized, are obviously compelled to look abroad for the big profits of former days. We must turn to new countries where there is neither enough Socialism to hurt our business nor enough capital to reduce the interest rate.

YOUNG MEN NEEDED FOR THE FRONT

I can not help thinking that all exhortations to capture the South American trade fail to grasp the point that if we are to make these markets our own, it will be not merely by selling goods but by sending our young men to develop Latin-America. Germany sells so much there not because it manufactures so cheaply or is willing to extend long credits, but because the wholesale and retail business in many of the South American countries is in the hands of Germans who have gone there to make money and live there while making it.

This helps to explain the long-credit system of Latin-America, of which we have heard so much as the insuperable obstacle to American business there. The European doing business in Spanish America not only sells the natives the goods of his own country, but buys the native's products, finances his crops, and does it more easily since he does it by paying partly in goods. He gets the profit coming and going. And this is true not only in merchandise. Say, for example, that Englishmen own an electric-lighting plant. The directors are Englishmen, interested in various enterprises at home. In the name of pounds sterling, whose coal and whose machinery should that English electric-light company in Brazil buy if not England's?

The United States will never do a big business in South America until more Americans settle in South America. Drummers alone can not do it. The Latin way of doing business is not our way, and the most successful commercial traveler in the Middle West would probably be a failure in Venezuela until he had learned the ways of the country. This, you must remember, takes time.

In some ways the Latin races are extremely conservative. But you will find among them as keen a desire for progress and as warm a welcome for enterprising men as in any boom town in this country. There are tastes to cater to in South America, habits to study, customs to consider, desires to meet. The big market to our south must not be regarded as a dumping-ground for our surplus production, nor for our culls. It should be a steady, highly profitable branch of our general business and considered as such. The European war has not delivered it to us tied hand and foot. And we must not lose sight of the fact that South America is not merely a field for our merchants and manufacturers, but for our young men, for the graduates of our engineering schools, for those sturdy youngsters who do not wish to work for a salary all their lives.

In all invasions the first line of attack is entrusted to young men!

PYGMALION *By* **BERNARD SHAW**
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THE RACE-WAR MYTH

by

FRANZ BOAS

PROFESSOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

IF THE struggle now devastating Europe were, as has been claimed, an unavoidable war of races, due to deep-seated "racial instincts," then we should despair of the future of mankind. Beyond this conflict would lie others without end, as the development of international intercourse brings into consciousness new types of racial differences.

It is true that the Russian world is moved to its depths by the Pan-Slavonic idea, that Germany has been carried far on a wave of admiration for the excellence of the great Teutonic race, and that England rests serene on the unshaken conviction of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet the emotional value of these ideas does not make clear their rational values. The term "racial instinct" expresses the idea that there are definite, unsurmountable antipathies based on differences of appearance, and that certain hereditary mental characteristics belong to each type of man.

In Europe, the occurrence of local types has led to the concept of distinct races, identified with certain national groups: the blond representing the Teuton; the heavy, darker type, the Slav; and the Mediterranean, the typical Spaniard or Italian.

On account of the peculiar position of the blond type, it has been preeminently identified with the so-called Aryan race. As is well known, most of the languages of Europe are derived from one ancient form of speech—the parental Aryan language. Slavic, Teutonic, and Romance languages are the most important modern divisions of this group in Europe, to which Greek, Celtic, Lithuanian, and Albanian also belong. Among European languages only Finnish and its relatives on the Baltic, Magyar, Turkish, and Basque, do not belong to this extended group. Aryan languages are spoken by people of the most diverse racial types; nevertheless, there are scientists who try to identify the blond north-European with the ancient pure Aryan and who claim for the race preeminent hereditary gifts, because the people who at present and in our concept are the leaders of the world speak Aryan languages.

Scientific proof of these contentions can not be given. They are rather fancies of north-European dreamers, based on the complaisant love of the achievements of the blonds. No one has ever proved either that all the Aryans of the earliest times were blonds, or that people speaking other languages may not have been blond, too; and nobody would be able to show that the great achievements of mankind were due to blond thinkers. On the contrary, the men to whom we are indebted for the basic advances of civilization belong to the dark-complexioned human types of the Orient, Greece, and Italy, and not to our blond ancestors.

How deep and emotional a hold this idea has in the minds of some scientists appears when some investigators try to show us that Christ can not have been a Jew by descent but must have been an Aryan.

THE GREAT BLOND ARYAN—A FICTION

The idea of the great blond Aryan, the leader of mankind, is the result of self-admiration that emotional thinkers have tried to sustain by imaginative reasoning. It has no foundation in observed fact. This, however, does not decrease the emotional value of the fiction that has taken hold of minds wherever the Teutonic, German, or Anglo-Saxon type—however it may be called—prevails.

It is not the preeminence of the blond alone that appeals to the fancy in northwest European countries: all over Europe we find the idea of racial purity, and of the existence of certain features inherent in each race that makes it superior to all others. This notion prevails among ourselves with equal force, for we shake our heads gravely over the ominous influx of inferior races from eastern Europe. In-

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ferior by heredity? No. Socially different? Yes; on account of the environment in which they have lived, and, therefore, different from ourselves, and not easily subject to change, provided they are allowed to cluster together indefinitely. Equally strong is our fear of the mongrelization of the American people by intermixtures between the northwest European and other European types.

TYPE AND RACE DO NOT COINCIDE

In our imagination the local racial types of Europe have been identified with the modern nations, and thus the supposed hereditary characteristics of the races have been confused with national characteristics. In vain, sober scientific thought has remonstrated against this identification; the idea is too firmly rooted. Even if it is true that the blond type is found at present preeminently among Teutonic peoples, it is not confined to them alone. Among the Finns, Poles, French, north Italians, not to speak of the north-African Berbers, there are many individuals of this type. The heavy-set, dark east-European type is common to many of the Slavic peoples of eastern Europe, to the Germans of Austria and southern Germany, to the north Italians, and to the French of the Alps and of central France. The Mediterranean type is spread widely over Spain, Italy, Greece, and the coast of Asia Minor, without regard to national boundaries.

In western Europe types are distributed in strata that follow one another from north to south — in the north the blond, in the center a dark, short-headed type, in the south the slightly built Mediterranean type.

National boundaries in central Europe, on the other hand, run north and south, and so we find the northern French, Belgian, Hollander, German, and Russian to be about the same in type and descent; the central French, south German, Swiss, north Italian, Austrian, Servian, and central Russian to be all the same variety of man, and the southern French to be closely related to the types of the eastern and western Mediterranean area.

At the present moment the relation of German and Slav is of principal interest. During the period of Teutonic migrations, in the first few centuries of our era, the Slavs settled in the whole region from which Teutonic tribes had moved away. They occupied the whole of what is now eastern Germany. In the Middle Ages, with the growth of the German Empire, a slow backward movement set in. Germans settled as colonists in Slavic territory and by degrees German speech prevailed over the Slavic. In Germany, survivals of the gradual process may be found in a few remote localities where Slavic speech still persists. As by contact with the more advanced Germans the cultural and economic conditions of the Slav improved, his resistance to Germanization became greater and greater—earliest among the Czechs and Poles, later in the other Slavic groups.

With the increased economic and cultural strength of the Slav, the German lost his ability to impose his mode of life upon him and with it his power to assimilate the numerically stronger people in its own home. But by blood all these people, no matter what their speech, are the same.

In short, *there is no war of races in Europe*, for in every single nationality concerned in the present struggle the various elements of the European population are represented and arrayed against the same elements as grouped together in another nationality. The conflict has nothing whatever to do with racial descent. The racial antipathies are feelings that have grown up on another basis and have been given a fictitious racial interpretation.

It is clear that the term *race* is only a disguise of the idea of *nationality*, which has really very, very little to do with racial descent; and that the passions that have been let loose are those of national enmities, not of racial antipathies.

If there is no racial background to nationality, what is it? Is it language?

When we glance at the period of national aspirations that has characterized a large part of the nineteenth century, community of language might seem to be the background of national life. It touches the most sympathetic chords in our hearts. Italians worked for the overthrow of all the interests that were opposed to national unity of all the Italian-speaking peoples. German patriots strove for the federation of the German-speaking people in one empire. The struggles in the Balkans are largely owing to a desire for national independence according to the limits of speech. The Poles are longing for a reestablishment

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of their state which is to embrace all those of Polish tongue.

WITHOUT THE BOND OF LANGUAGE

Still, this does not comprise the whole of nationalism, for no less ardent is the patriotism of bilingual Belgium and of trilingual Switzerland. Even here in America we see that the bond of tongue is not the only one. Else we should feel that there is no reason for a division between Canada and the United States, and the political ties between western Canada and French Quebec must be artificial. Neither would it be intelligible why modern Germany should never have pursued the policy of unifying all German-speaking peoples in Europe, why she should not covet the large German provinces of Austria and should witness the possible Russianization of the German towns in the Baltic provinces and the Magyarization of the Germans in Hungary.

Neither the bonds of blood nor those of language alone make a nation. It is rather the community of emotional life that rises from our every-day habits, from the forms of our thoughts, feelings, and actions, which provides the medium in which every individual can unfold freely his activities.

Language and nation are so often identified because we feel that among a people that uses the same language every one can find the widest field for unrestricted activity. Added to this is the powerful idea of political unity, which emphasizes the interests of the citizen as opposed to those of the foreigners. These beliefs combine to create a sense of national unity.

Those who claim on *a priori* ground that there can not be any Austrian patriotism on account of the polyglottal mixture that is found in the empire, might do well to consider that during the past seventy years the Magyar and Slavic peoples have freed themselves more and more from German domination, and that a coordination of the various groups is slowly developing. Thus a new national life has sprung up; probably the only form of life that can lead to a free unfolding of human activity in this region that is split up like no other part of Europe.

The attitude of Italy in the present situation illustrates also that the linguistic bond is not the only source of national aspirations. Austria is reaping her reward for long-continued oppression, which has taken such strong hold of the Italian mind that the French encroachments in the west seem to have been forgotten.

For the full development of his faculties, the individual needs the widest possible field in which to live and act according to his modes of thought and inner feeling. Since, in most cases, the opportunity is given among a group that possesses unity of speech, we feel full sympathy with the intense desire to throw down the artificial barriers of small political units. This process has characterized the development of modern nations, and is now active in part of southeastern Europe.

When, however, these limits are overstepped and a fictitious racial or alleged national unit is set up that has no existence in actual conditions, the free unfolding of powers, for which we are striving, is liable to become an excuse for ambitious lust for power. When France dreamt of a union of all Latin people in a Pan-Latin union under her leadership, the legitimate limits of natural development were lost sight of for the sake of national ambition. If Russia promotes a Pan-Slavistic propaganda among the diverse peoples, solely on the ground that the Slavs are linguistically related, and assumes a fictitious common racial origin, the nationalistic idea is made the cover for the desire of expansion of power.

THE WRONG SIDE OF NATIONALISM

Together with the positive, creative side of nationalism, there has developed everywhere another one, which forms the basis of the passions that are blinding the people of Europe to the high aims of humanity. Instead of seeing in each nation one of the members of mankind that contributes in its own way toward the advance of civilization, an aggressive intolerance of all other units has grown up. It is strengthened by the inadaptability of governmental machinery, which favors national isolation.

On a larger scale the conditions are repeated now that less than a century ago prevented the ready formation of modern nations. The narrow-minded local interests of cities and other small political units resisted unification or federation on account of the supposed conflicts between their interests and ideals and those of other units of comparable size. The governmental

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organization strengthened the tendency to isolation, and the unavoidable, ever-present desire of self-preservation of the existing order stood in the way of amalgamation. It was only after long years of agitation and of bloody struggle that the larger idea prevailed.

The task before us at the present time is a repetition of the process of nationalization on a larger scale.

The federation of nations is the next necessary step in the evolution of mankind.

It is the expansion of the fundamental idea underlying the organization of the United States, of Switzerland, and of Germany. The weakness of the modern peace movement lies in this, that it is not sufficiently clear and radical in its demand, for its logical aim can not be an arbitration of disagreements. It must be the recognition of common aims of at least all the nations of European descent. The time is obviously not ripe for demanding an expansion of this idea over the productive members of the non-European races of mankind.

Such federation is not a utopian idea, any more than nationalism was a century ago. In fact the whole development of mankind shows that this condition is destined to come. In the earliest period of social development, when human beings lived in small, scattered groups, the unit in which community of interest was recognized was the small horde, and every outsider was considered as specifically distinct and as an enemy who must be killed for the sake of self-preservation. By slow degrees the hordes multiplied and formed themselves into larger units. The distinction between the members of the tribe and the foreigner was no longer considered as a specific one, although the idea continued to prevail that it was of foremost interest to protect the fellow tribesman against the foreigner.

Progress has been slow, but almost steady, in the direction of expanding the political units from hordes to tribes, from tribes to small states, confederations, and nations. The concept of the foreigner as a specifically distinct being has been so modified that we are beginning to see in him a member of mankind.

It is obvious that the standards of ethical conduct must be quite distinct as between those who have grasped this ideal and those who still believe in the preservation of isolated nationality in opposition to all others. In order to form a fair judgment of the motives of action of the leaders of European nations at the present time we should bear in mind that in all countries the standards of national ethics, as cultivated by means of national education, are opposed to this wider view. Devotion to the nation is taught as the paramount duty, and it is instilled into the minds of the young in such a form that with it grows up a feeling of hostility against all other nations.

Conditions in Europe are intelligible only when we remember that by education patriotism is surrounded by a halo of sanctity, and that national self-preservation is considered the first duty. It is at least intelligible why a government that sees the very existence of the nation endangered should, in a conflict of duties, reluctantly decide to set the safety of the nation for which it is responsible higher than the performance of a treaty inherited from a previous generation.

We must acknowledge that in such a case the demands of national and international duty are hopelessly at variance.

NATIONALISM IN AMERICA

Since our own political interest in the war in Europe is weak, we stand naturally nearer to the standpoint of international morals and are inclined to misinterpret the motives that sway the nations at war. We should not deceive ourselves. It is only the lack of immediate interest that determines our attitude. We are no less eager than the nations of Europe to instil the idea of the preponderance of national interest over human interest into the minds of the young. We, too, teach rather the lessons of aggressive nationalism than those of national idealism, expansion rather than inner development, the admiration of warlike, heroic deeds rather than the object for which they were performed. Given a national conflict, and the same unreasoning passions will sway our people that are carrying Europe to the brink of ruin.

Those who look forward to the federation of nations must work together to teach their ideals to the young, to teach that no nation has the right to impose its ideals upon another one, that no war is justifiable except for the defense of the threatened integrity of our ideals.

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ONCE OVER

by

JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON
and
FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY MUNSELL

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE:—In a studio on Washington Square three young men live together—a painter, a lawyer, and a moving-picture dramatist. Andreas, the painter, is illustrating a Christmas story, and is bent on putting fresh values into the familiar figures of the Three Wise Men. He has a remarkable model for Melchior: a silent old man named Dickinson, with exactly the right kind of dignity and of whiskers. One morning the model fails to appear, and his daughter, Pandora, calls at the studio to inquire for him. He had not come home the night before, it appears, and the girl is alarmed. Andreas goes back with her to the boarding-house to investigate; but all they get is the information that a strange woman has been telephoning.

Out of sympathy for Pandora, Andreas takes her to dinner, and Coley, the poet, joins them. While they are in the restaurant a strange man, with haunting eyes and haggard face, looks in at them. As they cross the Square, Andreas sees the same man again and, breaking away, tries to follow. Back in the studio, he is startled to realize that the stranger's eyes are the same as those of Melchior in his picture. At this moment his hand touches a forgotten parcel which the half-witted maid at the Dickinsons' boarding-house has given him. He opens it, and finds a mass of snow-white hair. Andreas at once believes the man he has just seen is Dickinson.

Meantime Coley, after taking Miss Dickinson home, also sees a stranger whom he identifies as the old model. But his Dickinson, well-dressed and riding in a motor, is still wearing whiskers, though disguisingly trimmed. In the studio, while the two are comparing notes, Tommy Brackett, the lawyer, comes in with the information that he has actually talked with Dickinson, flowing whiskers and all, and can produce him.

The next afternoon Andreas, summoned by Pandora's landlady, and Coley, who has invited Pandora to dinner, meet at the boarding-house. From the landlady's flurried account they learn that Pandora, on her way to the drug-store telephone, has been frightened by a man who is evidently Andreas's version of her father, and has gone off in an automobile with a woman whom Coley had seen in the car with *his* Dickinson.

All this has just happened; and while they are still discussing it, Lottie, the maid, furnishes fresh excitement by dashing out, bareheaded, into the street and starting off at full speed.

PART THREE—TANGLED FAMILY TIES

"OH, THAT girl will be the death of me—oh, my heart!" gasped Mrs. Jaqueth, pressing her massive front with both hands. "Lottie!" she screamed once more through the window, and then, her gray face flushed to a ripe purple, lurched back into a chair. Even in the midst of his anxiety and bewilderment Coley wondered how the chair could receive her thus and remain intact, but at the same time he was vigorously patting her arm and telling her to brace up—it wasn't anything to worry her heart over.

He turned to ask Andreas what in the

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deuce they could do about it, but Andreas was gone. He was not in the room, nor in the hall, and a hurried excursion to the front door failed to disclose him on the steps or in the street.

Andreas was already around the corner in hot pursuit of Lottie. Lottie was a rapid walker when she chose to be, and she was not hampered by any embarrassing fear that people might think she cut a ridiculous figure scurrying through the streets in her ungainly way. Mrs. Jaqueth's cry she paid no heed to: she kept straight on. But Andreas was a different matter. She dodged around a corner—he saw her and followed. Then, seeing the uselessness of trying to get away from him, she stopped and waited.

"What's the matter, Lottie?" he asked, catching up with her.

"There ain't any use of you followin' me," she said stubbornly. "Because if you do I won't go any place, and then you'll be sorry."

"I don't want to follow you! All I want is to find out if you know what has become of Miss Dickinson."

"Well—I don't know, so let me alone."

"Who was that woman—what did she say to you when she spoke to you on the steps?"

"I don't know who she is."

"But what did she say?"

Lottie was looking restively up and down the street, mightily impatient to be done with this questioning.

"She asked if Miss Dickinson was in, that's all."

"Hasn't she always asked for Mr. Dickinson before? Hasn't she always refused to see Miss Dickinson?"

"For mercy's sake, will you stop askin' me questions and let me alone? I told you what she asked me!"

"Look here, Lottie, I'm not doing this to bother you. Miss Dickinson's in trouble, and a lot of queer things have been going on. I'm trying to help her. She went away with that woman—it may be all right, but the woman was a stranger to her and it may be all wrong. She may be in danger. Why don't you tell me everything you know? You're a friend of hers, aren't you? Why won't you do what you can to save her from any possibility of danger?"

Lottie suddenly stared at him with popping eyes. "Do you think she was a white slaver?" she demanded.

Andreas almost winced. Such a thought may have lurked vaguely and fearfully in the back of his mind, but it was the kind of thought he instinctively would not entertain with his reason. He too strongly preferred to think that such things were supremely extraordinary—that they almost never happened in real life. Lottie's suddenly voicing it as an actual possibility was horrible.

"Of course not! She couldn't be, right out in daylight like that. She'd be afraid of getting caught!"

"But she might be!" Lottie asserted, her eyes gleaming.

"Then don't you see you've got to help me all you can?"

"Are you in love with her?" she demanded sharply.

"For the love of Mike, Lottie, don't be silly. What has that got to do with it? I've got to help her, just as any man would."

Lottie suddenly dropped all the defiant manner. "Well, all right—only you got to leave me alone. There's some things—" she almost licked her lips over the words, they gave her so much pleasure—"that's a secret and I can't tell 'em until I got a right to. But I bet you anything I'll get something to tell you; only you got to let me go along now and not follow me. You got to swear you won't follow me."

Andreas wanted more than anything else to shake her as if she were a naughty child, but his morning's experience had shown him he must do things her way if he wanted to accomplish anything with her at all. Her outlandish, melodramatic fashion of distorting even the most commonplace things made it hard to be patient with her, and her insistence on making him play romantic hero to Pandora's heroine embarrassed him. But she had to be humored. Andreas was certain that under her crude acting she had some item of real information, and if entering into her game of melodrama was the only way of getting at it, that was what he would have to do.

"All right, I swear I won't follow you, if you'll promise to come right back and tell me what I want to know," he said seriously. "But there's one thing you can tell me now—do you know where Mr. Dickinson is?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you anything just yet!" she said stubbornly.

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"IF YOU'LL STOP BOTHERIN' ME AND LET ME GET ALONG, I'LL BE BACK PROBABLY IN HALF AN HOUR, AND THEN MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING. BUT YOU GOT TO KEEP YOUR OATH!"

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"But say—has he shaved off his beard?"

She stared at him and broke into a long giggle. "Tryin' to be a detective, ain't you?" she snickered. "Well, you got hold of the wrong pig. I ain't sayin' a word till the time comes. And you just remember your oath."

It took a big effort to hold his temper. "All right. When will the time come? When am I going to see you again?"

"If you'll stop botherin' me and let me get along, I'll be back probably in half an hour, and then maybe I'll tell you something. But you got to keep your oath!"

"All right. Half an hour."

"Yeh. And mind you don't try to shadow me. Golly, I hope she was a white slaver! That'd be some real fun!" Lottie laughed gaily to herself over the prospect.

"Why don't you start?" asked Andreas. "I'm not keeping you any longer."

"Oh, you've got to get along first! I'm goin' to wait right here on the corner till you get back to Mis' Jaqueth's and into the house. And you needn't tell her nothin', because it's none of her business."

Andreas laughed an exasperated laugh. "All right," he said again, and walked back to the house. Once he looked back and saw Lottie watching him intently from the corner. He waved to her to assure her he was keeping his oath, and mounted the steps.

The front door was still open, and Coley, watching from Mrs. Jaqueth's room, saw him and jumped up to meet him.

"You been out feeding the pigeons?" he demanded. "Here I am—" lowering his voice—"with a sick mastodon on my hands, threatening to faint every minute and absolutely refusing to faint and give me a rest. What are we going to do with her?"

Andreas found Mrs. Jaqueth looking thoroughly perturbed, but quite far from fainting. Her worry and her weak heart gave her a redder look than usual, and a face wet with perspiration, but her appearance entirely failed to bear out the terrifying portent of her words.

"Mr. Johnson, I vow you've come to see a dying woman. I just can't stand such goin's on as this. I gotta weak heart. There's Miss Dickinson gone off with that dreadful woman, and the good Lord knows whether we'll ever see her alive again, or maybe worse. And her worthless old father skullin' round somewhere making trouble for everybody, and Lottie runnin' off just when I need her most, the wicked girl. What can I do, all alone in the world, when even my own help, that I've brought up and cared for and given a good home, runs off like this and won't even stop to answer me when I call her?"

"Lottie's all right," said Andreas soothingly. "I went out to see her. She'll be back here in half an hour sure."

"What'd she run off for? Where'd she go? She might uv known I'd uv wanted her!" Mrs. Jaqueth found her handkerchief after a lengthy search and blew a mighty blast on it. "And that poor lamb with her father gone and everything, and now she's gone!"

Coley looked at Andreas. "You see!" his gesture said eloquently. Then, as he took out a box of cigarettes: "Do you mind if I smoke, Mrs. Jaqueth? I've just got to smoke with all this excitement in the air."

"Smoke as much as you please. It's bad for you and it'll stunt your growth, but I know just how you feel. I'd smoke myself if I was a man. I do wish Lottie was here to make me a good strong cup of tea."

"Let me do it!" cried Coley eagerly.

"No—no, I'd never think of it; but you can go down and tell Sarah. And tell her to make it good and strong. Oh, such a day!"

Coley flew from the room and Andreas tried his hand at reassurance.

"Miss Dickinson has gone out for a ride—you'll find that's all there is to it," he said persuasively. "You don't happen to know who that woman is and neither do we, but of course she's a friend of Miss Dickinson's. She wouldn't have gone with her if she weren't, right from the house with you looking on."

"But I don't trust that woman. I wouldn't trust her, never in my life!"

"Now that isn't fair! But if it'll make you feel any easier, we've got the number of the automobile and it'll be the simplest thing in the world to find her if she doesn't come back soon."

"Oh, Mr. Johnson!" Mrs. Jaqueth let out a long, shuddering sigh. "You don't know what a comfort it is to have a man round that knows something! Who'd uv thought uv getting the number of that 'mobile? My, that's a relief! You're sure you can find her with just that number?"

"Of course. That's what numbers on automobiles are for."

"Well—well! That's splendid!" Mrs.

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Jaqueth wiped her face thoroughly and almost smiled. "Who'd uv thought of it? I—I guess I'll lie down a little while now. I'm all worn out."

"Don't you want to wait for your tea?"

"No—it might keep me awake and I feel's though I could take a little nap. Could you just tell your chum not to trouble about it now? I'm going to lie down." And she started for the back of the room.

Andreas retreated to the hall, and found Coley sitting on the bottom of the stairs.

"Excuse me if I seemed to absent myself from the Mardi Gras, Aaron. Gosh, what for a woman! Tell her that the kettle is singing on the hob and her tea will be ready in five minutes."

"She doesn't want it—she's going to take a nap. She figures you're a great man because you got that automobile number. Have you done anything about tracing it?"

"By jiminy, I forgot all about it! I'll go and do it now."

"No—wait a minute. I want to talk to you. Let's go out on the steps."

Coley got up and followed him out the front door and sat down with him at the top of the brownstone steps that back in the eighties had marked the house with the prevailing brand of style and respectability.

"I guess I'll have to withdraw my candidate," Andreas began.

"You mean your old Dickinson?"

"Yes. I still can't get over the idea that I'm right. I suppose I'll cling to it till the old man himself comes along and tells me I'm a darned fool. But I realize how impossible it is, now that Pandora's seen him and dodged him."

"Well—" Coley hesitated. Quite characteristically, now that Andreas was forsaking his theory, Coley wanted to defend it. "If he's gone and shaved she wouldn't be any more likely to recognize him at first sight than anybody else."

"Sure—but you know Mrs. Jaqueth said he was talking to Pandora. She'd know his voice, wouldn't she? And he couldn't have been her father or she wouldn't have run away from him the way she did."

"He might have caught cold without his whiskers and been hoarse or something——"

"Go on, Coley, you're getting good!"

Coley grinned. "Well, I know this isn't the pneumonia season. But anyhow——"

"No—there's no use trying to bolster up a forlorn hope. I don't call it forlorn, exactly—I'm sticking to it till the end. Only, I'm not asking anybody else to place any bets on it, and I'm not trying to block the traffic with my man. The other entries can have a chance. Your old man, f'r instance."

"Yeh. And Tommy's edition. I s'pose we'd better look into Tommy's discovery, hadn't we?"

"Of course—we've got to, to put Thomas in his place if he's wrong and to do him justice if he's right. It doesn't seem possible that he is right—except that he usually is. We made a mistake last night in getting him sore so he wouldn't tell us about it."

"There's one thing about Tommy—" Coley was being elaborately generous, a frame of mind brought on by Andreas's touch of humility—"he knows too much to make one kind of a mistake and not enough to make another kind—my kind. He's quite sure that two and two don't make anything but four, and it wouldn't occur to him that if you put two little boys and two apples together the answer would be just two little boys. In other words, Androcles, as I've remarked many a time before, Tommy lacks constructive imagination. You see my point?"

Andreas fanned himself with his straw hat. "Say, Coley, if your man is old Dick, that explains his daughter's going away this afternoon."

Coley hid his elation under a sober face. "That's so, A," he said slowly. "He sent for her, eh? Golly, why didn't I think to tell that to Fatima inside? Pandora is with her dad, of course! But Jake drove every sensible thought out of my bean with her weak heart and her late husband and the fainting spell she kept promising but didn't make good on."

Andreas shook his head dubiously. "It's too easy, Coley. I don't mean that I'm trying to make a hard problem out of it; but for all Lottie's craziness, I'm sure she knows something about this. She's got a line on the old man—she was the last one to see him. And she doesn't know anything about this woman. She wouldn't have to, of course, but with any chance at all she'd have jumped at the idea of his inheriting a fortune and sending for his daughter in a touring-car. That's the way her head is shaped, as you would say. Instead of that, she goes flying at a white-slave idea——"

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Coley was aghast. "Andreas, you don't mean——"

"Of course I don't. Lottie does. But she wouldn't if she had any other theory in her mind to play with. When she gets back she may let us have something really definite to go on."

"Well!" Coley stared hard at the street for a minute before he spoke. A very lurid train of events dramatized themselves in his mind during that minute. "I'm going to get very busy. I'll call up Attorney Brackett and find out how to get hold of that car. Here we are chewing the cud like two old darkies on the doorstep at sunset. Speed and action is the program just now."

Andreas waited for him on the steps while he went to the drug-store to telephone. He came back with a changed plan.

"Tommy's going to have his man at the studio within half an hour. Had I better go down and give him the desk sergeant glare? It might clear everything up, and if you have to wait for Lottie——"

"Sure—go ahead, and I'll come along as soon as I can."

"Well, if you don't show up, and anything turns up, I'll telephone, eh?" Coley made sure that Pandora's book was on the hall table where she would see it when she came in, and hurried southward to Washington Square.

Lottie was punctual to the minute, if Andreas had taken the trouble to time her. She found him still waiting on the steps.

"What tidings from the front, Lottie?" he asked, as she stopped before him, her face unwontedly serious.

"If you go to the place that's written here, you'll probably find Miss Dickinson," she said, handing him a torn slip of paper. "And if she isn't there, the thing for you to do is call the police."

Andreas stared at her, then he looked at the paper. On it was written a name and an address: "Mrs. Eugene Gott, Lestershield Arms, West 77th Street."

II

TOMMY'S OLD MAN

Tommy dropped his *Evening Post* and worked the push-button till he heard the

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"IS HE YOUR MAN?" SHRIEKED COLEY.
"WHAT'S MY LINE — QUICK! —WHAT DO I SAY TO HIM?" WHISPERED THE OLD MAN FROM THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH.

down-stairs door open and close. Then he hurried into the studio and opened the door. He was disappointed, irritated, when Cassidy and Sidwell, Coley's two cronies from Tenth Street, trooped in.

"Hey, Brackett!" they shouted as they made a vaudeville-sketch entrance. "Where's Coley and Andy?"

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Tommy eyed them a little coldly. "Hello, fellows," he greeted, neatly rounding his o's. "They're both out."

The visitors broke up their close formation, Sidwell strolling over to examine the canvas on the easel and Cassidy collapsing comfortably on the couch.

Tommy glanced first at one and then at the other, and the expression on his face was not one of hosty cordiality. Through constant association, these two and Coley had become almost faithful replicas of one another in speech, manner, and thought, and one Coley was all that Tommy ever cared to cope with, single-handed, at a time. As he was about to explain that he did not know where either of his room-mates was, Cassidy held up his hand, palm outward.

"Not a word—not a word, Mr. Brackett!" he said oratorically. "I insist on saying it. It - wasn't - so - much - the - heat - as - the - humidity - that - made - it - uncomfortable - for - us - to-day."

"Say, this is big-league stuff!" called Sidwell from the easel. "Old Andrew has put it across and nailed it there, Fred. This stuff is ace."

Cassidy, uninterested in art at the moment, rolled over on his back and burst into song. "*Mill*-yons of girlies and *mill*-yons of boys!" he warbled forcefully, then stopped abruptly to comment: "Suspenders and a belt, Tommaso? Taking no chances, eh?"

Tommy did not answer. He did not at all want to conduct his interview with Dickinson in the presence of these visitors, and he was tremendously worried lest he shouldn't be able to get rid of them before the old man arrived.

"Have you seen this stunt of Andy's?" asked Sidwell.

Cassidy rolled lazily to his feet and did a noisy buck-and-wing across the floor to the easel.

"Fine—fine!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Say, Tommy, has the old fur-bearing animal who posed for this turned up yet? What's the story there, anyhow? Coley was telling us about it this afternoon. The old guy's a crook, isn't he? Coley says you've got a line on the real guy. How about it?"

Tommy was highly annoyed. It was like Coley to run all over the neighborhood telling about the affair to any one who would listen. Confound it, why couldn't he have kept quiet about it?

"I—er—I don't know—I don't know," he said abruptly, and took a turn about the room.

"The daughter is a peach, Coley says," went on Cassidy.

"Er—so I understand."

Cassidy sat down to make a more careful inspection of the Magi, and Sidwell, having turned the other two canvases face out from the wall, squatted on his heels before them. Tommy walked nervously to the window and peered down into the street.

"Tough on Andrew," Cassidy remarked after a time. "I s'pose his model got a job demonstrating safety razors in a drug-store window. Well, we're wasting our time here." He leaped up and began to jig energetically. "Who's going to eat? How aboucha, Tommaso? Eats?"

"I have an engagement," said Tommy briefly, as he turned from the window.

Cassidy's dance came to a quick stop. He looked at Tommy and elevated his eyebrows knowingly. "Ah — hah, you old rascal! P-s-s-t! Sid, did you get that?"

Sidwell straightened up, replaced the canvases as he had found them, and dusted his hands. "Taking some dancing with your food to-night, Tommy? A little of that roof-garden atmosphere? Who's the lady—do we know her?"

Tommy frowned. "There isn't any lady," he said shortly.

On tiptoe and taking very long steps, Cassidy started for the door and Sidwell followed. At the door each paused, placed a forefinger to his lips, and looked at the other. Then they went out, banged the door behind them, and clattered down the stairs three at a time.

Tommy grumbled and smiled at them at the same time. He went to the window to reconnoiter, then returned to the back room and his *Evening Post*. Ten minutes later the door-bell pealed loudly. This time it was the man he was looking for.

"Hello, Mr. Dickinson," he said cordially as he held the door open. "I was beginning to think you were going to disappoint me."

"My years are on me," returned the old man as he came in and dropped into a chair. "I don't feel like hurryin' these hot days. 'Twas ninety-two at noon, paper

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said to-night. Was it hot enough for you?"

Tommy hauled up the shaky rocker and seated himself near his visitor. "Why, yes—I must confess I wouldn't care to have it any hotter," he said genially.

The old man rummaged in the maze of his variegated garments and, producing a bandanna, mopped his forehead. "Heh-heh!" he chuckled. "In '89—no, it was '88—the mercury hit a hundred and fifteen in the shade in Chicago. Heh-heh-heh!—I laugh every time I think of it. They had a few streets covered with tar, and when the sun got so strong they wa'n't no place for walkin', I tell ye. Well, sir, there was a little fool yeller dog run out there after a butterfly or somethin', and he got all fours stuck in that tar. You never see such a surprised dog in your life, Mr. Brackett. I reckon he'd be there yet if somebody on the sidewalk hadn't throwed a noose over him and yanked him out."

He smoothed his whiskers with his handkerchief, then returned it to the inner pocket of his coat.

"Are you from Chicago, Mr. Dickinson?" asked Tommy.

"Well, no. I went out there first to set up a pipe-organ and I liked the town, so I drifted back two or three times. Huh-huh! Well, sir, I went to Chicago the first time to make an organ, you might say, and the last time I was there, in the winter of '94, my job was to play one. I was organist in the Second Dutch Reform Church all that winter. I drilled the choir, too. The Reverend Thomas A—er, Thomas A— Now ain't that funny how names slip you? Thomas—I had it right on the tip of my tongue. Huh, what was his name? Well, maybe I'll think of it—he wanted me to stay on there indefinitely; but it was about time for me to be movin', and I had a chance to make a dollar in New Orleans, so I said good-by to him."

Tommy drew a pencil from the patent holder fastened to his suspenders and began to tap on the arm of his chair. "You are an organ-builder by trade, Mr. Dickinson?"

"Well, no—although I've thrown one or two of them together in my day. I served my time at the wood-engraver's bench, and that's what I always figure is my trade; but I've walked up and down the earth and had a hand in a number of things."

He combed his beard reflectively for a moment, then suddenly standing erect, began to declaim:

> "Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans;
> J'ai travaillé toute ma vie——"

"Perhaps you don't understand French, Mr. Brackett?"

"Not very well," Tommy admitted.

The old man cheerfully shifted into English:

> "How old I am! I'm sixty year!
> I've worked both hard and long.
> Yet patient as my life has been,
> One dearest sight I have not seen—
> It almost seems a wrong.
> A dream I had when life was new—
> Alas, our dreams! They come not true!
> I thought to see fair Carcassonne!
> I have not seen fair Carcassonne!"

There was a quaver in his voice as he finished that made Tommy wonder just what comment to make; but while he was deliberating the old man sat down and winked at him mysteriously, then with the air of imparting a great secret, leaned forward and whispered hoarsely:

"Only I'm a good deal more than sixty—but I'm always ready for something new—always ready."

Tommy took a small pad from the table and, resting it on the arm of his chair, made a notation in small hieroglyphics. The expression on his face was legal and noncommittal, but inwardly he was gloating. He had drawn old Dickinson out! Andreas and Coley had never been able to get him to talk at all. If they had only been there to see what results the trained mind could produce! He looked at his watch. Already Coley was ten minutes late—thoroughly unreliable.

"Yes, that's always been my motto," continued the old man. "Take things as they come—but take 'em. That makes your life interestin'. I have not seen fair Carcassonne—who has? But I tell you, not many of my days have been blanks.

> "Lead me, O Zeus, and thou, O Destiny,
> The way that I am bid by you to go!"

"That's my philosophy. What is, is, and what's going to be is going to be, so fill up your pipe and go along with the procession. And keep your eyes and ears open—that's what they're for. I'm a great reader, Mr. Brackett—always have been since I was a

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boy. But I don't depend on books. No, sir! S'posin' there wa'n't any book in existence, says I to myself, what then? So I have trained myself to be receptive and observin', and I pick up my entertainment and knowledge as I run. I'm just as capable of reasonin' things out for my own benefit as any of those old writers.

"Things don't change much, Mr. Brackett. There never was but three problems since the beginnin' of time—how to keep healthy and strong, how to earn money enough to pay for your roof and food, and how to get along with the women folks. The solutions a man works out only do for himself—each of us has to wrastle with 'em just as if nobody had ever wrastled with 'em before. So, as I said before, I'm a great reader, but I know just how far readin' goes, and I keep my eyes and ears open and use my brain."

Tommy made another note on his pad, and prefixed it with a "Q." Under the "Q" he wrote "A," and poised his pencil.

"Your daughter is about twenty years old, Mr. Dickinson? I take it that—er—er—your wife is—er—dead?"

"Yes—dead," said the old man softly.

Tommy entered the answer. "You have been in New York now about twenty years, Mr. Dickinson? What has been your occupation during that time—before you took up posing?"

The old man chuckled as he ran his fingers through his beard. "I haven't kept any record of the things I've done," he replied. "But I can give you some idea. I have cooked in every restaurant with sawdust on the floor from the Battery to the Bronx. I worked at my trade when I could; but there hasn't been much demand for the boxwood blocks since the process—the photo-engravin' process—came in. I wrote prospectuses for three gold-mines and an irrigation project, and sold stock when I got things started. I spent about five years, off and on, trying to get a patent on a chainless bicycle—I invented the first chainless bicycle, you know. Say—" he broke off suddenly, and laid a hand on Tommy's knee. "You've heard of Blondin, who carried a man on his back across Niagara Falls on a tight rope?"

"Yes—you aren't Blondin, are you?"

"No—I was the man he carried!"—with obvious pride.

Tommy made another entry on his pad. "Is that so?" he queried admiringly as he looked up.

"Yes — always ready for anything new—that's my motto."

Tommy began to feel a sort of envy for this old man who had done so many different things and crowded his life so full of interest.

"Weren't you afraid?" he asked.

"Sho! me?" The old man sat up very erect and threw back his head so that his whiskers hung clear from his vest. "No, I wasn't afraid—not exactly. When Blondin was gettin' ready to swing me on his back he says, 'You haven't got St. Vitus' dance, or anything like that, have you?' And I said no, and he says, 'Well, you can't move around any after we get started, so if you want to scratch yourself anywhere do it now.' That was all. I knew I had to keep quiet, and that was what I concentrated most on, but my heart got to thumpin' so at one time I thought it'd shake us both off the wire. No, I wasn't scared exactly, but I don't want to be in that position again. When I ride I want to hold the reins, if you know what I mean. Then I'll take my chances as they come."

He relapsed into silence for a moment, then suddenly continued:

"I was the first man to ride a bicycle down a flight of stairs. Wouldn't think it to see me now, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know," Tommy evaded diplomatically. "I don't think I would be surprised at anything you might do, even now, Mr. Dickinson."

"Huh-huh!" chuckled the old man.

Tommy wrote another question on his pad and left a space for the answer. "You haven't told me yet why you disappeared so suddenly without notifying your daughter, Mr. Dickinson," and he beamed reassuringly at his visitor.

The old man looked quickly around the

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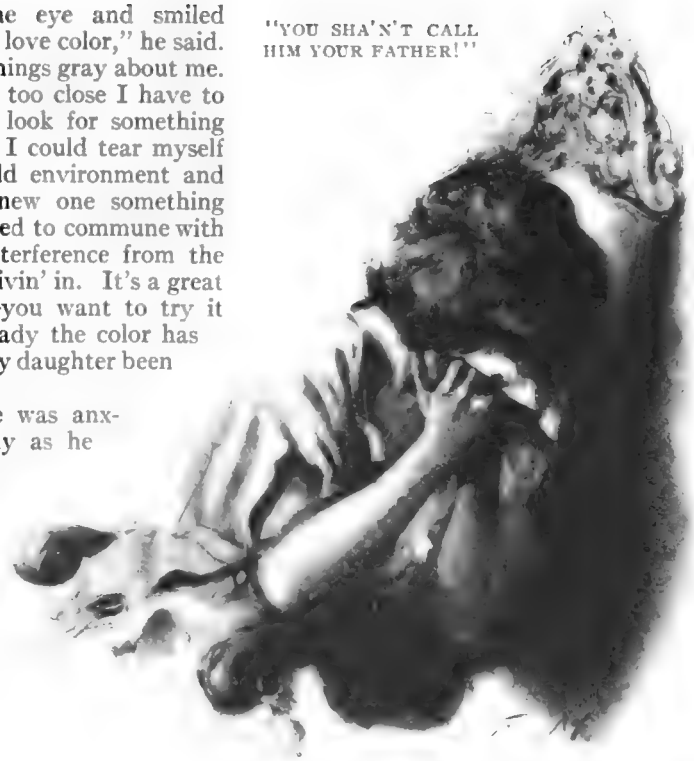
"YOU SHA'N'T CALL HIM YOUR FATHER!"

room, then closed one eye and smiled craftily at Tommy. "I love color," he said. "I can't stand having things gray about me. When the gray presses too close I have to shake myself free and look for something new I figured that if I could tear myself suddenly out of my old environment and throw myself into a new one something might turn up. I wanted to commune with myself without any interference from the gray world I had been livin' in. It's a great recipe, Mr. Brackett—you want to try it some time. Why, already the color has come back. Er—has my daughter been worryin' about me?"

"Why, naturally she was anxious," returned Tommy as he plied his pencil.

"Poor little girl—poor little girl," said the old man softly.

Tommy dropped pencil and pad and after switching on the lights went to the Magi on the easel and stared at it. The old man stood up, sauntered casually over to the table, and in a quick glance read Tommy's notations on the pad. Then he joined Tommy at the easel.

"He made a good Wise Man out of me," he remarked as his face softened to an expression like that which Andreas had painted into his Melchior. "Wonderful what these painters can do with a few strokes of the brush."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson is a thorough artist—" Tommy was saying, when the door was flung wide open and Coley hastened in. His face was a fine study as he stared at the two.

"Hello, Coley," said Tommy brightly as he placed his hand on the old man's shoulder with an air of ownership. "We've been waiting for you."

"How do you do?" greeted the old man with a friendly smile.

Coley reached behind him and closed the door, his eyes still on the two men by the easel. "How are you, Mr. Dickinson?" he said at last. "So you decided to come back, eh?"

Tommy was beaming like a boy on his way home after school had closed for the summer.

"Yes—he has returned to us," he volunteered.

"Like the bad old penny that I am," the old man chuckled.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" asked Coley, coming nearer.

"Why, as I explained to Mr. Brackett, things had become rather dull for me, so I stepped out for a few days to get a little change of atmosphere."

"Oh!" said Coley, nodding his head understandingly. "Well, Tommy, I congratulate you. You've done yourself proud."

"Oh, it was nothing when you know how," said Tommy modestly.

Coley placed his right hand over his mouth and, encircling his nose with his thumb, began to gurgle.

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"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" queried Tommy sharply.

Coley continued to gurgle and his cheeks turned dull red.

"Is he in on this?" asked the old man in a hoarse whisper.

Tommy looked from the old man to Coley. "Are you laughing or crying?" he demanded.

Coley removed his hand from his mouth and tottered over to the couch. "I'm crying, you boob!" he shrieked, as, laughing hysterically, he fell over on the cushions. "Is he your man?"

"What's my line—quick!—what do I say to him?" whispered the old man from the corner of his mouth.

Tommy was thoroughly amazed, but that did not stay the blush that was beginning to creep up to his forehead.

"What are you driving at, Coley?" he cried. "Are you trying to make fun of Mr. Dickinson?"

"You're a wiz, Tommy!" Coley howled. "Your joss-house sure is filled with owls. Who's your friend?"

"I am Mr. Dickinson," said the old man stoutly. "I have already explained why I saw fit to absent myself——"

"What's the game, Tommy?" Coley demanded, sitting up. "Have you been grooming this chap for the part with the idea you could put him over on me and Andreas?"

"Why, my dear sir—" the old man began in shocked accents, and then in an aside to Tommy: "Say something quick—I think he's on to us."

Then Tommy found his voice. "Do you mean to tell me this man is not Andrew's lost model?"

"Why, of course he isn't—take a look at that pic on the easel and compare your friend with Melchior! You can see the difference with half an eye," said Coley soberly. "Say, what's the idea, Tommy? You and your chum ought to practise up on your signals."

"I tell you I am Mr. Dickinson, and I pose——"

Tommy held up his hand and checked the old man. "Who are you, anyhow?" he asked sharply.

"That's the idea—bluff it out!" counseled the old man in a whisper. Then in a loud voice: "I can only repeat what I have already told you. My name is Dickinson, and it can't be that I have changed so in a few days that you young gentlemen don't recognize me."

He dropped his gaze to the painting and assumed the pose of Melchior as nearly as he could. "See here?" he invited.

"Yes—we see," said Tommy wearily and dropped into a chair. "Coley, will you step out into my room for a moment and close the door?"

Coley got up, much mystified, hesitated, then with a grin at Tommy turned and went into the back room.

"Who are you and what's your game?" asked Tommy.

The old man stared at him. "I think you should do the explaining," he said with an air of injured dignity. "You came to me and said, 'You're Mr. Dickinson, aren't you?' and I didn't know what your game was, so of course I said yes, and then you coached me up on my part. To-day you 'phoned me and I came down here and you coached me some more. I'm always ready for anything new, but you've got to stick by me better than this. What's your scheme, anyhow?"

"I coached you on your part? Why, you're crazy! I never——"

"Well, call it what you want to, you gave me certain information which I used as well as I could. Now I take it that all bets are declared off. What are you going to pay me for my trouble?"

Tommy thumped the table vigorously. "Not a cent!" he declared. "I am an attorney and I——"

The old man stared at him and quickly crossed the room and took up his old felt hat. For a moment he stood fumbling it, then he looked up at Tommy and chuckled.

"Well, it's all in a lifetime," he said. "Sometimes I win, and sometimes I lose. No hard feelin's, I hope? Well—I wish you good-day—Good-day to you, sir," he added to Coley, who appeared at that moment from the back room.

"Hey, where away? Wait a minute!" cried Coley, and he followed the old man out into the hall.

Tommy stood up as if in a daze, and then walked slowly to his room. A few minutes later Coley bounded in.

"Say, he's quite a card. Where'd you catch him?"

"Up-town in a saloon," said Tommy briefly.

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"What was the idea? He must be a game old cuss. He wouldn't tell me a thing about it," Coley went on.

Shamefacedly Tommy told the story.

"Did you give him any money?" asked Coley when Tommy concluded.

Tommy shook his head.

"Well, he got two dollars out of me just now," Coley chuckled. "He don't need an elastic under his chin to hold his little hat on—not that boy!"

III

THE WOMAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE

Pandora leaned forward in her seat as the touring-car turned northward.

"Please tell me, what is it you know about my father?"

The woman did not speak for a moment. She was expensively dressed in rather an exaggeration of the latest fashion, and her

A GLOW WARMED THROUGH HIM AS HE PROTECTINGLY RETURNED HER HAND-GRASP. "IS IT ALL RIGHT?" HE ASKED QUIETLY.

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whole appearance was obviously the product of many hours a day devoted to practical consideration of how to preserve youth and beauty. The result was something undeniably handsome, in an ironed-out, mask-like way. No lines gave expression to her face. The hair, elaborately arranged and surprisingly blond, made an impression of torturous submission to ministering hands that labored long but without inspiration.

Only her hands gave a positive inkling of what the inner woman might be. The nails were highly manicured and polished, and the fingers heavily ringed, but there was a wrinkled, petulant look to them that it had apparently never occurred to her to get a masseuse to conceal. All her years and all her troubles concentrated their outward effect in her hands, which she moved nervously even when she was not talking. Now she rested one of them on Pandora's knee.

"I had to get you away from that house," she said. "It is so dreadful—and depressing, and every time I've been there I've had such a feeling—as though something awful was surely going to happen. I just couldn't talk to you there."

"Who are you?"

The woman was silent again, scanning Pandora's face closely and making spasmodic little pressures with her hand. "Look at me—look at me very carefully!" she said suddenly. "Don't you know me?"

There was something vaguely familiar about the woman's face, but Pandora, thinking rapidly back over the women she had known, could not place it in her memory. "I don't remember you—I do not think I have ever seen you before," she said.

The woman sighed. "I thought you would say that," she said. "My name is Mrs. Gott, but that won't mean anything to you. It doesn't, does it? You haven't heard your father mention it?"

"No, I never heard the name before."

Again the woman sighed and, leaning back in the seat, she half-closed her eyes. It may have been fancy, but Pandora was keenly conscious of being watched from under those lowered lids.

"What is your first name, Miss—Miss Dickinson?" the woman suddenly asked.

"Pandora. But——"

"Pandora! A-huh!" It was almost a laugh, the sound Mrs. Gott made. Pandora thought she detected a trace of scorn in it. "Just Pandora?"

"Yes." Pandora's natural trustfulness was beginning to give way to uneasiness. When this woman had met her on the street with a request to talk to her about her father, she had impulsively stepped into the car without a thought but that here at last was news. The strange man hailing her from across the street was forgotten at once. But now, though she was not consciously remembering him, something of the fright he had given her was returning. The car had gone up Madison Avenue where traffic was not dense enough to make progress slow, and now it turned westward and entered Central Park. "You were going to tell me about my father, Mrs. Gott!" she said. "I have an engagement—I must get back. I had no idea you were going to bring me as far as this."

Mrs. Gott leaned forward and pressed her knee again. "Don't be uneasy," she said hurriedly. "This is so much more important than any engagement you could have."

"But my father—what about him?"

"I—I wanted to talk to you about him."

"Do you mean—aren't you going to tell me where he is?"

"I don't know where he is."

Pandora stood up, clutching at the rail on the back of the front seat. "You must let me out—I won't go any farther with you!" she cried.

"Sit down—please sit down! You'll get hurt!" Mrs. Gott entreated her, catching her by the arm.

"I won't be carried off this way—you lied to me!"

"Oh, listen to me just a minute! I had to see you—I had to talk to you, and there was no other way. I'm trying to help you, truly I am. You must believe me!" Beneath her complexion Mrs. Gott was pale, and the fingers with which she clutched Pandora trembled.

Pandora was pale too, and the gray of her eyes was quite black. "Stop the car, now—or I'll jump out!"

"Please, please! This is dreadful—people are staring at us! Sit down—we are almost home."

"I am not going home with you. Stop and let me out or I'll yell and scream until everybody in the park hears it!"

Startled by the vehemence of the argument behind him, the chauffeur had already

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slowed up the car, and now he looked questioningly over his shoulder at Mrs. Gott.

"Stop," she said, and the car came to a standstill. "You see," she whispered to Pandora, "I'm not trying to run away with you. All I ask is for you to ride just a little farther. And if you want to then, I'll stop at the other side of the park and you can get out. I promise you that!"

Pandora looked down at the beseeching face and agitated, clutching hands.

"All right," she said, and sat down. Something strange in the woman's look made her tremulous, and as the car started on again, she took a firm hold on the side of her seat to keep herself from trembling.

Mrs. Gott took a little bottle of smelling-salts from a bag she had with her and sniffed at it. Then she wiped her face with her handkerchief.

"Pan—Pandora," she began, and her voice shook. "Look at me!"

Pandora looked, steadily, and under her gaze Mrs. Gott's eyes filled and two tears started down her cheeks.

"Don't you see? Can't you guess?"

Pandora shook her head slowly.

"I'm—I'm your mother!" gulped Mrs. Gott hysterically, and with a sudden gust of emotion she snatched Pandora to her bosom.

For a moment Pandora was passive in her embrace, then she slowly released herself from the clinging arms.

"You can't be! You must be mistaken!" she gasped. Terror was growing in her—a choking fear, the climax of the last two terrifying days—that she was in the clutches of a madwoman.

"I am—I am!" Mrs. Gott sobbed. The tears were streaming down her face now, and she clung frantically to Pandora's hands. "Don't you see I am? You look as I used to look—don't you see it? How much you are like me?"

Pandora drew away and stared at her with widening eyes. The vague resemblance to something unidentified she had caught at first, the familiar look she had not been able to place—she knew now. She had seen it in her own mirror. It was something in the arch of the eyebrows, the slight tilt of the nose. Pandora reached out and turned the face from her until the profile showed. The resemblance was striking then.

"I thought you died when I was a baby," she said, and her voice trembled.

"My little baby—after all these years!" Her mother embraced her again and Pandora patted her back awkwardly. The tremulous feeling within her threatened to vent itself in tears. "You'll come home with me now—you won't be afraid of me any more?"

"No—I am not afraid. I'll come home with you."

They were out of the park again, as Mrs. Gott noticed.

"My dear—my dear! After all these years!" she repeated, and made a successful effort to conquer her emotion, settling back and rapidly sniffing herself into composure again. By the time the car stopped in front of the Lestershield Arms, she had powdered her nose and regained a complete appearance of fashionable equanimity.

She led Pandora through a much-marbled entrance-hall, up in a many-mirrored elevator, to an apartment gorgeous with expensive and uncomfortable-looking furniture. Then, after murmuring some sort of an excuse, she disappeared into an inner room, leaving Pandora in what must probably be called the drawing-room.

The girl stood in the middle of the room, looking about her with a stunned feeling, as if she had been knocked on the head into a kind of delirium. She had never seen such a room before. The thick carpet, strewn with huge, resplendent flowers; the satiny, salmon wall-paper whose color was repeated in the upholstery of the slim-legged gilded furniture; the white grand piano decorated with roses and cupids, standing unopened in the far corner; the heavy, onyx-topped table in the center of the room; the palms in their gilded, beribboned baskets before the windows—in motion pictures she had seen colorless replicas of such magnificence, but never the real thing before. It matched her mother's own appearance, and it had the same lack of comfortableness and humanness. Not a book, not a flower was to be seen anywhere. The only sign of habitation of the room was on the top of the piano—copies of a monthly album of stage celebrities, and some sheets of rag-time.

Pandora sighed and went to the window. The sunlight was beginning to slant in from the west. She had never seen the Hudson from such a vantage-point before—but she hardly noticed it. She looked out of the window only to escape the cold absence of

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comfort in the room, and her mind was too busy with her thoughts to take in what her eyes rested upon.

She was distressfully aware that something was wrong with her feelings—there was none of the rejoicing there ought to have been at a daughter's suddenly finding a long-lost mother. The tears and the weeping in the park had moved her—but they seemed to have moved her nerves, not her heart. This woman, Mrs. Gott—why was she Mrs. Gott?—bore in her face undeniable proofs that what she claimed must be true; but where was the call of blood—the inevitable, unescapable cry of flesh to flesh that should have brought Pandora clinging to her bosom?

Instead, Pandora stood at the window, cold and ashamed. And then her thoughts wandered quite away from the Lestershield Arms, not to any definite place but to some quite definite people—Coley, who must be thinking awful things of her just now for not being at home when he called for her; and Andreas, who she knew was working somewhere to find her father; and even Tommy Brackett, who puzzled her so with the queer manner of his kindness.

No one had ever been close to her in all her life except Mrs. Neal, the boarding-house keeper who had somehow found time to mother the lonely girl in the years the Dickinsons had lived beneath her roof. Her father had always been silent and far away—affectionate sometimes in sudden and unexpected ways, but mostly aloof and cold, as if he really cared for no one, not even her. There had been no one else—no one who had interested her and held her affection at the same time. And now, in these troublous last two days, had come friends—live, vital, interesting, young, who could talk seriously with her or laugh and play with her, infinitely nearer to her even in the short time she had known them than her father had ever been or her mother seemed likely ever to be.

And, looking unseeingly out over the river, she smiled at the thought of them.

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Gott had emerged again, radiant, uncorseted and comfortable in some kind of a silken garment that flowed and billowed about her. She kissed Pandora on the cheek and, taking her hand, led her to a seat. "Now you must tell me everything you know about yourself. To think of your living in that dreadful place!"

"There isn't very much to tell," said Pandora.

"But you haven't always lived there, have you? That would be too dreadful!"

"No—at least not at Mrs. Jaqueth's. But we've always lived in boarding-houses, ever since I can remember."

"You have been away sometimes, haven't you? Weren't you sent to school?"

"I never went to school. My father always said the elementary schools in this country were not good at all. He never would let me go—he taught me at home."

"You poor child! And didn't your—didn't Mr. Dickinson ever tell you about me?"

"He must have told me that you were dead—I always thought you were."

Mrs. Gott's tears were brimming over again. "And I thought you were dead!" she cried. "I never knew."

"But neither of us is—so it's all fine, isn't it?" said Pandora, with a desperate little attempt at gaiety.

"Yes—I suppose I should think of that and be thankful." Mrs. Gott wiped her eyes with an inadequate lace handkerchief. "But where has he been these last two days?"

"I don't know—I haven't heard a word from him. He just left suddenly—I don't know where he went or anything. I—I keep thinking he must have got run over in the street or something."

"Oh, my dear! Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Gott positively. "Trust him to take care of himself! No, my dear—I just can't call you Pandora, child! I was going to call you Hazel—that would have been such a beautiful name for you. But of course he changed it."

"He may be in a hospital. Men get hurt every day, and he isn't so awfully young any more."

"Now don't you think of such things as that! He is hiding somewhere because he didn't want me to find him—he was afraid I would get my child back again. Oh, I know him—the devil!"

A great change had come over Mrs. Gott. Her face was an ugly red that showed through her powder, and her eyes glittered furiously. Pandora stared at her in amazement.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Oh, you don't know that man—he has been deceiving you all these years! But I

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know him—I knew he would come into my life and make me suffer again!"

Pandora drew away from her. This sounded like Mrs. Jaqueth or Lottie—the cheaply emotional part of them that seemed so artificial, and was so distasteful to her.

"You sha'n't say such things about my father—I know they aren't true!" she cried.

"You sha'n't call him that—you sha'n't call him your father!" Mrs. Gott sobbed hysterically. "I am your mother and I forbid it."

Pandora stood up. Something steel-cold and hard inside her made her want to say cruel things to this woman. "You can not forbid me to do things!" she said.

Mrs. Gott stood up too, tearing furiously at her handkerchief. "Can't I? Isn't it a mother's right? Haven't you a spark of filial feeling?"

"How can I have any filial feeling? I've never seen you till to-day—not since I was old enough to know what a mother was. You are just like any other stranger to me—and you are saying wicked things about my father that I know are not true."

"Oh, I knew it! He has poisoned your mind—he told you I was dead and then he blackened my memory! Oh, the beast! the beast!" She sank into a chair, panting and sobbing.

Pandora looked at her a moment and then walked over to the window. The west was glorious with the sunset, but a cold anger blinded her eyes. She was disgusted, revolted. She had never seen such an exhibition of savage emotion before.

Then a chime sounded from the clock in the corner, and the clock struck—it was half-past six. Then an electric bell rang somewhere. Mrs. Gott sprang to her feet, her tears and her temper suddenly gone.

"Oh, I forgot! I meant to send you home long before this—you haven't forgotten your engagement, have you? Wait just a minute—it's a call from down-stairs." She hurried from the room and was back in less than the minute. "Some one is calling for you—I didn't mean to keep you so long—I'll come and see you to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over! Oh, I forgot you haven't a hat—I'll call the car, and it can take you home in no time."

"Thank you—I'd much rather you wouldn't. I can get home all right."

"But—but—" Mrs. Gott looked anxiously at the clock. "At least let me give you a hat to wear—some one is sure to insult you if you don't wear a hat, all alone!" She hurried Pandora into the hall and snatched a hat from the top of a chest there. "There! It's very becoming to you. Not a bit too old! Now my dear, good-night—and I'll see you again to-morrow." Even as she kissed Pandora she pressed the elevator button.

It did not occur to Pandora to wonder at this sudden haste to be rid of her—she was too thankful to be going. But as the elevator was descending she remembered that she had no money with her. Well, she could walk. Then, as she stepped from the elevator, miraculously, it seemed to her, she found Andreas waiting.

"Oh!" she cried, seizing his hands, "I'm so glad!"

A glow warmed through him as he protectingly returned her hand-grasp. "Is it all right?" he asked quietly.

"Yes—only please take me home."

They went down the hall toward the door.

"We'll go home right away—but some one is waiting for you outside. You mustn't be frightened."

Outside the door a man was standing, peering in—the pale, haggard man who had tried to speak to her that afternoon. Instinctively she shrank back.

"Don't be frightened," said Andreas again, his hand pressing her arm.

The man came nearer to her as she stepped outside.

"Don't you know me, Pandora?" he asked huskily.

"Once Over" will be concluded in the December number.

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Douglas Fairbanks and Patricia Collinge in "He Comes Up Smiling"

The PLAYERS

THERE is plenty to laugh at in the new fall plays, and plenty of thrills—thrills of suspense and surprise, and pleasant shivers, and the exciting delight of seeing villainy pressed to its lair and fittingly punished. Excellent entertainment, in other words. But for drama of the kind that deepens our insight into ourselves and our fellow people or sheds a bit of revelation on the human and social forces that make life such a mixed-up affair, one must go to one's bookshelves or wait hopefully. Or go to the movies. "Damaged Goods," "The Escape," and "The Battle of the Sexes," as they are shown on the moving-picture screen, are well worth seeing—and no one can see them without carrying away disturbing and salutary thoughts in his head.

There hasn't been time yet to start the avalanche of plays that is sure to be provoked by the European war. "The Story of the Rosary" is a war play that has come to us from England—but that was coming anyway, and its mimic battle, whatever crowds it may draw because of the actual horrors that are being perpetrated on the other side of the world, is a feeble and incidental thing, quite negligible beside what we may expect when the managers really get busy. All the motion-picture houses are ransacking their stock and dragging out every reel that has anything to do with the kind of murder people are wont to glorify in the name of patriotism. For the newspapers, even with their dozens of extras, can not satisfy the craving for horrors that are too far away to be anything more than excitements. We want to look at some of the bloody business—seated comfortably in our places of amusement. The gory feast that is coming as soon as the rush from typewriter to footlights can be maneuvered!

For the sake of our digestion, won't some one revive Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"?

One play—announced last spring—which has a real bearing not only on the European war but on what may be behind it, is not going to be produced, we are told, on account of the war! It has been published as a book, however—"The Unseen Empire," by Atherton Brownell, lengthily subtitled "A

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George Nash in "The Miracle Man"

Dramatic Story of Peace done in the form of a Play." It is worth reading, and from reading it we can gather the reason we are not to see it: sane and sensible as the premises are on which it is founded, they have suddenly been proved too Utopian for an audience to find plausible in days when what we call the most civilized nations of the world are engaged in hacking one another to pieces by thousands.

The princes of the Unseen Empire—according to the German Chancellor in the play—are the holders of the debt of Europe. They used to be pawnbrokers; "now they are succeeded by the makers of munitions of war." And the play's heroine is the daughter of the great Stahl, creator of this Empire, "with his ambassadors in every capital, men of power and influence, working secretly, building up armament until to-day Europe is one vast camp." Her father's death makes her the mistress of the Stahl Gun Works—the sovereign princess of the Unseen Empire. Her difficulty as such a princess is that she hates killing, and the struggle of the play is her struggle to prevent an imminent war between Germany and England that would immediately involve all Europe. Whether she would have won out alone, we can not tell—she did all she could, quite dramatically. But it is the American Ambassador who in the end keeps the mailed fist from striking.

"Your Grace," he says, speaking to the German Chancellor, "among men in civilized countries we think murder is sufficient cause for execution; but wholesale murder among nations can only be stopped by some one nation or combination of nations having the power or the force to prevent it. The United States of America thinks it has this force, and it intends to exercise it. The United States will not fight with guns. It doesn't have to. But from the moment the first German gun is fired

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against England, Germany ceases to exist as far as the United States is concerned. You are no longer on our planet. Your postage-stamps will not be recognized. A small matter, perhaps. Your money will be refused in exchange. Your ships can not enter or leave our ports. Your stocks and securities will not be dealt in. We will buy nothing from you. We will sell you nothing. Without our raw material your industries will be paralyzed. Without our food your people will starve. Don't fire that first gun, your Grace. It isn't—wise. Let us arbitrate!"

And they arbitrate, to such excellent result that a final scene shows the battlefield of Sedan about to become the site of a world city of peace, and negotiations already under way to make a federation of nations—"to transcend boundaries; to cause patriotism to become worldism, and to bring order out of the chaos of conflicting national ambitions."

Audiences couldn't take that scene seriously just now. But the play—apart from that unessential last scene—with so much of its prophetic picturing already fact and so much intelligent thinking mixed in with the prophecy, ought to have a chance to be seen.

The managers who were to have produced it have already this season put on the minus side of their ledger an expensive production called "The Dragon's Claw"—a weak-kneed melodrama of the Boxer rebellion in China that even a grandiose display of the American flag at the end could not keep going for more than a week. Mr. Brownell waves the Stars and Stripes vigorously, but he can not be accused of doing it merely to catch the gallery. The attitude he voices through his American ambassador represents that part of American feeling toward war which comes nearest to anything the world knows of genuine civilization.

AN ADVANCE WAR PLAY

So much for the war play that wasn't produced. The other one—"The Story of the Rosary"—has a war in it merely to show what a fine hero the hero is, what a faithful wife the heroine, and what a double-distilled divil the villain. The play has nothing to do with that widely read novel called "The Rosary," but there is no doubt that those who like the one would like the other. It tells the tale of a woman who through sore trials remained true to her "husbond"—to a loud and continuous accompaniment of "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart," and "Traumerei"—and it is acted by a British company whose way of speaking English is a pleasure to hear.

PART FARCE, PART FACTS

The laughs? "It Pays to Advertise" runs over with them. The curtain has been up barely a minute before the play reaches out over the footlights and pats you genially on the back, and you are aware of a warm, comfortable feeling that makes you sit back contentedly, with complete trust that it is going to keep you jovial and interested the whole evening. It is a sort of kid brother to Cohan's play version of "Get-rich-quick Wallingford." It makes fun of advertising, and it is one of the best ads advertising could want. Any advertising man who would like to save himself work had better take his reluctant customer to see this play—it will furnish laughter-coated statistics that ought to land him his contract by the second intermission.

It begins with a good old standby of farces—a wager. A soap millionaire named Martin bets that he has a better son than a rival soap-manufacturer—a son who can earn more money in a given time—and then the plot throws the son out into the world, sets him up in the soap business for himself, and eventually brings him back upon his father like a boomerang. The bare skeleton of it hasn't any marked differences from many other skeletons, but its bones have been covered with such human qualities that when you see it acted it is a live story, with so many fresh and original turns that you welcome it open-armed. Its resemblances to old friends are all in its favor.

The acting of it is the best of its kind. Grant Mitchell—he was the highbrow Harvard youth last year in "Years of Discretion"—makes young *Martin* give you a "blessings on thee, little man" feeling; he has a sort of small-boy sturdiness—the kind that braves the terrors of the woodshed after dark, quaking but whistling—and it keeps your sympathy for him, no matter how superior you are about woodshed terrors. That is to some extent a happy accident of the actor's personality, but it is even more the result of carefully thought out acting. John Cope makes entirely and

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Photograph by Strauss Teeter, Kansas City, Mo.

Fritzi Scheff in "Pretty Mrs. Smith"

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Lola Fisher and Ralph Morgan in "Under Cover"

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Madge Kennedy in "Twin Beds"

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delightfully human a father who might easily have been stagy and tiresome, and Ruth Shepley keeps the heroine charming: it is rather hard for a heroine to stay charming when she has every reason in the world to "think she's smart." Louise Drew has a part that gives her plenty of room for her share of the Drew gift for comedy—and a part that contains one of the funniest surprises of the play.

YOUTH AND OUTDOORS

"He Comes Up Smiling" is another play of youth—a little more buoyant and carefree and full of outdoors, and much more romantic. It is about a young vagabond, a fellow who took to tramp life because he saw only a stuffy and monotonous rut ahead of him if he stuck to his job in the bank. An adventure got hold of him and landed him right in the midst of high-finance and a love-affair, and it ended by making a husband and a financier of him. The last of it is too bad to be true, but the rest is jolly and charming, with a good deal of boy and girl love-making that warms the heart. Something like a fairy-tale glamour shines through the play and makes the theatrical things—the scheming of the cotton kings and the way they are defeated—things of small consequence. *Jerry* and the girl called *Billy* are the people who count, and they count for a whole lot.

Douglas Fairbanks never had anything that fitted him better than the part of the young vagabond. He romps through it like a friendly puppy, so gaily one almost overlooks the fact that he is getting to be more than a mere pleasant personality and is doing some real acting. Patricia Collinge is the girl called *Billy*, and she has the glorious virtue of being wholly natural in a part which the least touch of artificiality would have spoiled. Hear the glad way she calls "Jerry!" just before the last curtain falls!

FUNNINESS AND SHADINESS

There are three other farces, two of them of foreign manufacture and the other home-built after a foreign model. "The High Cost of Loving" is as Teutonic as sauerkraut and wienerwurst, and with the same quality of humor. It gives Lew Fields a chance to be as funny as ever, and he is as funny as ever. But the play—it reminds one of the great bed of Ware, it is so broad and so—beddy.

"Twin Beds" escapes a similar broadness only by using narrow beds. That is the American way of flirting with a risky situation and then dodging it. But it has other elements to atone for this virtuous evasion—a drunken man undressing in a lady's room with much humorous display of nightclothes and underclothes, and all the ancient comicalities of hiding in the closet and the clothes-basket to elude a jealous husband. It doesn't compare well, either in humor or originality, with the best of our native farce-making.

"The Third Party" has been loudly placarded over New York as the funniest play President Wilson ever saw. The President's experience with funny plays has been a very sad one, then, or very limited. It is incredible that there is any one alive to whom squirting seltzer-bottles, a wife discovering her husband lunching behind a screen with another woman, and then a grand mix-up of wives, husbands, and fiancés, are still new and humorous incidents. So we don't believe the bill-boards. If there is any one else who thinks "The Third Party" the funniest play he ever saw, he ought to hurry around at once to one of the burlesque houses. But he ought also to leave a call for the ambulance when he goes in, because he is sure to be brought out dead from too much laughing.

SOMETHING WITH MUSIC

The kind of comedy that is called musical is quite out of evidence this fall. Only one example of it is in any way a hit—an Americanized version of an English arrangement called "The Girl from Utah." It has as much comedy as Joseph Cawthorne can extract from a barren part, which is always a miraculous amount. It has one tune that people go away whistling, but before they get very far in it they usually drift into "Honeymoon Lane" from the same composer's "Sunshine Girl" or the "You're here and I'm here" thing that all the victrolas play—thus proving how sincerely the composer flatters himself. And it has Julia Sanderson, who has monopolized about all the charm there is left among musical comedy stars. She makes it possible even to stand Donald Brian.

It has also a startling but effective

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Ruth Shepley and Grant Mitchell in "It Pays to Advertise"

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innovation—the part of a messenger-boy is played by a real boy instead of by a high-heeled and hippy young woman. A small thing—but what if it should be the unconscious forerunner of a big revolution to rid musical comedy of its silliest and most unhumorous traditions? Wonderful things could come of it: we might even get to the point some day when the male members of the chorus would be real men.

Fritzi Scheff is appearing in what is called a "comedy with music" — "Pretty Mrs. Smith." No right-minded person could find any fault with the intentions of this play. It is an attempt to get as much naturalness and plausibility as the limitations of its kind will permit. The chief thing to be regretted is that the comedy isn't fresher and funnier and the music less like a great deal of other music.

Some day some keen-eyed manager is going to get hold of a comedy for Fritzi Scheff—without music—that will give her a full chance to show what a delightful and unique comédienne she has become. In recent years she has been showing more and more convincingly that she is an accomplished actress, of a kind quite unrepresented on the American stage. The fact that she was once a grand-opera singer is a poor reason for always keeping her talents tied up in the conventions of musical comedy, or the still rigider conventions of light opera. It is like hiding a bright star in a gaudy Japanese lantern.

TWO DETECTIVE COMEDIES

Laughs and thrills both? "The Dummy." This has just finished its long New York run, but it did a noble thing in keeping people excited and amused through the hot weather. It is about a messenger boy—the Nick Carter-reading kind—who gets a chance to be a detective himself. Seeing it is like reading Horatio Alger, Jr., when you were a kid—full of story-book delight. Its villains are villainous enough for melodrama purposes but human enough to be funny, and the boy hero and little girl heroine—deliciously acted by Ernest Truex and Joyce Fair—are as novel a couple as a whole year of plays has introduced.

And "Under Cover." The advertisements naturally sum up this play's good points better than any one else can, and in this case the advertisements can be trusted. They guarantee laughter, suspense, surprise, mystery, the excitement of the chase, and wholesale entertainment—and the play furnishes all that. It concerns a smuggler, a beautiful girl who is set to trap him, a mighty Federal secret-service man, a sleek and wily villain, and a love-affair. Besides this there is a family suburbaning on Long Island whom it is fun to know, just to hear them talk—living their delightful domestic life quite unaware of the plots that are seething in their midst.

Many of the parts are extremely well acted. Lucille Watson—skilled by experience in many Clyde Fitch plays—is as fascinating a woman of the world as one wants to meet, and Lola Fisher puts an *ingénue* rôle right up where every one must see and succumb to it. William Courtenay does the Hero with his usual assurance and convincingness—being a William Courtenay Hero, it must have a capital H.

But if you are going to see this play don't let any one tell you the plot beforehand.

A PLAY WRITTEN BACKWARD

"On Trial" has made its twenty-one-year-old author—E. L. Reizenstein—much talked about. It is his first play, one of the biggest successes of the early season, and built in a novel manner. People who are used to motion pictures will not find it surprisingly new, but they will find its application to the spoken drama interesting and effective.

The play opens with a court-room scene in which a man is being tried for murder and burglary. There is no question about his having committed the murder; he admits it, and wants nothing but to be sentenced without the strain of a trial. But the trial by jury must proceed, and incidentally the mystery of the burglary be cleared up.

The first witness takes the chair. Suddenly, as her testimony begins, the stage darkens for a moment, and when the lights go up again instead of hearing an account of the murder we see it enacted. That scene vanishes and another witness takes the chair—the defendant's little daughter. We see her story of what happened at home before her father went out and committed the murder. The last important witness's testimony—the wife's account of her relations with the murdered man thirteen years earlier—is shown in the same way.

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Constance Wolfe in "On Trial"

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Then the defendant's counsel astutely unravels the mystery of the burglary and the jury brings in its verdict.

In this particular play the interest is the same as that in any murder trial—not an interest in a consecutive story but in putting together pieces of evidence to make a chain. That is due to Mr. Reizenstein's manner of construction. The story itself is trite, with no original developments at all, but the audience becomes immediately engrossed by being made a sort of outside jury, intent upon getting at the truth of the case before them. No other device could have aroused so great an interest in so old a plot.

One thing logic balks at—the verdict of the jury in the play. By what process of reasoning can a man be acquitted of murder on grounds of which he was unaware at the time the murder was committed? Facts that came out afterward might lead a jury to let him go free if they were facts that determined the crime, but the man was ignorant of these justifications till they transpired during the trial.

Well, the play had to end somehow.

STAGE REFORMS

The other plays that are on while this is being written are all serious attempts at drama, each in its own way. The chief attempt of "The Prodigal Husband" seems to have been to provide John Drew with a part. It is successful for one act, then it goes all to pieces because it neglected to provide him with a character. For one act he is a man who is disgusted and disillusioned—through with his wife and all the decencies of life. In act two he is unaccountably and suddenly made to fall into passionate love with a young girl he has adopted. In act three this passion is still more unaccountably forgotten, and he is humorously wooing his wife over again. It is a part in which John Drew's exceptional talents are entirely wasted.

"The Miracle Man," George M. Cohan's new play, is a study in the efficacy of faith. It is dramatized from a novel by Frank L. Packard, a vividly dramatic story of a gang of New York crooks who set out to make a gigantic swindler out of a simple old faith-healer up in Maine and ended in being reformed by him. Every one who has kept an eye on Mr. Cohan's growth as a dramatist has been eager to see what he would do with this story, so different from anything he has shown before. The result is not a complete success, but the fault is not in Mr. Cohan's skill as a playwright.

Showing a thing is always better than telling about it, if it can be done. But a man who turns a quartet of hardened crooks into an entirely new kind of life simply by being good, however convincing he may be in a novel, is a tremendously difficult person to put on the stage so that people will believe in him. No dramatist can be sure of doing it, because it depends so much on the personality of the good man and the psychology of the audience. Forbes Robertson accomplished the miracle in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," through always keeping his personality, so spiritually beautiful, in the center of attention. W. H. Thompson, who plays the *Patriarch* in "The Miracle Man," does nothing but wear whiskers and a white robe and say "Have faith!" The sight and the sound of him just destroy any faith that he could change such an interesting set of criminals into such a tiresome set of goody-goodies—and the whole effect of the play is lost.

George Nash's personality, too, does a lot to make the conversion of the leader of the gang improbable. Before the last act began, a talkative woman in the audience exclaimed: "Well, *he* won't change! He ain't that type." It wasn't so much what Mr. Nash said, as the way he said it! But when the next curtain rose, there he was, as pious as any of them.

The talkative woman had said all that the most critical of dramatic critics could say.

For two acts the play gets right hold of you. It has all of Mr. Cohan's deftness in depicting the little human characteristics that build up plausible human characters, and a new and stronger proof than he has ever before offered that he can build up a big, moving climax. But after that he makes too much of a demand on the faith of his audience, and without that faith the Miracle Man can not perform his miracles —on the stage.

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OUR MADE-OVER WORLD

by

HUGH BLACK

The third in a series of articles interpreting the modern changes in social and religious thought.

FOR myself, I am a Celt by origin, and some of the gloom and poetry of the hills is in my blood. In certain moods I do not care a rush about the scientific universe. In certain moods I would rejoice in a world where fairies dance, and ghosts walk, and mystery broods over the every-day life of man. When a little boy I shuddered with fearful joy at stories my grandfather told of second-sight and death-warnings.

The lowland Scot smiled with contempt at such a childish world. Yet he was himself living in the same sort of universe, only the Celt made poetry of it and got some thrills from it. The Saxon did not imagine such interesting things about the world as fairies and ghosts, but his world was if possible just as irrational, if we can judge from his theology and his general thinking. I speak of the fairies, because when we dismiss them we have to find a place for poetry, or no scientific universe will compensate for the loss to the life of man.

When we say that the greatest factor of change in thought is modern science, it means more than that scientific investigation and discovery have immensely enlarged the universe. Of course, that in itself has compelled some changed views. A universe *extending endlessly in space* has altered our manner of thought if not our manner of speech. Men used to think of the heavens as somewhere above and near the earth, and could speak naively of ascensions. But in our universe there is no longer up nor down. There are moments when we seem to cower despairingly in the presence of immensities and eternities. We have lost the comfort of a snug and companionable earth.

We can, however, exaggerate the fancied difference. As a matter of fact men have always lived in what seemed to them a vast and immeasurable world. There was always a great unknown spreading out on every side from the borders of the known. The soul of man was ever awed and inspired into poetry and worship and romance by the sheer magnitude of the world. "When I consider thy heavens," says the ancient Hebrew poet, "the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" It reads like the reflection of a modern before the wonders of astronomy.

It is probably as easy for us to-day to feel ourselves at home in the universe as ever before; for though the world has infinitely expanded, it has in another sense shrunk. As phenomena are gathered under laws, and forces of nature are harnessed for use, and the mysterious becomes explained, and effects are tracked to causes, we lose some of the dread of the unknown. However vast the universe appears, we treat it as rational, and trust it not to play us false.

If some change comes from the thought of a universe extending endlessly in space, perhaps more change is the result of a universe *extending endlessly in time.* When the world began only a few thousand years ago, the history of man was a very simple story. It could be told in a very few chapters and a few controlling ideas could explain everything. A fall from an original state of innocence explained why man did not stay as he had been created. Otherwise, in all essential features of his nature man had

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always been as he is. But the story of the world has been carried back into millions of years and the comparatively great antiquity of man has made the human story no longer the simple thing it was.

Once more, we may exaggerate the difference of the two points of view. The soul of man was awed by the story, which looks to us such a simple and childish one alongside of the new story of the origin and growth of life. The ancient story inspired epics of creation, of man's fall and man's redemption, with a grandeur of conception which places them among our treasured possessions.

But there *is* a sense in which the modern view has made the story of man more simple, explaining things that were insoluble mysteries, enabling us to look back over the long story of the ascent of man with pride and to look forward with hope.

THE FAITH IN SCIENCE

Far more effective for change than the thought of a greater universe introduced by science has been, and is, the general scientific atmosphere in which we live, and above all the conviction of the validity of the scientific method of proof.

With the ordinary man this is vague and general, and he speaks mistily about the men working in science as "THEY." He gives to scientists the place of authority he used to give to rulers in political affairs and to ecclesiastics in religious questions. It is an even more unquestioning authority; for he does not even know the names of these intellectual leaders, and probably has never come into contact with one of them. He speaks hopefully about the way in which "They" are sure to master the secrets of Nature.

But however vague and indefinite this feeling may be, it is only the more proof of the influence of science in our modern world.

The effect of it on theology has been vast —far more than a change in doctrines; for it has meant a change in the whole foundation. This is strikingly seen in the way in which the great Apology of Bishop Butler and the arguments of Paley are superseded. They are neither affirmed nor denied, but simply neglected. They do not apply. To these scholars, miracles—whether as fulfilled prophecies or supernatural events—were the final, incontrovertible proofs. The masterly argument built up by Butler does not affect the modern mind, because a new view of the world has dislodged the presupposition on which it was based.

Belief in God was largely founded on a view of the world which meant the direct intervention of God in creation and the possibility of constant miracle. Religion naturally built on this, because it was the accepted way of looking at the world. So the proof of religion began with this. Modern science, and especially the work of Darwin, has shifted the whole ground of proof, and religion to-day never dreams of staking all on the supernatural interposition of God. How deep this has gone we can see by what were common practises and by the common thoughts of devotion. It was natural to pray for rain or sunshine, natural to look upon an earthquake, drought, or plague as a sign of God's anger.

It is all part of the natural instinct of man, which makes him look up and find God a very present help in times of trouble. But we see how many of the forms which that instinct took, conflict with some of the presuppositions of science.

Take, for example, the presupposition on which science builds, which may be stated generally as the law of Continuity. It will not give that up, because only by it can science do its work. The old explanation of a mysterious thing as due to God interfering with the laws of the universe, which was such a natural explanation, is to science the one incredible thing. It will try any and every explanation before that, and even if all fail, will still not accept that.

Rightly, for this would be to discredit the whole past of scientific achievement and rob it of any future. Science does not deny the mystery. What it denies is the explanation of it as a suspension of law. It tries to account for the miracle; and if it fails, lays it aside as something yet to be brought within the sweep of natural law and one day explained.

A miracle would evidence nothing worth while. That a man to all seeming turned a rod into a serpent would be no evidence of the truth of anything he might say. The act itself would be treated as legerdemain; but even if it could not be so disposed of, it would be merely a new fact to be considered in the total summing-up. It would not help to establish any religious truth.

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The method of science has been so successful and has led to such remarkable results in mastering nature, that all other methods are cast into the shade. Science to-day takes the place in the estimation of men that philosophy once held, and triumphant science presses its method on philosophy and on all other departments of knowledge.

With what right? What justification has the claim that there is indeed no other method of attaining truth?

Well, the method of science is only the ordinary method of men, more carefully and critically worked. It is more anxious to get its facts right, and submits its conclusions to more rigid examination. Huxley called science *organized common sense*. It is a good definition, because it brings science to our doors, and does not make a mystery of what is at bottom a very simple thing. It suggests that science only applies the common way in which the common man acquires any knowledge, only guarding it more carefully from error and relating each fact to the other facts.

What are the common methods by which men accept a thing as true in ordinary life?

HOW WE KNOW TRUTH

When we declare that a statement or proposition is true, we mean that it agrees with facts, and to assure ourselves we submit it to the tests that are open to us. We apply our senses to it, if it is open to that test, and we seek corroboration from the testimony of others. If it is a question of something that can be seen, we expect to be able to see it if we have normal sight, and we expect that others also can see it. If a thing is declared to have as a property that it is bitter or sweet, we taste it and ask others to confirm our judgment.

If the proposition is out of the region of the senses, we try to bring it to the test of whatever experience is applicable, and we compare our finding with that of others. It is thus at bottom always an appeal to experience. We make a distinction between what we alone have cause to believe for ourselves and what others also experience, even when we believe both kinds of statements.

It does not follow that an experience is false if it is not corroborated by every one we meet. In common life we recognize this and make allowance for difference of capacity in different people. We pay no heed to the judgment of a color-blind man on questions of color, or of a tone-deaf man on music. The sensation of sound is produced by vibrations, and there is a definite range below and above which we cease to hear at all. Some have keener susceptibility than others. Perhaps only one man out of a dozen will hear the shrill squeak of the bat. A majority of eleven to one will not—or ought not to—convince the minority of one that he has heard no sound.

OUR COMMON IGNORANCE

Sometimes a false antithesis is made in this connection between ordinary knowledge and religious knowledge. These limitations of knowledge are simply the limitations of humanity and apply to everything human.

In all the branches of science—physics, chemistry, and biology, and all the subdivisions of these—the method is ever the same. In a word, the method consists of observation and experiment to find the facts, and inductive and deductive reasoning to find the relations of the facts. The raw material of science is facts, as they are the raw material of all knowledge. "The man in the street" has his mind full of all sorts of facts; but they are unconnected.

Professor Henry Drummond used to give his new students an examination on what he called Common Knowledge to test their common ignorance. The kind of question was, Why is the sea salt? or Why is the grass green? He was mistaken in calling that common knowledge. The sort of facts that man picks up is—that the sea is salt and the grass is green. That is common knowledge. The scientist takes these facts and relates them to other facts. When you know the part which chlorophyl plays in intercepting the red rays of light in decomposing carbon dioxide so as to make the grass green, you are in the region of the science of botany. The one is common knowledge, the other is scientific knowledge.

When facts have been gathered and classified and related so that some finding is reached, it has to be submitted to other competent observers or experimenters. Just as we saw that in ordinary knowledge men do not feel sure of anything unless they get the support of others' testimony, so in science an experiment at Cornell University

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which could not be verified at Columbia or Harvard or anywhere else would be considered with more than suspicion. It might be true, but it would not be taken as a part of science.

The last stage is when the verified and tested facts find their place in a system, and are brought under a "law." A scientific law is only a summary of experiments—a summary of past experience. It is therefore a guide for future experience. Science began with the rough classification of the ordinary things with which savage man had to do. Progress in science means simplifying the mass of facts under formulæ. This is done by grouping facts in classes, so that one fact becomes an illustration of all in that class and is accepted as representative. These formulæ, or laws, are only a description of Nature's order.

All science of course begins with certain postulates—and once more they may almost be called the postulates of common sense. It assumes the world, and some other things which the ordinary man assumes in every action of his life. But there are other specific assumptions—*causation* and *uniformity*—the assumption that nothing in the world happens without a cause, and that a "law of nature" is true for all time. Science leaves these two things to be puzzled over by metaphysics, and if possible proved. It simply takes them for granted and believes them true, because when at any point they are tested they seem to be verified.

This is why science is not afraid of hypotheses, and indeed works largely by means of hypotheses, which means the frank use of the scientific imagination. The use of the pure Baconian method was found in practise too slow and laborious. Practically all great discoveries have been made by bringing the imagination into play and making some hypothesis to explain the facts.

Some of the hypotheses have been discarded after doing good work in aidingdiscovery. It has practically been found that a false or imperfect hypothesis is better than none at all. Some of them were nothing but wild guesses. Some of them have been accepted and dignified by the name of laws. Thus, science does not limit itself to facts, as is so often said. It is always going beyond facts. The one thing that saves it is that the hypothesis must always be a verifiable one. Sooner or later it has to submit itself to facts and be tested there.

Science therefore is always provisional, because always ready to discard the less certain for the more certain. In this sense science is never dogmatic, never reaching finality, defining even her laws as merely the recognized way in which things are seen to occur.

All the generalizations of science are merely probable. In this, too, she is following the common sense of the ordinary man to whom probability is the guide of life.

There is a criticism of science which tries to get room for religion by making much of this tentative attitude. These critics point out that science never gets absolute accuracy, never can even repeat experiments that are identical.

That is a scholastic objection, and pushed far enough might make for skepticism. There is a sense in which absolute proof of anything is impossible. Some have argued from this for skepticism, and have declared that the uncertainty of proof makes knowledge impossible. The reply of science is simply a paraphrase of the Master's reply to the disciples of John the Baptist, "Tell what things ye have seen and heard." By this we construct our system of scientific knowledge with consistency. We also by it build our bridges and tunnels, and speak a thousand miles, and transmit power for locomotion, and discover radio-activity and X-rays, and do all the "wonderful works."

RELIGION NEEDS NO LOOPHOLES

Whatever be the right way to find a place for religion, it is not by searching for gaps in scientific knowledge or method, and sensing a spiritual world through loopholes. That has been too long the way of escape for religion. Beaten here in the question of a sudden creation of the world, it stood at bay on the question of a special creation of species. Beaten on that, it found a loophole in the peculiar high origin of man. Dislodged from that, it stood for the miracle of life. Generally it has made much of "missing links" in the chain of scientific discovery. It is a futile method, and for one thing does not make for courage. It is of a piece with the lawyer's advice, "When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff." One by one the gaps are closed, and the loopholes are filled up.

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Is it any wonder that the method of science is regnant among men, who look at its triumphs and see how surely it closes up the gaps in knowledge? When philosophy protests, it calmly replies, Well, if you too want to live, you had better amend your methods also and make them scientific. As a matter of fact, philosophy has been slower to adjust itself to the new standpoint than almost any other branch of thought. All the sciences, the study of history, even theology, with its new insistence on experience, have more quickly altered their method than philosophy.

Philosophers still begin, in spite of evolution, with categories of thought, with conceptions of man and the world viewed in idealistic form, with ideas of the absolute, with the objective validity of the moral consciousness, with Kant's "thing in itself," or with Plato's "idea of the good." They use the word evolution and even the method, but they have not begun to accept all the implications of evolution.

OUTWORN IDEAS OF MIND

Much of our thought is still cast in pre-evolutionary form. It takes long to bring our general thinking into harmony with the results of new knowledge. The nature of mind itself is a subject which has been largely left where it was, and we find controversialists on both sides arguing as if the idea of evolution had never dawned on the world. The human mind is treated as something structural that grinds out thought like a machine, which is fed by the raw material and pours out the finished product.

On the side of materialism the antique view is constantly stated that the brain secretes thought. One German philosopher of that school declares that thinking is a necessary and inseparable property of the brain. Another, with a half-apology for expressing himself somewhat coarsely, says that thought stands in the same relation to the brain as the gall to the liver or the urine to the kidneys.

This point of view is opposed by the opposite school, who, however, have the same underlying conception of thought as something definite, the product of an organ called mind. There is no human mechanism for producing thought like a machine producing sausages. It is a social inheritance. We need a genetic conception of mind to replace the old structural concept.

In a halting, hesitating way philosophy is at last trying to follow the method of science. Our new psychology and our new sociology were born of this attempt. When I was at college, psychology was taught as a by-product of metaphysics—and a rather unimportant one at that. To-day it is taught as a science, gathering its facts, collating and classifying and relating them, and constructing hypotheses to bring them under laws. This scientific pressure also is really responsible for movements like Pragmatism and the new Realism.

SUPER-FACTS

There are regions of knowledge other than bare matters of fact. There is, for example, the whole world of the beautiful. Physical science admits that all it can do is to describe a part of reality, that it can give only an instalment of truth. We do not describe all the reality of which we are conscious, if we do not give an account of the regions where the facts are summed up by words like beauty, and goodness, and justice, and righteousness. We may call these ideals if we will, but that does not make them any the less real. An ideal of beauty or of goodness is governed by the same method. It is born of experience, and is submitted to the judgment of our fellows and to the test of practise.

These *estimates of value* make up the most important part of human life. There is this about them, that they seek to realize themselves. An ideal of social reform strives to embody itself in law and in institution. The test of its truth is precisely the same in its own sphere as is the test of any scientific hypothesis: Is it a genuine experience? Can any others be made to see it and know it? Can it impose itself on the facts? It lives by faith that it can.

If we must make distinctions, science deals with what has been and is; religion deals with what is to be. Science is descriptive; religion is prophetic. Like most distinctions, this has too sharp lines; for science often predicts, and religion does not live entirely in the future. But the distinction has point to it.

To a large extent science describes processes, and knows a thing by its natural history, and states ***what it is***. Religion

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seeks to find out *what ought to be*, and then strives to bring it to pass.

You can not explain a picture by the chemistry of colors. You can not explain a poem by an analysis of words and rhymes. You do not account for Michelangelo's statues by his studies in physiology. *The limits of science are not limits of its methods, but limits of its sphere.*

Science and religion deal with the same world, but they ask a different kind of question about it, and are satisfied only by a different kind of answer. Science searches for means to learn adequately the natural order in which we men live. Religion searches for means to fulfil what she conceives to be the true destiny of man.

THE PROOF OF RELIGION

In this, religion uses the very method which science also employs. Natural religion used to speak of rising from nature to nature's God. It had some difficulty to meet, as when the poet in describing nature speaks of her as "red in tooth and claw." But the Christian does not get his God from nature. He brings his God to nature. He finds God in Christ and in human life, in his own heart and in social experience. He interprets nature in the light of that. All interpretation is done, and has to be done, in the same way. In every region we do it by what we bring to it, not by what it is in itself. It is not anything in itself.

This is true of art, for example. Much unmeaning nonsense is spoken about art copying nature. Of course it has to copy nature and submit the finished result to the test of nature, but the artist is an artist by virtue of what *he brings to nature*. He brings his selection of material, his thought and vision, his arrangement. Photography could do the job better, if it were only nature's arrangement that counted most. The artist imposes his own ideal on nature, and interprets it best because of that.

Science also does its work in a similar way. The scientist brings to nature the whole foundation on which he builds. He too selects and arranges, and, what is more, he isolates his facts, takes them out of their setting. He "unscrambles eggs" all the time, in the effort to get at the constituent elements of the mixture. He puts things under a vacuum pump, or under a microscope, or in a test-tube. He even brings them into the most artificial conditions, into a laboratory. He applies to them his theories and hypotheses. It is not all guess and peradventure. If it did not meet the necessities of the case and solve particular problems, men would soon lose confidence in scientific method.

Similarly with religion. It too must *meet the needs* of man. It must give him the mastery over the world, and over life, and over self. By the measure in which it does that, it is judged. The proof of religion is found not in finding breaks in the natural order, but in transforming the world. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith."

Knowledge is one, and though for convenience' sake we can make divisions and break it up into departments, there is always seen a certain unity of direction. So to-day there are movements in the three great departments of human thought—science, philosophy, religion—which have much in common. In science the mechanical view of the world has broken down, and a new interpretation emerges in terms of *growth*. In philosophy there is an impatience with the old categories and abstractions, and a rebirth in experience. In theology God is no longer thought of as outside the world He has created, and once more the emphasis comes on *experience*.

To come back to the fairies—poetry and romance and mystery and the ideal have not left the world. It was a narrow science that appeared to be crushing the soul of man and taking the dread rainbow from the sky. A truer view of what the method of science really is, only shows us how we may get back the things for which the fairies stood.

"Glory and loveliness have passed away," cried Keats. That might be true if the last word about nature were said when we agreed that the sum of energy is constant, or that natural forces are interchangeable. There are some other words to be said about nature besides these, and the poet need not be afraid to say them, nor need the religious seer be afraid to picture his new earth and new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness.

In the next number Dr. Black's theme will be "The Acid of Criticism."

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SHANGHAI.

BY
WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON.

MUD-SMELL from the paddy field
And salt-smell from the sea,
And the sound of junks a-swishing down
Into the dark Yang-tse;
And the voice of Shanghai whispering,
A-whispering to me!

Gunboats on the Whangpu
And rickshaws 'long the Bun',
And the "hi" of mafoos bowling past
With ponies on the run;
And the lights that wink seductively
When the warm day is done.

Band-night in the Bunder grove
And music on the air,
And old friends calling blithesomely
To join the festive fair;
And, oh, my heart a-thumping fast
With longing to be there!

Turbaned Sikh from Rajput,
Parsee from Hindustan,
And the little Japs a-shuffling by
Among the sons of Han;
And the maids who smile so winsomely
Behind the roguish fan.

Sirens from the river call
And voices from the strand,
And the "clicks" of oars a-swirling through
Join with the tempting band;
And, oh, the spell works cannily
That lures me to the land!

But griffin days are over.
Vain are the siren cries!
The guile of life is deafening me
With every year that flies;
And I laugh at Shanghai's promises,
A-knowing they are lies!

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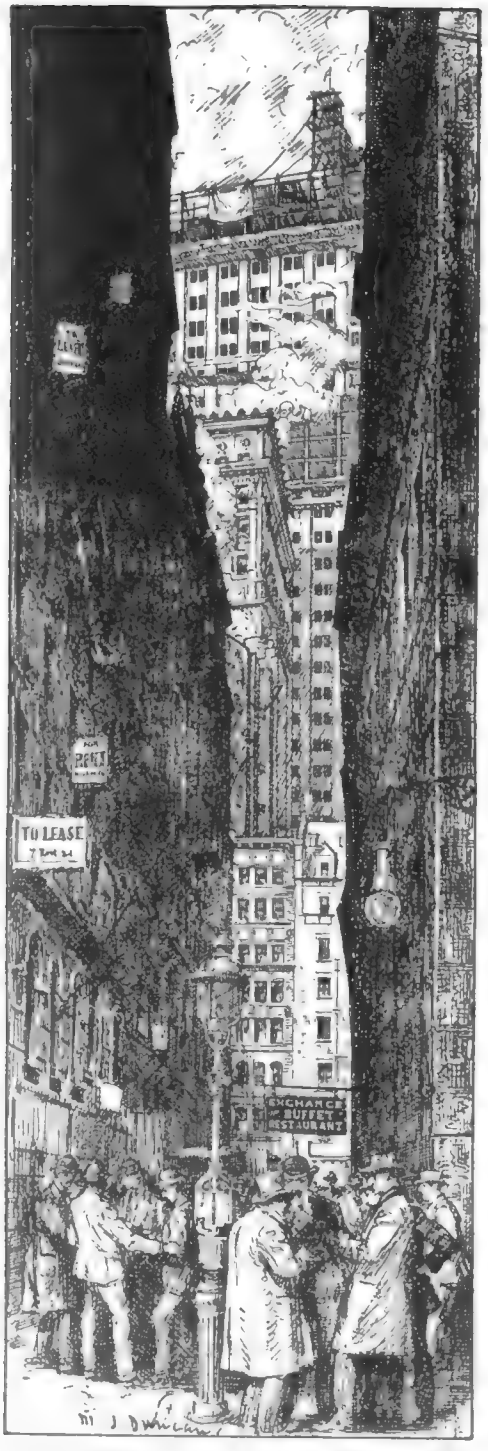

NEW STREET—THE BACK HALLWAY OF THE WALL STREET DISTRICT. IRRESTRICTED TRADING STILL GOES ON HERE, THOUGH WALL STREET IS CLOSED.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

NO MARKET

ON JULY 31, Wall Street hung out a sign:

NO MARKET

The New York Stock Exchange had closed—last of the world's great exchanges. You could neither buy nor sell American securities in Wall Street. That was not because Europe was in a state of war, but because the credit structure of the world had suddenly and completely collapsed.

On or about July 15, 1914, one might have written that international credit was like a vast cobweb that men had been spinning instinctively for more than one hundred years, hardly taking the time to marvel at their own work. It had been damaged from time to time, but only in spots, and its use was so wonderful that nobody could imagine either its destruction or the world's doing without it. Its ramifications were world-wide, and it was so extremely sensitive that the slightest agitation anywhere communicated itself through every delicate strand. Its mainstays were the twigs of confidence, trust, peace, understanding, and good-will. Its strands were cables, telegraph-lines, railways, steamships, and post-offices. Its reason for existence was the desire of people to exchange goods.

The more rapidly goods were exchanged the better. It had never been possible on a cash basis to imagine any such growth in trade as took place when credit began to be substituted for money. As people began to

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see the absurdity and delay of exchanging goods for money and money for goods again, whereas all that anybody wanted was goods for goods, trade increased enormously. And never had it increased so fast as in the last ten years.

In 1900 the combined imports and exports of the five countries — England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the United States—were about twelve billion dollars.

In 1913 they were more than twenty billion dollars, of which at least nine-tenths was transacted on credit, with no actual movement of money.

All of this trade represents the exchange of merchandise. Every item of merchandise has a money value, but the money need not change hands. Only such accounts as are not evened out in the exchange of goods are settled in money.

The United States buys dyes from Germany, but as a man buys the dyes he does not remit the money. He gets a credit at his banker's. Later Germany buys a lot of wheat from the United States. It does not send the money for that. Credit takes the place of money, and if after several months the value of the dyes shipped from Germany to the United States equals the value of the wheat or pork products shipped from the United States to Germany, the account is balanced, and no money passes.

Neither this country nor Germany wanted the money at all. This country wanted dyes; Germany wanted wheat, or pork products, or something else.

CREDIT—A COMMODITY

In recent years the cobweb of international credit began increasingly to serve another purpose. It enabled credit itself to be transferred from place to place, like any other kind of commodity, only more rapidly. Credit is a banker's peculiar merchandise. He puts it here and there, always at so much per cent. and always at the behest of trade and commerce. A banker in Paris with credit in London may transfer it to Berlin or New York by a cable message. New York City, for example, being in need of funds, wishes to sell $25,000,000 revenue warrants—practically short-term notes issued in anticipation of tax-payments. Money is scarce or dear in Wall Street, but there is plenty in Paris. So, at the suggestion of Wall Street bankers, the administration of the city of New York sells $25,000,000 of revenue warrants to Paris bankers.

Now it may happen at the same time that Wall Street owes $25,000,000 in London. The bankers in the three cities confer by cable. Paris transfers $25,000,000 credit to London. Wall Street says to London, "You have $25,000,000 from Paris for New York City, and we owe you $25,000,000. Use the Paris credit to pay our account to you, and we will place $25,000,000 credit in the hands of New York City."

So New York City is notified that it has $25,000,000 of credit in Wall Street, to check against, on account of the revenue warrants it sold in Paris. New York City draws checks on the Wall Street banks to pay its contractors, who deposit those checks in the banks again; and the only real money employed is that which the contractors pay out in small bills to their employees, who spend it with tradesmen who deposit it straightway in the banks again.

When the revenue warrants come due, New York City must pay them off, and the transaction is repeated, backward.

That is the movement of credit, in which every transaction cancels itself.

THE MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL

Capital is different. The movement of capital is somewhat more deliberate than the movement of credit. Until a recent time "foreign investments" were not feasible, because one people with a surplus of capital could not trust another people who might want to borrow it. But as intelligence and understanding increased in the world it became more and more common for a country with a surplus of capital to send it into foreign employment, until at length it became a custom, and nowadays economists talk of exporting or importing capital, and calculate the cost, loss and profit, as if it were cheese or dried fish. It takes place largely through the stock exchanges.

In Amsterdam, Holland, daily quotations on United States Steel, American Can, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and a number of other American securities are displayed in the bankers' windows, and people are continually stopping to read them. It means that the thrifty Hollander, who saves more capital than he can use at home, exports a lot of it to the United States, by the simple

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process of buying shares in American railway and industrial corporations.

On the London Stock Exchange there is an American department where shares of American securities are dealt in, and after the close of the London Stock Exchange (several hours before the closing of the New York Stock Exchange, owing to the difference in time) the brokers gather in Shorters Court, where they receive quotations by cable from Wall Street, and go on dealing in American securities until dark.

INTERNATIONAL BORROWING

The two countries in the world that export the most capital are England and France. The foreign investments of England cover the whole world, and amount perhaps to $17,500,000,000. They have been increasing at the rate of nearly $1,000,000,000 a year for several years past. They are heaviest in the United States, Canada, and South America. The foreign investments of France are estimated at $7,000,000,000, and they increase at the rate of perhaps $250,000,000 a year.

Russia is a borrowing nation, which is to say that she needs more capital than she can save, as every undeveloped country does, and must import it if she can. For many years the Germans had the lead there. Germany, too, is a borrowing nation, because she has been growing so fast that she has had to borrow capital; and yet, for purely commercial ends, she was obliged to make heavy outlays of her own capital in Russia. It was a common saying only a few years ago that the Germans controlled the trade of Russia. On the stock exchange at St. Petersburg German was as much spoken as Russian.

But suddenly France began to put a lot of money into Russia. Not only the Russian Government but Russian promoters found French bankers very willing to take their securities and list them on the Paris Bourse. And now of all of the French people's foreign investments those in Russia are the greatest, amounting to about $2,000,000,000. The French also have enormous investments in Spain and Portugal, Egypt, Greece, Rumania, Austria-Hungary, Italy, China, Japan, South America, and the United States.

If one had been asked, at the middle of last July, to say what, besides the production and distribution of wealth in the world, all this amazing interdependence and complex relationship of credit, capital, trade, and industry, signified, one would have answered without much hesitation that it signified peace. One could imagine war sporadically, or between people who could still afford it, like those of the Balkan states; but war between nations that had so interwoven their material interests was unthinkable.

A week later the war panic started. While the statesmen carried on their *conversations* the great banks of Europe reached out for gold. They drew in one week $45,000,000 gold from Wall Street, which was not yet alarmed. As the *conversations* became more and more desperately futile, people began to sell securities on all the stock exchanges of the world, and that was like knocking down a row of blocks standing on edge and spaced so that the first one knocks its neighbor over, and on to the end of the row, where the child shouts "Whe-e-e!"

People offered securities for sale on the Paris Bourse. Other people, in order to be able to buy them, had to sell securities on the London Exchange, and in order to buy them English speculators had to sell other securities on the Berlin Bourse or in Wall Street. Under this chain selling prices fell violently, and when it began to be an avalanche the exchanges stopped transacting business.

The London Stock Exchange, which for several days had restricted transactions to a cash basis, was the last in Europe to close, on July 31st; those at Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Brussels, Hamburg, Frankfort, Milan, Rome, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Antwerp had before that either closed up tight or placed an embargo upon dealing.

PANIC AVERTED

Wall Street was then the only market in the world on which securities could be freely sold, and as there were six or seven billion dollars' worth of American securities, which alone of all the securities in the world could be converted into money if the New York Stock Exchange remained open, it was certain that foreign selling in Wall Street would cause a terrible panic. So the New York Stock Exchange prudently closed, and then there was no market in the world for securities.

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But that was not all. The governments of Argentina, Austria, Brazil, Bulgaria, China, Denmark, Egypt, England, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Peru, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Uruguay each declared a moratorium. That is, a proclamation postponing the payment of debts. It does not ordinarily stop the payment of wages, rent, or interest. But if a loan or a mortgage or a note comes due, the debtor need not pay.

There was now very little left of that wonderful cobweb of international credit.

OUR EUROPEAN DEBTS

This country, though it had closed its market for securities, did not adopt the moratorium. In fact, there is no direct way of doing such a thing in the United States. But the situation was very awkward. Trade, of course, was paralyzed, because the cobweb of credit had collapsed, so that although Europe wanted goods greatly in excess of the money we owed there, the goods could not be shipped. The European buyer could not guarantee payment for the goods he wanted, nobody could guarantee that the goods, if shipped, would not be seized in transit, and an embargo was laid upon commerce similar to that laid upon transactions in securities.

It was then that the administration at Washington turned its mind to an American merchant marine, to provide neutral vessels for carrying goods which none of the combatants would dare to seize. But that took time to realize, whereas debts were owing to Europe which should be paid, even though Europe was not paying hers. New York City alone owed $80,000,000 on revenue warrants coming due in the hands of foreign holders. On other accounts Wall Street owed Europe perhaps $200,000,000 in the form of maturing obligations. France offered to place a national loan of $100,000,000 in Wall Street, but the Government thought a transaction like that would be unneutral.

There was for some days an acrimonious controversy in Wall Street over the question of paying our debts to Europe while Europe was not able to pay hers. It was at length determined to pay them, even though it had to be done in gold, and the bankers got up a pool to furnish, if necessary, $150,000,000 of gold to pay off such of our pressing indebtedness abroad as in the crippled condition of trade could not be discharged with goods. It was a wise resolve, and will give this country ultimately a much stronger position in the world's trade.

In the meantime, what of Wall Street?

Having once decided to close, the New York Stock Exchange made a tight job of it. The bond houses were persuaded to recall their salesmen and stop doing business, even to discourage the investors who come to their counters with money to buy bonds. The places in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston where securities are sold at auction were induced to close. Then all the newspapers were requested not to print quotations which might result from chance and "irregular" transactions.

Lastly, a committee of five was appointed to deal with cases of extreme necessity, and it was provided that brokers with stocks imperatively to be sold and others with orders to buy might send a list each night to the Clearing House; but in no case would offers to buy or sell at prices lower than those prevailing on the day the Stock Exchange closed be considered, and all transactions must be treated as private.

The motive in all this was to prevent the publication of quotations, representing not value but individual necessity, which might alarm other holders of the same security.

There was no secret of the fact either in Wall Street or in Europe that if necessity and not a sense of values were allowed to govern prices, quotations might go so low as to bankrupt hundreds of banks and financial institutions that had loaned upon or invested their funds in securities, and that would include savings-banks.

THE NEW STREET MARKET

But the desire to trade is almost irresistible. Standing in Exchange Place and looking north through New Street, which is the back hallway of the Wall Street district, you see groups of men alternately gathering all in one place as if tremendously excited, and then moving listlessly about as if nothing had come of it. They are the irregular traders, whose quotations are illicit and unprintable. They are there to take advantage of any opportunity. If you have something you must sell they will find somebody to buy it, at a price, in spite of the Stock Exchange and even the police, who tried at

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first to stop them. Away over their heads, against the sky, you see the skeleton of the wonderful Equitable Building rising.

The New Street market was unofficial and very hazardous. The market supervised by the Stock Exchange Committee of Five was for extreme personal necessity only. The absence of any other market made it impossible either to invest money or to bring out new securities. New York City had to sell $100,000,000 bonds, and a syndicate of bankers bought them privately. That was imperative. The railways had bonds to sell, but there was no market. In August more than $10,000,000 of good high-interest-bearing bonds were offered without takers by various American cities, accustomed to find their capital in Wall Street, and the issue of $6,000,000 more was postponed. That means, of course, the cessation of much railway and municipal construction work for want of capital.

But the other side of it is that in the normal course of events (and perhaps none the less now than normally, owing to the economy being practised on every hand), between five and six millions of dollars a day are saved in this country for investment. Since Wall Street closed its market three or four hundred millions of dollars must have accumulated in the hands of individuals, savings-banks, trust companies, and insurance companies, to await investment, and it will continue to accumulate at that rate, more or less, until the embargo is lifted.

Then there will be a rush for investments, and then also new opportunities will present themselves, and these in turn will induce speculation. Indeed, the pressure of money awaiting investment became so great by the middle of September that the bond houses in Wall Street were obliged to raise the embargo so far as to begin selling bonds directly over their counters to people who came with the money to buy them.

In Throgmorton Street, London, on the day the London Stock Exchange closed, an American banker found a shrewd English trader staring at the notice posted on the door. He had nothing else to look at and nowhere else to be. The American offered him sympathy. "Yes," said the English trader, "we had to close, or half of us had busted. Germany this minute owes us $500,000,000. Nobody has any money. Everything is tied up. But if I had a lot of money I'd put every cent of it in your American industrial shares. They will offer the great speculative opportunities of the future."

LIFE AND DEATH

BY MARION STANLEY

O LIFE, thou art so fair to see,
Bright brows and luring eyes that smile!
O heart of Life, false, false to me,
And bitter lips of guile!

Death, fear and night are over thee,
Cold are thy lips and hidden eyes.
O heart of Death! if it should be
Thou, too, dost wear a strange disguise?
If thy cold kiss should keep for me
Some sudden sweet surprise?

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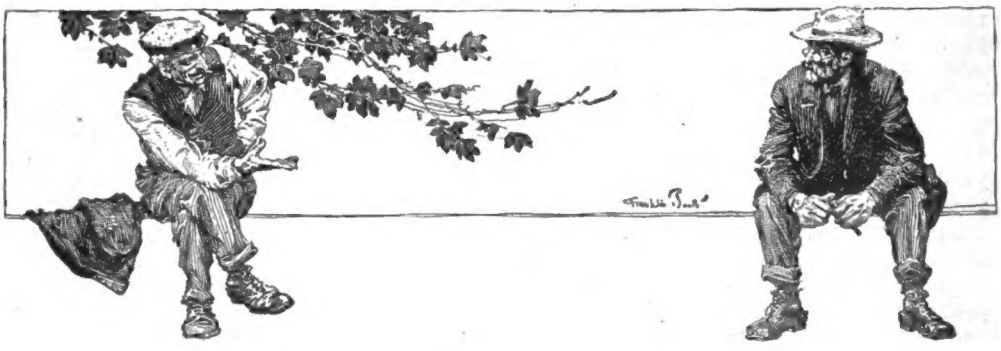

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A New Yorker visiting Milwaukee found himself in the chair of a lazy German barber. If not too sleepy, this barber could get through a shave in about twenty-five minutes; but on this occasion he was even more sluggish than usual.

As he applied the lather to his customer's beard his brush lingered haltingly, as if loath to move. The New Yorker was a patient man, but at last his patience began to ooze, and he interrupted a forty-winks' interval with a cough.

"See here, my friend," he suggested, "I've an idea. Hold your hand, keep the brush still, and I'll wag my head for you."

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"An item about a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."

A mounted policeman riding through Central Park came upon some little girls picking handfuls of flowers.

"Hurry up," he heard them say. "Teacher's liable to catch up any minute."

Dismounting from his horse, he grasped one child by the arm.

"Stop it!" he thundered. "You know it's against the law to pick the park flowers. Why, I could arrest you for this, and I'm not at all sure that I won't go ahead and do my duty."

The small girl wriggled from his grasp. "Oh, stop your fussing and go along," she said contemptuously, as she watched a tall woman hurrying along the path. "You can't pinch us. Why, we're pinched already. We all come from the reform school."

A little boy had been given a white suit, and before going to the picnic was cautioned strictly to keep his new apparel clean. He obeyed with scrupulous care until late in the afternoon, when with a tired look and yearning appeal he asked:

"Mamma, may I sit on my pants?"

A distinguished German scientist during his stay in the United States has been doing important laboratory work for the Department of Agriculture. One evening a friend dropped into the laboratory to find the Teuton bending over a spirit lamp on which a small pot bubbled.

"What is it to-night?" asked the caller.

"Guess," said the professor invitingly.

"Micrococci?"

"No."

"Sonococci?"

"No."

"Spirochaeta?"

"No."

The visitor ran the scale of micro-organisms

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as far as he knew it, and then said: "I give it up. What is in the pot?"

"Sausages," replied the professor blandly.

An old Irishman, long desirous of official dignity, was finally appointed marshal in a parade, on Memorial Day. Veterans, bandmen, and school children were lined along the streets of the town, patiently waiting the signal to start.

Suddenly Mike, on a prancing charger, dashed up the street. After inspecting the dignified procession, he gave his horse a quick clip. Then, standing up in his saddle, he yelled with a voice filled with pride and authority:

"Ready now! Every one of yez, kape sthep with the horse!"

"Travelers' tales, which often add charm to the conversation of an agreeable and interesting person, frequently render a bore more tiresome than ever," said Rex Beach, and illustrated as follows:

"A long-winded narrator had droned on at the club the other night for an hour or more about his recent trip to Switzerland.

" 'There I stood, gentlemen,' he said, 'there I stood with the abyss yawning in front of me.'

" 'Pardon me,' hastily interjected one of the unfortunates who had been obliged to listen to the story, 'but was that abyss yawning before you got there?' "

A party of American school-teachers was touring Italy. They reached Venice late one evening after a delayed train journey from Milan.

Noticing the untidy condition of the houses around the station, and the dirty streets, one of the young women shuddered.

"Ugh!" she said. "This must be the Italian quarter!"

A woman who had some knowledge of baseball took a friend to a championship contest.

"Isn't that fine?" said the first. "We have a man on every base."

"Why, that's nothing," said the friend. "So have they!"

A certain English humorist, visiting America, was spending the week in a town on Cape Cod. One afternoon he boarded a trolley-car and found the only available seat next to a roughly dressed, hale and hearty down-Easterner. The Englishman's jaunty cane and neat outing clothes evidently attracted and amused the workingman, for after a minute or two of inspection, and with a quick look at his friends across the car, he touched a finger to his cap.

"Excuse me, sir," he inquired, "but don't you come from Manchester-by-the-sea?"

The Englishman adjusted the well-known monocle, exaggerated his stare, and replied: "Bah Jove! How did you surmise it? And am I wrong in thinking that you are from Glouces-ter-by-the-smell?"

A couple of Pennsylvania farmers, a man and wife, drove from their farm to the nearest railway. The man, small and scared, sat meekly beside his wife, who filled two-thirds of the seat, and only spoke to command.

Finally the station was reached. The woman bustled in, settled her numerous bundles, and sat down. Looking over her goods and chattels, she suddenly missed something and, looking about, discovered that her husband had remained outside on the platform. She rapped sharply on the window.

"Hen!" she called, pointing to the bench beside her. "Come set!"

While walking in the Adirondacks a young millionaire was given a lift by a driver on a lumber cart.

"Got a cigarette?" asked the driver.

"Sure," replied the young man, drawing from his pocket a gold cigarette case richly jeweled and engraved.

The fellow's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Gosh-a-mighty!" he exclaimed. "What kind of cigarettes do they give that box with?"

A youngster whose parents had taken him for the first time from his inland home to the seashore became interested in oysters. One day they were served at table, on the half-shell, and he asked, "Mother, what are those?"

"Oysters, dear. Raw oysters."

"Can you *eat* them—like that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can *I* have one?"

"Why, yes, if you want it."

He put the slippery thing into his mouth, but retained it there for experimentation. The attention of the company meanwhile was attracted elsewhere, and when finally the mother turned again to her son his face had undergone a change.

"Would you like another oyster, dear?" she asked him.

For several seconds there was no reply. There seemed some difficulty of speech, and only after a struggle was he able to gurgle: "I don't" (glub) "want *this* one."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY NEW YORK CITY

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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

AMERICA'S opportunity to do a real world service does not lie in the direction of ascertaining who started the war or who is responsible for it, or whether one side has committed more atrocities than the other side. Nor does America's opportunity lie in the direction of securing most for herself out of the misfortunes of her sister nations. America's opportunity to do a real world service lies in the direction of a clear-headed understanding of what this terrible war in Europe means to all the world, and clear-headed, disinterested, even generous, suggestions to her sister nations as to the *right time* to talk peace and the *right way* to settle all difficulties for the best interests of all the world.

It is too much to expect cool, clear thinking from men engaged in a bitter life-and-death struggle. America must furnish the cool, clear thinking in these terrible times.

This war is the most horrible thing that has ever happened to humanity. So horrible that even now many of us can not believe it is going on. America will have a big word to say in stopping it. America should know when to say that word. It should not be said too soon. It should not be said until the nations concerned are in a mood to take up properly and settle all the thousand little difficulties that have pestered Europe so long, as well as the great big difficulties.

America will do well to remember how when the Mexican situation was critical our war spirit flamed up in spite of us. We felt our power. And shame on us to want—yes, actually want—to trounce poor little Mexico, partly for the satisfaction it would give us to trounce somebody. You have not forgotten the sneers President Wilson and Secretary Bryan received for their policy of "watchful waiting"—sneers from thousands of Americans. No, America is not in a position to patronize the nations now at war. We are quite capable of it ourselves.

The blood that is drenching the battlefields of Europe is the same blood that flows in our veins. The spirit that drives Europeans to huge sacrifices and even death for country and for what they conceive to be the right, is our spirit. The passion for a place in the sun, for room, for expansion; the passion to extend their institutions, their ideas of culture, their religion, are our passions.

In our thinking about the settlement after this terrible war, we must be humble and not hypocritical, and we must recognize these fundamental passions which are so much a part of the nations involved. Passions are what make a people. If their passions are high and splendid, so are the people.

HOW MANY GUNS?

Not only for the best interests of the nations involved, but for her own as well, America must definitely make up her mind as to the proper method for a nation to keep herself prepared against attack, without nursing the war spirit and without bankrupting herself. This is not the end of armament probably, nor, more's the pity, is it likely to be the end of war.

What plan can America suggest to her sister nations for solving this problem?

We had almost come to believe that being prepared for war was the best insurance for peace; but, without any limit to the preparedness, the nations of Europe finally reached the point where it was a choice of bankruptcy, or war, or voluntary disarmament.

How can such a situation be avoided for the future?

Another theory that America should

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consider most thoroughly and with a view to offering a solution to her sister nations is the old theory that "buffer states prevent war." When a new map of Europe is made, what should Europe do about Holland and Belgium and Servia and Greece and the rest? America should be ready with some cool, clear-headed suggestions, which by their very common sense must appeal to the nations concerned.

Every great nation has its contribution to make to the sum of human life. We need them all: the nation that makes its contribution to the arts, the nation that makes its contribution to abstract thinking, the nation that makes its contribution to developing the waste places of the earth.

When any nation shows a special genius, her sister nations should give her opportunity to develop that genius to the full. For their own sakes. And she in turn should give each of them opportunity. There should be more give-and-take and there should be less jealousy. And, above all, the commercial spirit should not be permitted to work more than eight hours a day anywhere.

Alas! we can not live without the commercial spirit. We must do business. We must make money. We must provide for our daily bread and a little cake all around. But we overdo it. There can be no question about that. America is commercial, and England, and France, and Germany. Russia is waking up. Japan is very much awake. Commercial rivalry has not reached a climax. It will grow keener with the years.

LET'S MAKE A NEW MAP

When America is helping Europe to make a new map, what is the matter with making a new world map, giving every nation the room it deserves in which to grow, commercially, intellectually, artistically; but especially commercially? Nations seem to be more inclined to fight about commercial opportunities than about intellectual or artistic opportunities.

Considering all the undeveloped country in the world, it does seem rather brainless that every nation should not have all the room it needs for development. Not all the room it *wants:* it may want more than it could use.

Isn't it about time that the nations of the world sat down together and decided world problems?—instead of waiting until some one nation driven to desperation or gorged with conceit, as you choose, upsets the established order of things the world round and leads us back into barbarism, whether we will or no.

America should be thinking these things out.

How far would we be willing to go in meeting the other nations in a universal understanding? How much would we be willing to give up if we have more than our share? There's the rub.

What is that big government of the future which will bring the biggest worthwhile life to all mankind? Should we have a United States of North America and a United States of South America, a United States of Europe, a United States of Asia, a United States of Africa, or should we have a larger number of smaller federated groups? Every American should be thinking about these questions now. Every newspaper should be discussing them.

The President might summon to Washington the leading men of America—the Government should pay for the time of those who can not afford to give it—and these men might sit in daily conference with Cabinet officers and Congress, discussing the European situation until it is properly settled.

Every section of the country has its clubs and literary organizations, its boards of trade. What better topics could these organizations find for discussion at their meetings?

It has been our aim in EVERYBODY'S to give you an all-round view of the war—not so much how it has been carried on, but what it means. Every incident and every idea which will give us a clear view of what has happened will help us to decide the better what ought to be done.

And we repeat, this is America's opportunity to do a real world service.

Checks sent to the following names for articles awarded prizes in the Rum Contest have been returned to us unclaimed:

Alexander Scott; M. J. Brennan; L. E. Burkett; Thomas Hendrix; George Venables; Richard Henry See; Mary McGaghran; H. Plummer Kenyon; Paul Gunther.

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